Collier's

JANUARY 22, 1944 TEN CENTS

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERWIN BLUMENFELD

DEATH BEFORE BIRTH

BY VERA CONNOLLY

C AY!

BY PORT

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Jan. 22, '44

It's a feather in your cap when you buy that ***Extra*** *War Bond*

WE STOPPED MAKING WHISKEY OVER A YEAR AGO!

Consequently, the whiskey you enjoy in Three Feathers today was drawn from our precious pre-war reserves. There is enough for the duration—if used in moderation.

MEANWHILE, ALL OUR DISTILLERIES ARE PRODUCING ALCOHOL FOR WAR USE BY THE GOVERNMENT

V. S. R.
PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
VSR
THREE FEATHERS
Blended Whiskey
VSR
BOTTLED BY OLDETYME DISTILLERS INC
ALADDIN PA
First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Very Special Reserve

Three Feathers Distilling Company, New York, N. Y., Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits.

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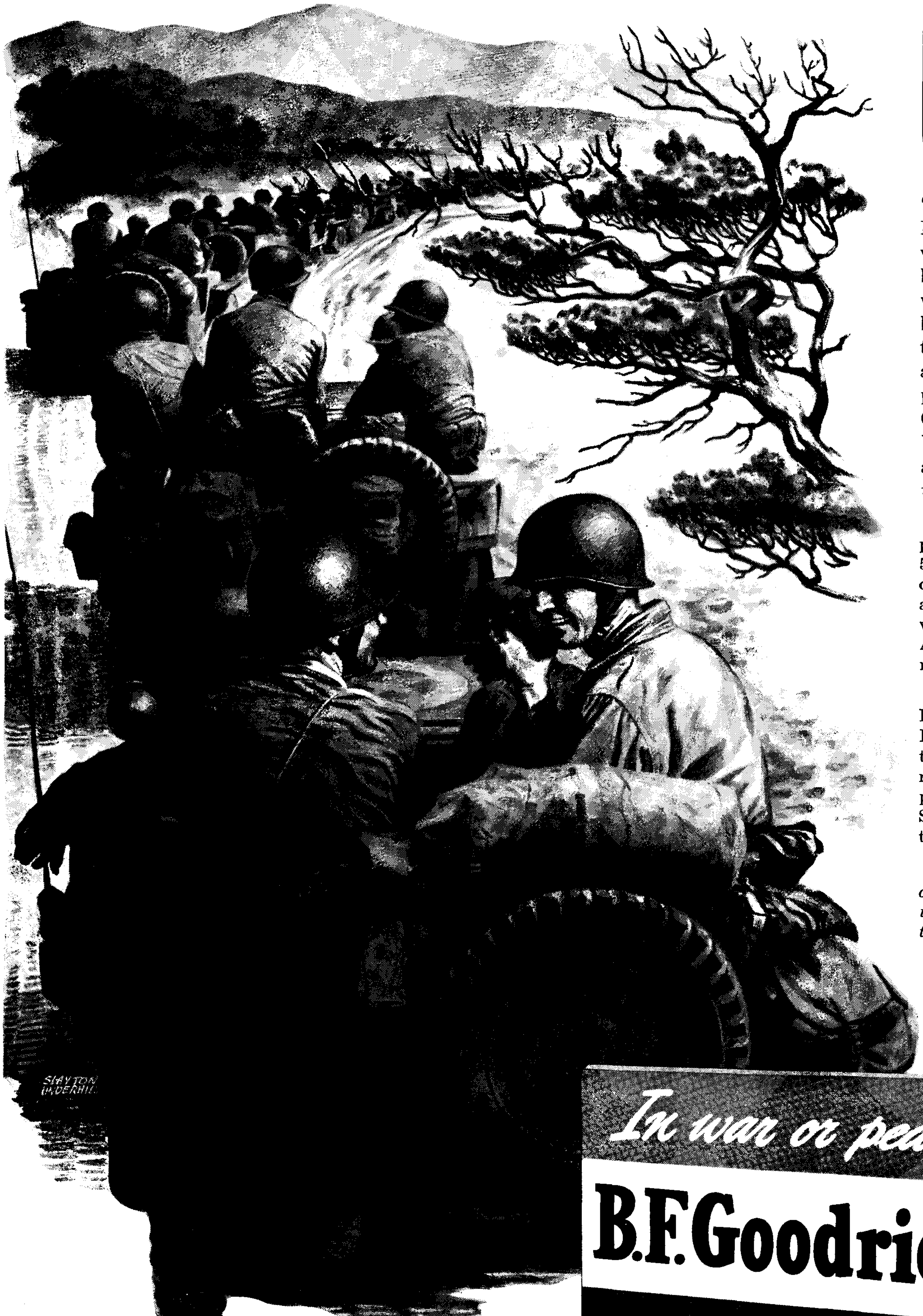
"Don't tell the General...but I helped put his army on synthetic rubber tires!"



It all began back home before the war, with a road test that totaled 80,000,000 miles

"Here's what I mean," said the P.F.C. "The tires I drove in the test were the *ancestors* of the ones on this buggy. The B. F. Goodrich Company wanted to prove that synthetic rubber would work in passenger tires. So they sold several thousand tires, and asked people to send in mileage reports. All together we rolled up 80,000,000 miles, and that's a lot of miles. When this thing's over—and I get me a new car—it's going to have Silvertowns all around!"

In that early B. F. Goodrich test, the passenger car tires used had more than 50% of their natural rubber replaced by our own synthetic—Ameripol. Today's all-synthetic passenger car tires are made with government synthetic—"GR-S." And 99% of the natural rubber has been replaced by it.

But here's the point: That pre-Pearl Harbor test gave us a 3-year head start. It gave us the "know how" that only time can give—experience that has already enabled us to produce a synthetic passenger car tire *almost* as good as the Silvertowns you used to get! It's easily the best synthetic tire you can buy today.

There are some synthetic tires today available to those who can qualify. But our fighting forces still need every ounce of rubber they can get. So do everything you can to make your present tires last—don't drive even one unnecessary mile.

The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio

In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Awards to 9 plants

Jan. 22, '44

Picture
OF THE MONTH

SPENCER TRACY IRENE DUNNE
in
Victor Fleming's Production of
A GUY NAMED JOE
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
with
Van Johnson Ward Bond
James Gleason Lionel Barrymore
Barry Nelson Esther Williams

Directed by............*Victor Fleming*
Produced by...........*Everett Riskin*
Screen Play by........*Dalton Trumbo*
Adaptation by......*Frederick Hazlitt Brennan*

CAPSULE COMMENT: Earth-bound millions will be transported to a high plane of exciting entertainment when they view M-G-M's new screen play about two lovers with the stars in their eyes and their eyes in the stars!

The stars are Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne. The picture is called "A Guy Named Joe". The timely story is about airmen and airwomen! And it is definitely a drama of recklessness in the face of the sheerest danger and of a love that transcends fear! Spencer Tracy gives, in this reviewer's best opinion, the outstanding performance of his career... away ahead of his shadow life as the aviator in "Test Pilot". Lovely Irene Dunne surpasses her up-to-now best work, not excluding "The Awful Truth". Van Johnson, Ward Bond, James Gleason, Lionel Barrymore, Barry Nelson and Esther Williams co-pilot you through stirring and exciting scenes and story. And Victor Fleming's fine direction will make you remember that he also directed "Gone With The Wind".

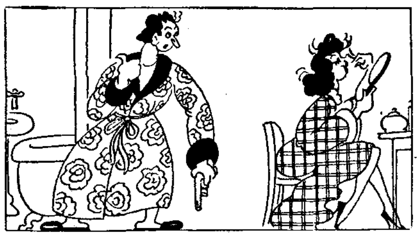
Other deserving credits go to Dalton Trumbo for this memorable screen play, to Frederick Hazlitt Brennan for the adaptation of it, and to Everett Riskin for the production. In fact we believe that all honor is due to everyone connected with "A Guy Named Joe" for it is a great and important picture. M-G-M may well be as proud of it as they are of "Madame Curie"—a film which is being hailed with nation-wide audience acclaim.

Collier's
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor

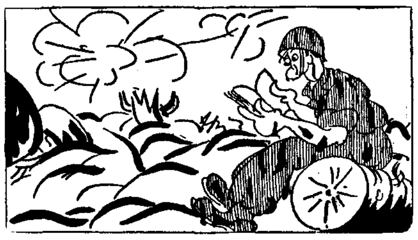
WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater	AMY PORTER	Articles
GEORGE CREEL	Washington	ROBERT DE VORE	Washington
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles	WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles	AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables	U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
		IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

WE REGRET that this one has to be slightly anonymous. It doesn't matter. But it's about a temperamental play producer who notified his wife one evening that he was going into the bathroom to commit suicide. She nodded, smiled brightly, bade him a cheery goodby. "I mean it," he said, taking his pistol and going in. He closed the door, locked it and shouted: "When I count ten, I'm going to do it." She went about whatever it was she was doing. "Be careful, dearie," she said. "Don't be messy." He counted ten. Nothing happened. "Listen," he roared. "I mean it. When I count three, I'm going to pull the trigger." She hummed a little tune tunelessly, not being very musical anyway. He counted three loudly. There was no shot. "This time I'm not fooling," he shouted. "Listen. I've struck a match. When this match burns down, I'm going to shoot myself—sure!" She stopped humming. "Darling," she said, "you mustn't be careless with matches. Remember what you always tell the child—" From the bathroom there came a terrific "Ouch!" The match had burned down. The door opened, and out came our producer in a towering dudgeon. "Feel better, sweet?" his wife asked. But he refused to tell her. He marched himself straight off to bed, promptly fell asleep and was feeling much better in the morning.



AND the fellow who illustrates this column, George De Zayas, is the possessor of a dog named Hildegarde, a boxer, which he persists in showing in loosely controlled shows on the Pacific Coast. He has been told by various friends, including Jim Marshall, our Pacific Coast Patrol, to exhibit the animal more sparingly. But Mr. De Zayas has even trained Hildegarde to sniff around seeking out shows which organizers are trying to hold in secret. Mr. Marshall has informed us that, in the dog's latest appearance, the management took Mr. De Zayas aside and said, "Look, Mr. De Zayas, we have an idea. You are getting nowhere this way. Why not let Hildegarde show you? Then, we think, you'd both have something."



WHEN this war is over, and people begin digging around in Italy uncovering sundry items of abandoned soldier equipment, someone is likely to find a book entitled How to be a Success in the Army. Someone sent this valuable bit of reading matter to Pfc. Edgar L. Oamter. It caught up with Private Oamter at the close of a particularly dismal day, most of which he had spent prying mired trucks out of hub-deep mud. Private Oamter was (not to get hysterical about it) a sight to behold. Nevertheless, he sat on a mowed-down tree and opened the book. The first thing he read was: "The soldier who aims to rise in the Army must, in all circumstances and under all conditions, keep himself neat and clean." He read no further. He tossed the book away, closed his eyes, clasped his hands and spoke low and earnestly as follows: "O Lord, if you can hear me—I don't want to be a success. I don't want to rise in this Army. I just don't want anything but one reasonably close shot at the guy who wrote that book—or the guy who sent it to me. That's all I want. I won't trouble you any more. Aye-men."

KYLE CRICHTON of this talented staff has just returned from Kentucky with a large budget of important intelligence. For example, he saw a pawnshop over the door of which was the sign: The Lean Wolf. This just to whet your appetite. Let nothing interfere with your habit of reading Collier's. Not, of course, that you could.

W. D.

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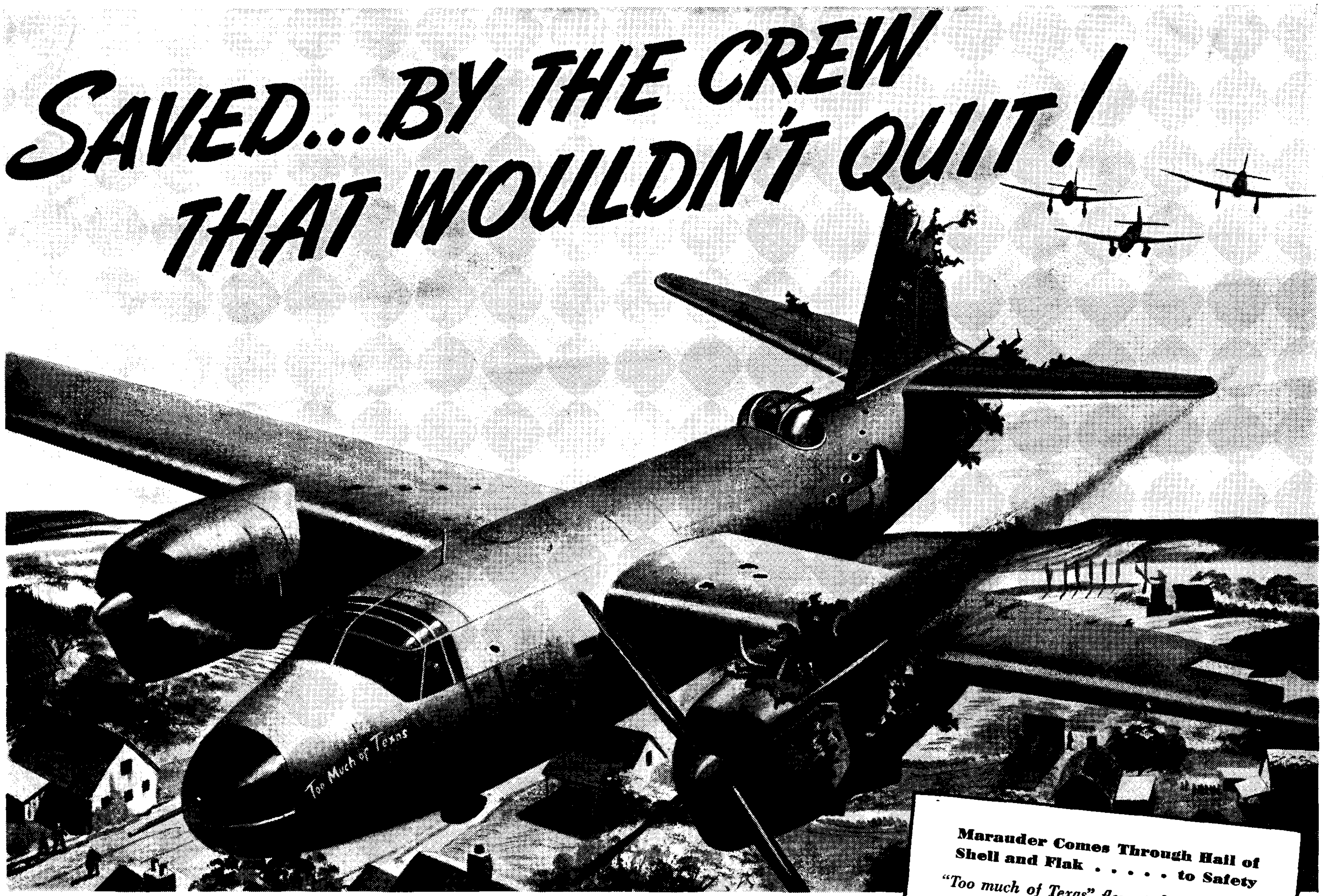
COVER ERWIN BLUMENFEL

SAVED...BY THE CREW THAT WOULDN'T QUIT!



Marauder Comes Through Hail of Shell and Flak . . . . . to Safety

"Too much of Texas" flew at the rear of her formation, and took all that the enemy had to give. A 20-mm. shell exploded in her left engine, putting it out of action . . . another shell tore through her tail and into her front bomb bay to damage two hydraulic lines. Forced to fly low through what looked to the crew "like every flak battery in Northwestern Europe," her pilot brilliantly wiggled "Too Much of Texas" to safety at a coastal field somewhere in England.

A gallant crew and a gallant ship . . . neither would let the other down! So "Too Much of Texas" came "home," to fly another day.

Such heroic tales demonstrate the superlative skill of American pilots and the inbuilt stamina and ruggedness of the planes they fly.

Ever since 1909, Hudson has been engaged in producing quality products, built to close tolerances and demanding high-precision manufacture. This experience has ideally equipped Hudson for the volume production of Marauder bomber fuselage sections, and all the other vital war *matériel* that it is turning out for the Air Forces, Navy and Army.

This *combined* experience is certain to bring you Hudson cars even finer than those Hudsons which made such outstanding records for ruggedness, performance and dependability before the war.

Until then, the job of our nationwide distributor-dealer organization is to "keep you rolling." For a new or used car, or for service on your present car, see your Hudson dealer.

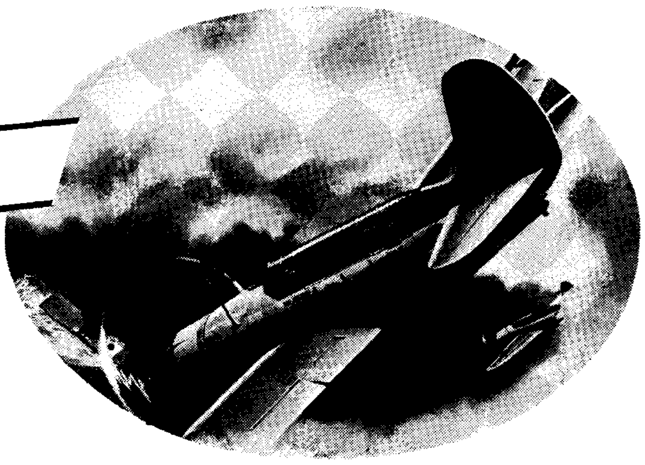
HUDSON
MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN
34 Years of Engineering Leadership

Hudson Aviation Division Wins Second Army-Navy Award for Meritorious Service on the Production Front.

Buy Your Extra War Bond Today

THEY HAVE TO BE BUILT RIGHT

Invading Jap-infested Isles. *Backing spectacular American invasion of faraway Pacific shores, U. S. shipyards have poured out tens of thousands of landing craft of every description—not only for actual combat duty but for assault troop training. To power such craft, Hudson has long been in volume production of husky Hudson Invader engines, a job to which Hudson has brought all the skilled engineering and precision manufacturing experience that built over a generation of famous Hudson automobile engines.*



Hail to the Dive Bomber Pilots! *They and the tough Helldivers they fly must be able to "take it"! Their breathtaking half-minute, four-mile dives, to deal destruction to the enemy, call for almost unbelievable stamina and endurance. Hudson feels a keen responsibility in its mass production of wings for these Navy Helldivers . . . a precision job that demands supreme care in construction and inspection.*

OUR PLANTS ARE DEDICATED TO WAR PRODUCTION . . . OUR DEALERS TO MAINTAINING WAR TRANSPORTATION!

He still thinks he's the Napoleon of the bristle business

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end PROLON
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photomicrographs
KEITH WARD
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

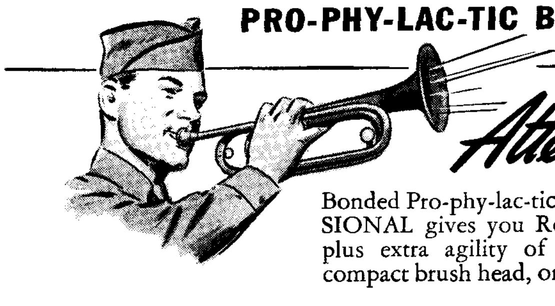
It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

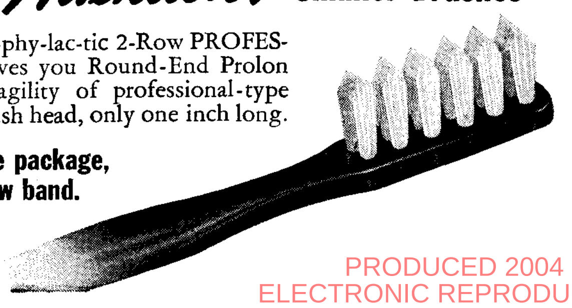
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

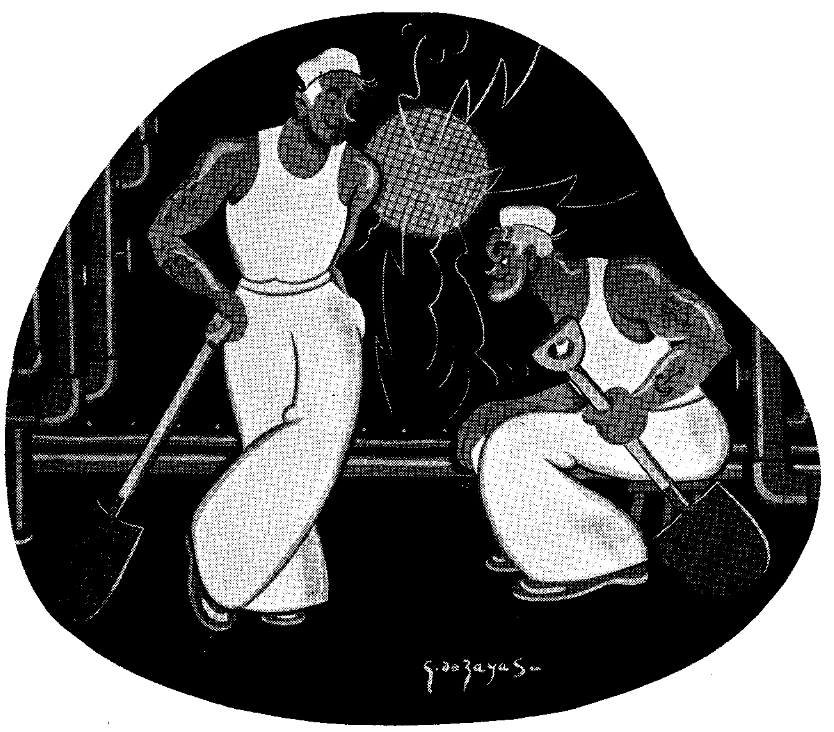


Attention! Users of Smaller Brushes

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-Row PROFESSIONAL gives you Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.





KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Few men on American battleships ever see their vessel in action because most battle stations are below deck or under cover. For instance, when the new U.S.S. Iowa goes into her first encounter, at least 2,200 of her 2,500 officers and men will be able to follow the fight only through the description of its progress broadcast to them over loud-speakers.

No diplomatic relations exist today between Russia and at least 25 of the other United Nations, nations associated with them and neutral countries, among which are Brazil, Iraq, Peru, Portugal and Switzerland.

Since 1930, more than 46,000,000 adult Chinese have taught themselves to read and write by studying basic Chinese, whose 1,000 characters, chosen from the 25,000 in current use, can be learned in 96 hours.

Although nearly 25 Army officers have been either successful or unsuccessful nominees for the Presidency of the United States, no officer of the Navy has ever been honored by such a nomination by a major political party.—*By Elmer Quint, Duluth, Minnesota.*

For some reason, few suicides on record have shot themselves through their clothing, virtually all having first uncovered that part of their body at which they intended to fire.

The greatest milk-producing cow of all time is Carnation Ormsby Madcap Fayne, living today near Seattle. Born in 1933 and now valued at about $75,000, this Holstein-Friesian recently reached her peak production when, for an entire year, her average daily yield was 55 quarts, or nine times the average for all U. S. cows.

The finest and most complete collection of aeronautical medals, numbering more than 300 and dating from 1714 to 1941, is now owned by the Royal Aeronautical Society in London.—*By B. A. Hamilton, Clifton, New Jersey.*

A hotel having a modern lock system provides any guest with a "display" key for his door lock when his baggage contains valuables and he does not want any employee to enter his room. A door locked by this "display" key cannot be opened by the hotel's master key. Only the "emergency" key, which the manager himself uses in an emergency such as a fire, will open it.

The Star-Spangled Banner and the national anthem of China, San-Min Chu I, meaning "The Three Principles of the People," have recently been harmonized and now can be sung or played as a perfect duet.—*By Dorine Schwalbe, New York City, N. Y.*

A Fort Worth undertaking firm has applied for a permit to fly funeral parties in helicopters as a regular service; and a Los Angeles cemetery has nearly completed its own helicopter field for funeral processions that are soon expected to arrive and depart by air.

During the past decade, Congress has considered 390 bills in behalf of small business but enacted only 10 of them.

A chemical used in certain industries bleaches white the hands and arms of Negroes, Mexicans and other dark-skinned people when in direct and daily contact with it. This substance has also caused the skin of black animals to fade to a light gray when fed to them in experiments. However, the chemical will never be sold as a skin whitener because it destroys the pigment through a specific toxic action.

The rebuilding of the devastated areas of Russia will require about 100,000,000 man-years.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

THE SEARCH THAT NEVER ENDS

RIT OF COMMUNICATIO

In the industrial life of America, research has been of constantly increasing importance. And today it is a national resource, for the research of industrial and college laboratories is proving its value in War.

To the Bell System, research is an old idea, for the telephone itself was born in a laboratory. Behind its invention, sixty-nine years ago, were researches in electricity and acoustics and in speech and hearing.

And, ever since, there has been a laboratory where scientists have searched to know more about these subjects; and with their associated engineers have applied the new knowledge, fitting it with all the old, to make the telephone better and better.

Their fields of inquiry have broadened and deepened through these years; they inquire into all the sciences and engineering arts which have any promise of improving the telephone. Much has been learned but still more will be, because their search goes on. That is why the telephone laboratory grew to be Bell Telephone Laboratories, Incorporated, the largest industrial laboratory in the world. And it exists to improve telephone service.

Improvements in industry can be left to chance in the hope that some one, sometime, will think of something useful; that some good invention will turn up.

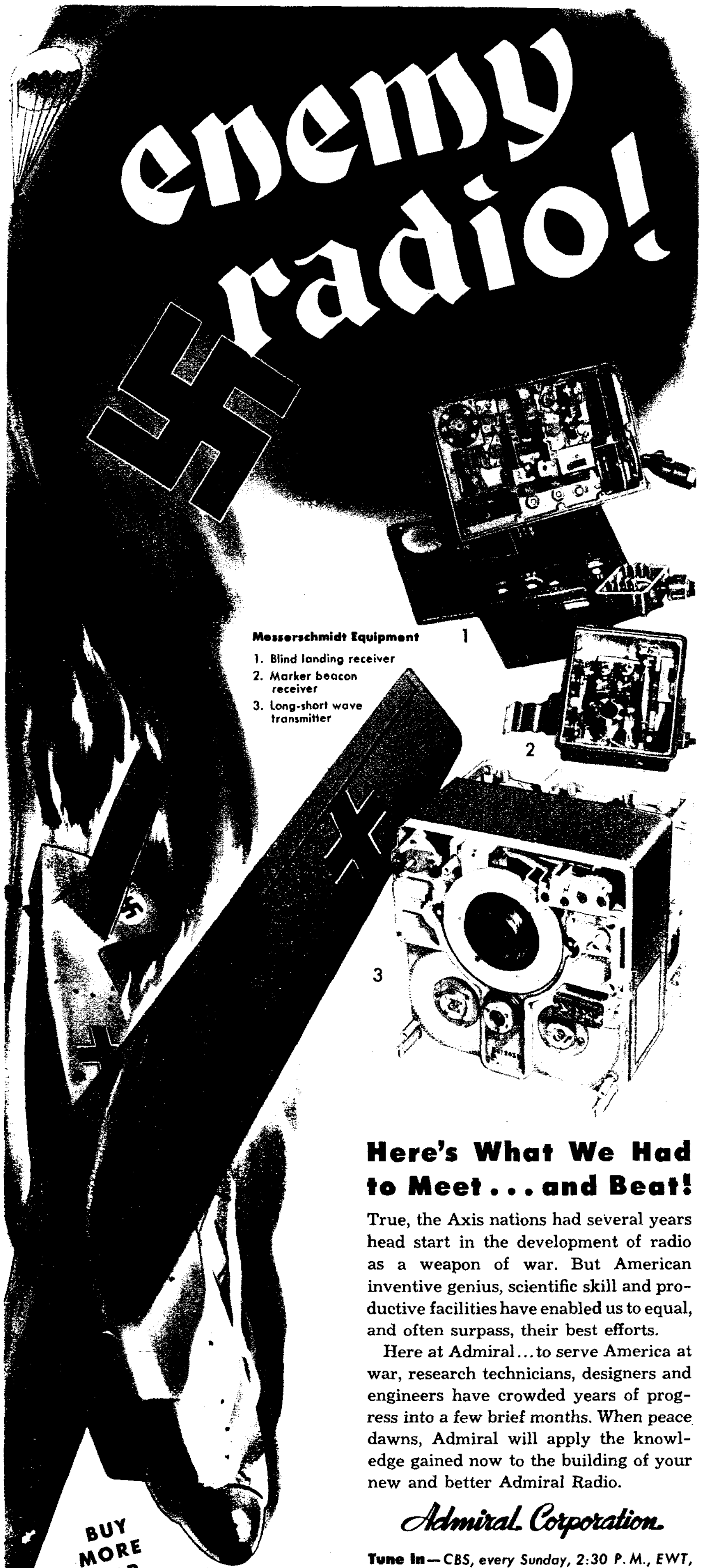
The other way to make improvements is to organize so that new knowledge shall always be coming from researches in the fundamental sciences and engineering arts on which the business is based. From that steady stream will arise inventions and new methods, new materials and improved products.

This is the way of Bell Laboratories. Its search will never end. And as fast as it can the Laboratories will apply its new knowledge practically to the design of equipment and communication systems.

At present—and this started before Pearl Harbor—its trained scientists and engineers and all their skilled associates are concentrating on products of importance to our armed forces. But when this work is happily over they will be ready to continue their developments for the needs of peace.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"Research is an effort of the mind to comprehend relationships no one has previously known; and it is practical as well as theoretical." . . . BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES


enemy radio!
Messerschmidt Equipment
1. Blind landing receiver
2. Marker beacon receiver
3. Long-short wave transmitter
1
2
3

Here's What We Had to Meet . . . and Beat!

True, the Axis nations had several years head start in the development of radio as a weapon of war. But American inventive genius, scientific skill and productive facilities have enabled us to equal, and often surpass, their best efforts.

Here at Admiral . . . to serve America at war, research technicians, designers and engineers have crowded years of progress into a few brief months. When peace dawns, Admiral will apply the knowledge gained now to the building of your new and better Admiral Radio.

Admiral Corporation

Tune In—*CBS, every Sunday, 2:30 P. M., EWT, for Admiral's "World News Today."*

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Admiral

RADIO

AMERICA'S SMART SET

WING TALK

INTERNATIONAL

In the background of, but important to, the R.A.F. are the *famous Waafs. Here are some pilots at Romford, Essex*

THIS is part of the legends of the Waafs, that auxiliary air force of splendid girls which handles a hundred and one useful jobs in the vast background of the R.A.F. As everyone who has been to Washington or London will understand, no form of government can exceed a democratic one in zeal for red tape and paper work. It has been estimated by sober men that the weight of documents concerning each soldier of the United Nations is equal to seventeen times his individual poundage. The Waafs, like the rest of us, had to fill out innumerable questionnaires, and to carry on their persons masses of identity and other cards—among the latter a reddish one. A hoot went up that could be heard around the Empire when this notice was, in officious innocence, posted at all stations: "Waafs, upon proper military demand, must show their pink forms."

THE good that planes do flies after them. Ordinary English folk, although they might not know the names of the American firms that made them, cherish undying affection for the models that helped them when they stood alone.

Outstanding among these was the famous Lockheed Hudson, that indestructible air bruiser whose chief virtue, in the immensely useful work it did for the Coastal Command and other arms, has been rewarded by the English nickname, Old Boomerang—because it always comes back.

One night recently in Northern Ireland, a Lockheed Overseas Corporation official was endeavoring to put through an urgent long-distance telephone call.

The harassed operator had heard all those priority claims and all that "But this is important official business" stuff before. "There would still be, sir, a long delay . . ." said the polite voice.

The equally harassed official called down every rabbit's foot he could think of—Ministry of Air Production, Eighth Air Force, an R.A.F. general, this air marshal, that Lockheed Overseas Corporation—

"What was that last you said?" the girl asked suddenly.

He repeated his company's name.

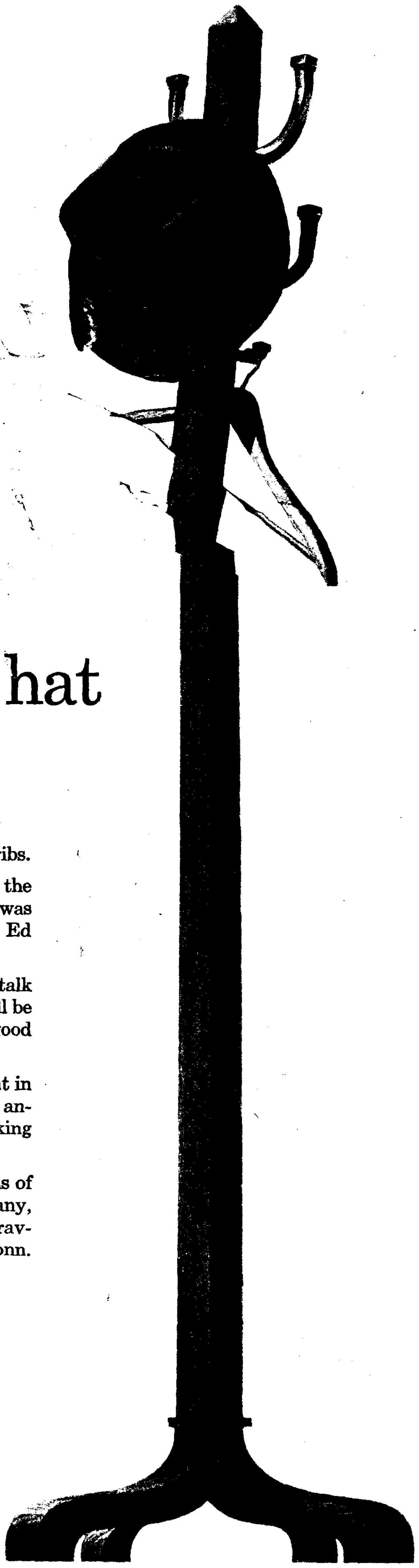
"Oh," said the operator in a burst of remembrance that shook the wires, "you mean Lockheed Hudson."

And he got the call through—but quick!

OUR warring fiction editor, Colonel Ken Littauer, has figured in these memoirs before and doubtless will again, because he is that kind of chap. I mean he's a stubbornly gentle, unobtrusive person who, in his contacts with his fellow men—unless they're Germans—always tries to keep out of trouble and usually lands smack-dab in the middle of it. A penalty, no doubt, of years of trafficking with Dick English, Harry Sylvester, Ernie Haycox, Pa Runyon, Ma Norris, and such unpredictable folk. He keeps his connection with Collier's green by eating frequently and ravenously, though in moody silence, on your reporter's cuff at our palatial (one-bed) bureau in the Savoy Hotel. He leaves the moment he has finished eating.

One dark recent night, belching comfortably and smoking a five-bob expense-account cigar, he left the Savoy and meandered toward the Charing Cross Underground station. Ahead of him in the blackout, he heard an altercation—two men in American Middle West accents, and a somewhat indiscreet choice of phrases, telling each other off. Ken could dimly perceive a crowd gathering around the debaters. This unseemly enthusiasm by Yank soldiers in public, reasoned Ken, is creating a poor impression upon our English friends. It is my duty to abate it. So, as he approached the scene, he turned over in his mind a little speech. He would whisper to the boys, in the calm, fatherly, but masterful way that his silver leaves called for, and appeal to their better judgments. He flashed his torch on the lads, vaguely hoping they would, at a glimpse of his gray hair, uniform, and breastful of ribbons, beat it without further ado. Too late he saw that they were Canadians, who instantly took loud and uncomplimentary exception to his good intentions. It was our Ken who beat it—his face glowing in the blackout like a traffic stop light. . . .

W. B. COURTNEY



My conscience wears an old felt hat

MAYBE it's stretching things a little to call Ed my conscience, but it's the best way I know to describe him.

You know how it is with a conscience.

There have been plenty of times in the last 15 years, when I've hated to see Ed hang up his old felt hat and sit down to talk with me.

I've cussed him out, and argued with him, and stalled him off for months at a time.

But I've listened to him, too, and I'm mighty glad I did.

Take the time Ed wheedled me into giving him five minutes one day when I said I was too busy to see him.

Because of that five minutes, I didn't have to worry about where the money was coming from to pay the bills when I fell down the cellar stairs last winter and broke a leg and two ribs.

And, to go back a little farther, there was the first day we had lunch. That was just after I was married. I wanted to rave about Clara, and Ed wanted to talk business.

Luckily for me, Ed won. Because he did talk business and finally made me listen, Clara will be able to keep our home and give the kids a good education, no matter what happens to me.

Who is Ed? Why, he's The Travelers Agent in my town, and he sells me insurance. Being another man's conscience is his business. Speaking for myself, I want to say he knows his job.

MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.

"I *WILL* COME HOME AGAIN..."

Out here, I hope . . .

Out here, I think . . .

Out here, I dream of peace—and coming home to showers and clean sheets and Christmas trees and apple pies and my job . . . and the girl I love.

I *will* come home again . . .

But not until my brother's eyes no longer watch a red sun rising on Bataan. Not until men I've marched and eaten with no longer sleep beside forgotten beaches. Not while men who suffered, bled and died for me are unavenged.

No . . .

Not yet, before we strike down the enemy, strip his guns, [illegible] and lust and kill.

. . . and [illegible] peace put down by foes who, lacking guns, will still fight with pen and ink—can rob me of the victory I've bought with heart's blood and sweat and grief.

I'll come home again when this war's won...

I'll turn to the job I want to do, when I'm done with this job that *must* be done... and not before. I'll come home again, when I'm free from the hate and greed of other men . . . when I'm free of war and the restraints of war . . . when I'll be free to plan a future of my own . . . free to build an even better America—an even better world—than the one I've always known. Free to work and be honored for my work in a land where there will always be for me and *every* man liberty, security and dignity . . . and the opportunity to set my pace and win my place according to my own ability.

That's what this war's about.

That's what Victory will be for.

That's what I want when I come home.

. . .

Night and day we're driving on to Victory . . . building 2,000 h.p. Pratt & Whitney engines for Navy Vought Corsair fighting planes . . . making intricate Hamilton Standard propellers for United Nations bombers . . . readying production lines to build Sikorsky helicopters for the Army Air Forces . . . producing other important items of ordnance . . .

For we believe there can be no peace without Victory . . . but we believe we can and must win this war soon . . . help bring our sons and brothers back again to their jobs and homes and even better futures than they had before. And, together, turn to peaceful things—to the building of an even finer Kelvinator, an even greater Nash.

The Army-Navy "E" awarded to Nash Kelvinator Corp., Propeller Division.

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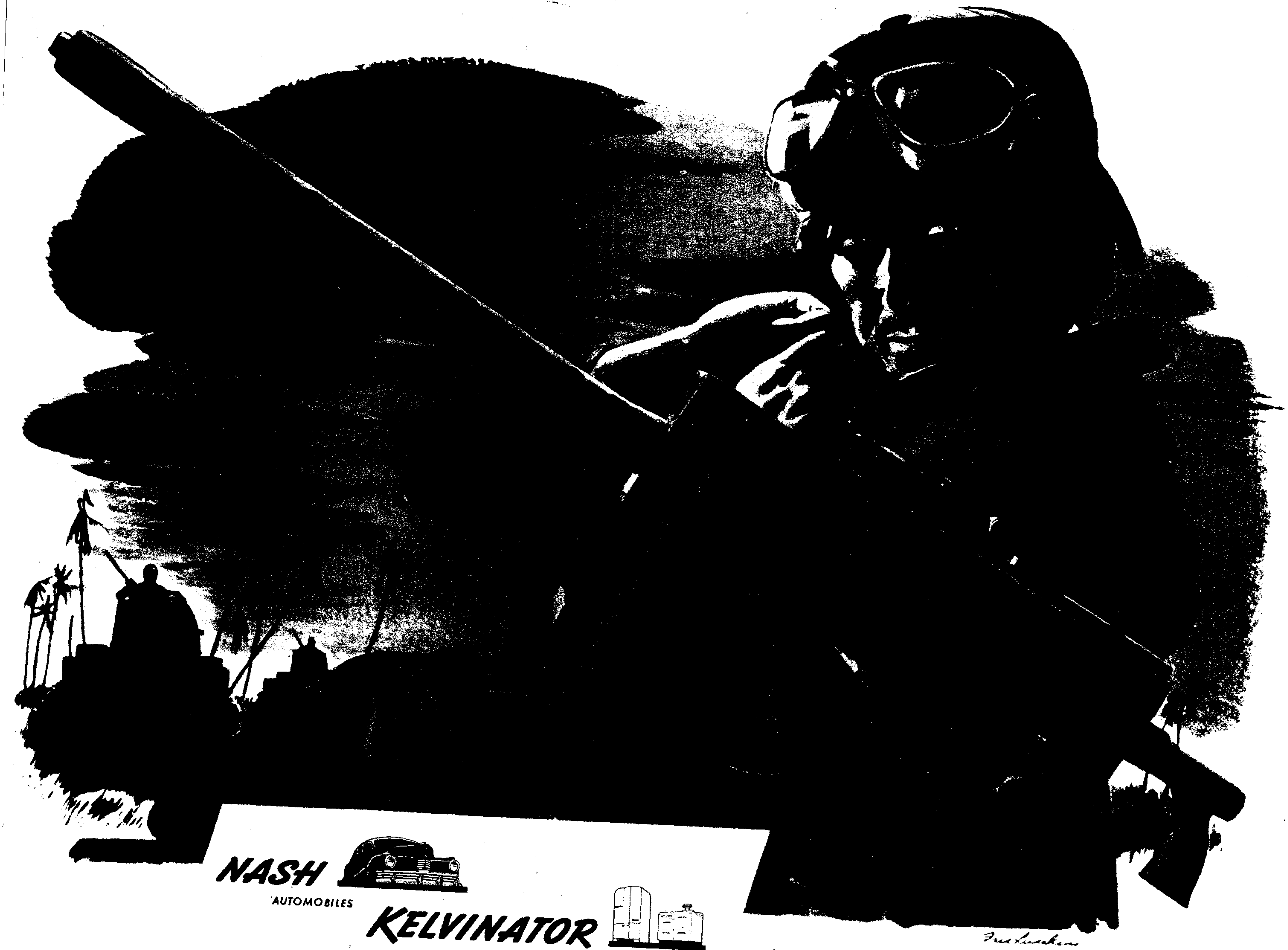

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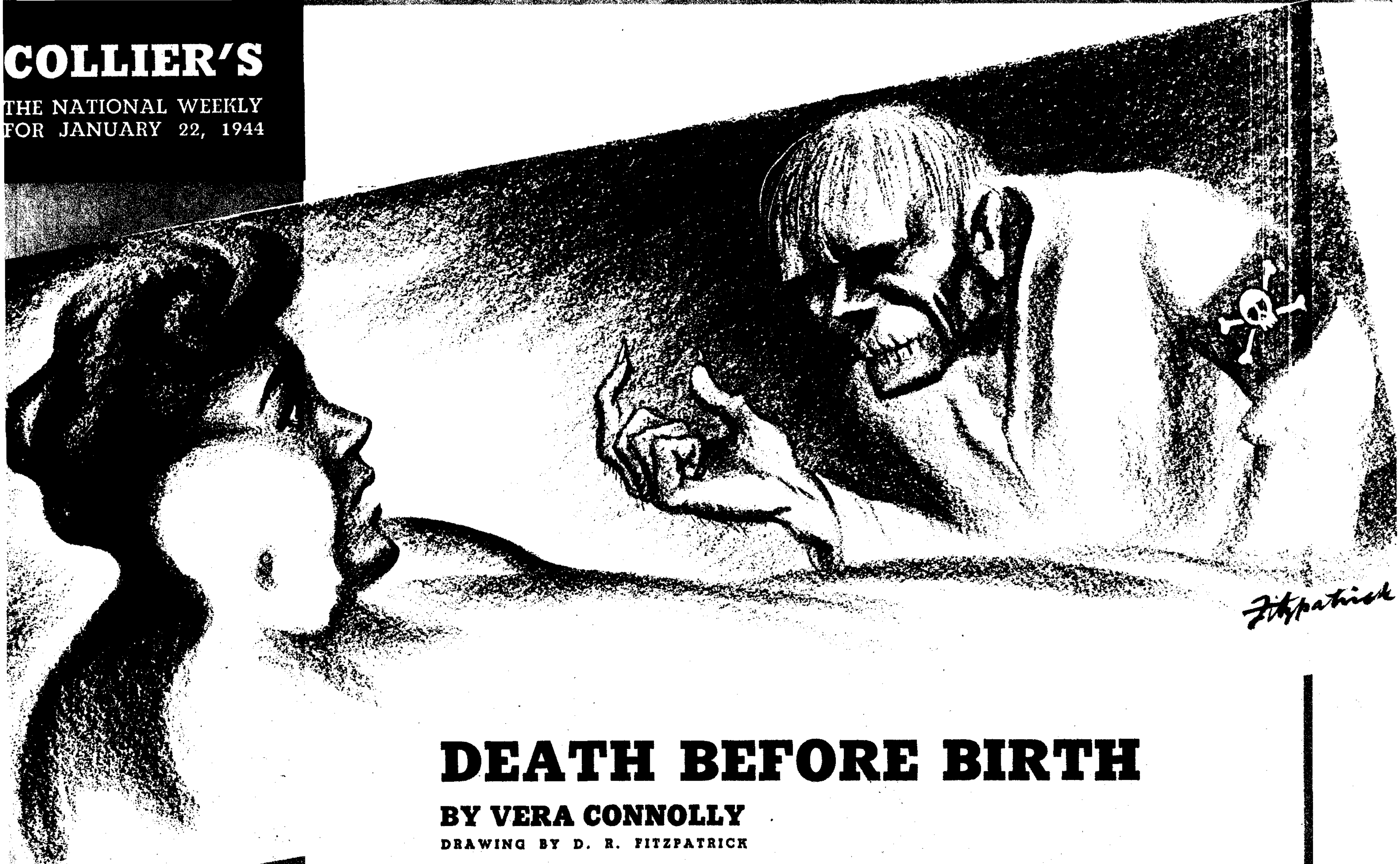


DEATH BEFORE BIRTH

BY VERA CONNOLLY

DRAWING BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

With [illegible] on [illegible] ar, [illegible] out [illegible] m- [illegible] ar, [illegible] ver

T[illegible] ortion [illegible], illicit and [illegible] reasing in number [illegible] es and near large war plants. [illegible] women and girls are paying from [illegible] 300 for an operation. They come [illegible] infected by dirty instruments, with [illegible] punctures or hemorrhages, with incomplete abortions which require more money and more painful, dangerous visits to the abortionist. Some of them die. Others become invalids. Many are made sterile. Nearly all suffer psychologically from shock, fear of arrest and guilt.

How many criminal abortions are performed in the United States is difficult to say. One authority estimates that every year there are 681,000 interruptions of pregnancy, with 8,179 deaths resulting. Some of these are natural miscarriages, a few are legal abortions to save lives; all the rest are criminal abortions.

Doctor Nicholson J. Eastman, professor of obstetrics at Johns Hopkins University and obstetrician-in-chief at Johns Hopkins Hospital, told me recently:

"It's impossible to get accurate figures on criminal abortions. These operations are performed secretly. Conservative estimates range from a hundred thousand to over half a million yearly. From one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand potential American lives are blotted out every year. Besides, these criminal abortions are taking a heavy toll in maternal deaths, injuries and disease."

No reputable physician, Doctor Eastman said emphatically, will ever induce an abortion unless the mother's health is at stake. Even then, he calls other physicians into consultation to make sure that death might result from continued pregnancy. Such legal, "therapeutic" abortions are few—and have no relation whatever to the thousands of unnecessary, secret, criminal operations.

I asked Doctor Eastman if it is chiefly single women who are having criminal abortions.

"No," he replied positively. "They constitute one group, but not the largest. All the evidence indicates that the vast majority are married women. I estimate that the ratio of married women to single is about four to one. Often the woman is a mother of several other children."

"Then what is the motive?"

"Among married women, there are various motives. Often it's lack of money. The husband is ill or unemployed—or overseas. There are several children; the mother sees no way to feed another child. Then there are the wives employed in business or in war plants. Few firms or factories give maternity leave, and pregnancy usually brings dismissal. So if a woman worker becomes pregnant, and the family is dependent on her job, she may get panicky and go to an abortionist.

Evasion of Responsibility

"Many married women of wealth also are offenders. Thousands of wives who should bear children, who could provide them with every advantage, are rushing instead to abortionists to avoid the inconvenience of childbirth."

The present war has fanned the abortion racket from a flame to a blaze. Now it's a nation-wide problem. Every large city knows precisely what's going on. Some cities appear apathetic, but others are waging a grim campaign to smoke out the wartime abortionists and send them to prison. In most states, the patients, too, can be imprisoned, and a woman undergoing an illegal abortion, or awaiting her turn in the anteroom, risks a sudden raid by police—or else having her name discovered, months later, in the abortionist's office records.

For two years, Frank S. Hogan, district attorney of New York County, has fought a bitter fight to end Manhattan's abortion racket. As a result, five flourishing abortion mills collecting hundreds of thousands of dollars a year, averaging 30 to 40 illegal operations a week at from $100 to $300 each, have been closed down since 1941.

One of these mills, run on the assembly-line principle, yielded an annual income of $150,000. Another brought in a daily income of $250 to $300. A third operated with the aid of a "publicity man," who gave druggists a 50 per cent commission for sending patients. With one exception, the men who ran these places are now in prison, but that doesn't mean abortions have been abolished in New York. They are being performed there every day.

I have studied the court hearings on these mills. No physical examination was made of any of the women to determine her state of health and whether an abortion was even safe. Often no nurse was present. Sometimes an anesthetic was given; usually there was none.

The women testifying in court described hasty, intensely painful operations. There was no hospitalization, each patient staying only half an hour. In some cases, the operation had to be repeated, was still unsuccessful, but produced such unbearable pains and uncontrollable hemorrhages that the woman had to appeal for help to a reputable doctor or a city hospital.

Some who thus appealed were found to have badly infected ovaries and womb, and internal injuries, as a result of butchery. Even more serious, in a few instances—due to the abortionist's ignorance, avarice and haste—nonpregnant women, who thought themselves pregnant, were severely injured by the puzzled abortionist's repeated ever more violent attempts to get "results."

Incidentally, this attempt by a medical charlatan to abort a nonpregnant woman is by no means uncommon.

In the Business for Money

"Sometimes a nonpregnant woman is injured horribly," an eminent obstetrician said, "by such an abortionist. Some have even been killed. Pregnancy isn't always easy to determine. It may require patience, delay, many tests. Do these fellows care? No. They want their money. 'The woman says she's pregnant. Operate.' "

Apparently every type of woman and girl, from every occupational group and every social level, was represented among women arrested or questioned in New York.

There were a few professional prostitutes, some mental-borderline cases, and a group of mature married women with outstanding social position and financial security. But the great majority of the patients were young, middle-class, normally decent, educated, self-supporting American women, both married and unmarried. In one abortion mill, four out of nine patients were employed single girls, but in the other four, the great majority were employed married women.

One fact stands out in these court hearings. Most of the women, married and unmarried, had been terrified at the idea of an abortion. This was particularly true of the single girls. They had taken the step in desperation, believing that there was no alternative, no mercy to be expected from industry or society for an unmarried mother and illegitimate baby.

It is tragic that these unmarried girls

(Continued on page 45)

She appeared on the scene wearing black tights and a white satin shirt. The audience was immediately appreciative. "Ladies and gentlemen," Aladdin presented her, "Sarita"

Sarita was the girl who got sawed in two twice a day, and Alex was no magician, but between the two of them, they got all the pieces back together

ALEX'S sister, Janet, who was a senior in high school, looked up from her Virgil. "Did you get to Carthage?"

"Carthage?" Alex said, perplexed. "No, we didn't hit any place like that. Where's Carthage?"

"Oh, stupid!" Janet said. "That's where Queen Dido ruled and died, too. On a funeral pyre. All for love of Aeneas." Then she read from her Latin IV textbook: "The ruins of ancient Carthage lie about twelve miles to the northeast of Tunis, the capital of the French protectorate of Tunisia."

"Nope, we didn't go to any ruins," Alex reiterated. "When we had any time, we wanted to see something with a little life to it."

"Did you see Jack Benny or Bob Hope?" Ted wanted to know. Ted was the youngest Saunders, thirteen last April, and he was devoted to Messrs. Benny and Hope.

"Hope came around to the hospital when I was in Tunis," Alex said. "He was swell. He put on a real act for us guys, and he signed my cast."

"Why didn't you bring it home?" Ted asked.

"It got too dirty," Alex said. "And then I was so glad to see the end of it, I didn't want to lug it across the Atlantic Ocean."

Mr. Saunders walked into the living room in his socks. Mrs. Saunders didn't want him walking on the good living-room rug with his heavy work shoes on.

"You're home early, Pop," Ted said.

Mr. Saunders smiled, and then you noticed he had the same kind of smile as Alex—shy and a little uncertain. Alex was like his father in being tall, too, and having sandy, reddish hair and deep blue eyes. But Mr. Saunders was spreading out through the middle where Alex was very thin—almost gaunt now since that afternoon on a saddleback ridge covered with crimson poppies, a ridge not far from Mateur called Hill 532.

"No sense hanging around Sperry's playing shuffleboard and drinking beer when your son's home from North Africa," Mr. Saunders said. Mr. Saunders liked to pretend he liked beer much better than he actually did; Alex, in fact, could never remember his father taking more than a couple of ales. "Feeling pretty good, huh, Alex?" Mr. Saunders asked.

"Swell, Pop," Alex said. "Like I could last for one fall anyway with Man Mountain Dean."

"Can we go to the show tonight?" Ted said. "I want to see that guy Aladdin. He can get out of a packing box like Houdini used to, and he's gonna saw a girl in half."

"Like Orson Welles does," Janet said. "But I think Rita Hayworth was very mean to Victor Mature, don't you, Alex?"

Alex didn't know what Janet was talking about. "What show?" he said. "Who's Aladdin?"

"Down at the Community Theater," Pop said. "It's a magic show that travels around playing for all the defense workers in the Trident Tool plants."

"And their families," Janet said. "I read that on the poster outside the Community."

MRS. SAUNDERS came in the front door pushing a Victory carry-all filled with paper bags.

"Did you get a finger wave for the show?" Janet pointed to her mother's hair, five rigid scallops in the pepper-and-salt feather cut that was growing out.

"I should say not for any old show," Mrs. Saunders said. "It's for the picture in the paper. Mr. Harris called up from the Times Union. They want a picture of Alex and me together."

Alex squirmed uncomfortably. "Aw, Ma," he said, "I don't want any pictures."

"Now that's false modesty," his mother said. "It isn't every boy that wins the Silver Star for outstanding bravery. You owe it to the town to have your picture in the Times Union."

When the Saunderses arrived at the Community, almost all the seats were gone except those down front. Alex, because of his limp, was embarrassed to walk the whole length of the theater, but Mrs. Saunders was delighted with the arrangement and was smiling at all her neighbors from the Pine Hills section and at the men who worked with Alex, Sr., and at their wives.

"This makes up for the time you were in the speaking contest," Mrs. Saunders said, and Alex shuddered. In that contest, he had forgotten his speech and after blurting out, "I—I can't think of it," had sat down abruptly.

"You leave the boy alone," Pop said, shoving his family into five seats in the second row.

The show opened with a blend of Scheherazade and Song of India played on the Community's pipe organ. There was a great crash, a jagged streak of lightning, and the curtain went up.

(Continued on page 62)

BALKAN TIME BOMB

BY FRANK GERVASI

RADIOED FROM CAIRO

Southeastern Europe is ticking. The loudest of the ticks come from Yugoslavia. There, two guerrilla armies fight Rommel's Nazis and glare at each other. Russia watches paternally, while the peasants cut crude red stars for their caps

YOU have seen photos of Draja Mikhailovitch. They show him as a youngish, handsomely professorial man in the uniform of a general in the Yugoslav army, a braided fougère draped from his right shoulder to his throat, and a medal over his heart. He is saved by a pair of thickish utilitarian eyeglasses from being the Hollywoodian epitome of a hero out of Graustark. Well, brace yourselves. Draja Mikhailovitch isn't like that at all.

It is wrong to consider all Chetniks as great patriots. It is still less accurate to identify Mikhailovitch as a Chetnik, for he is eminently unproletarian and definitely from the top drawer of Serbian society.

Mikhailovitch is just over medium height, barrel-chested, though lean in face and figure, with a scowling black beard and mustache, both, like his hair, streaked with gray. He does wear glasses, but he isn't faintly the sourpuss character these, with his thin lips, indicate. He had the heartiest laugh in all Serbia and he possesses the faculty of making others laugh with him. The picture of the general, as the world has come to know him, is as confused and full of contradictions as the over-all picture of the Yugoslavia for which he fights.

What he and Yugoslavia did in 1941 was like a shot of adrenalin to wavering democratic hearts. The Nazis seemed unbeatable then, but the Yugoslavs unhesitatingly took what looked like the short end of a sucker's bet. They were defeated. On April 18th, twelve days after they had set out to fight the Nazis and Fascists, they heaped their feeble muskets at the enemy's feet at Sarajevo. Almost at once, the then obscure Colonel Mikhailovitch of the Yugoslav General Staff formed a guerrilla army around a core of the regular army forces. The name of Mikhailovitch rang throughout the Balkans, throughout all Europe and the democratic world.

Combined Action Against the Enemy

Very soon, however, the name of Tito began to be heard—Tito, leader of Partisans. The combined resistance of Mikhailovitch's forces and those of Tito—the *nom de guerre* of a humble Zagreb printer who believed in freedom passionately enough to fight for it in the Spanish Civil War—grew to such proportions that, between them, they pinned down upward of 25 divisions (375,000 men) which the Nazis might have used dangerously on the Russian front or in North Africa or in Italy. Berlin was obliged to send the Old Fox, Erwin Rommel, into the Balkans to cope with the Mikhailovitch-Tito forces.

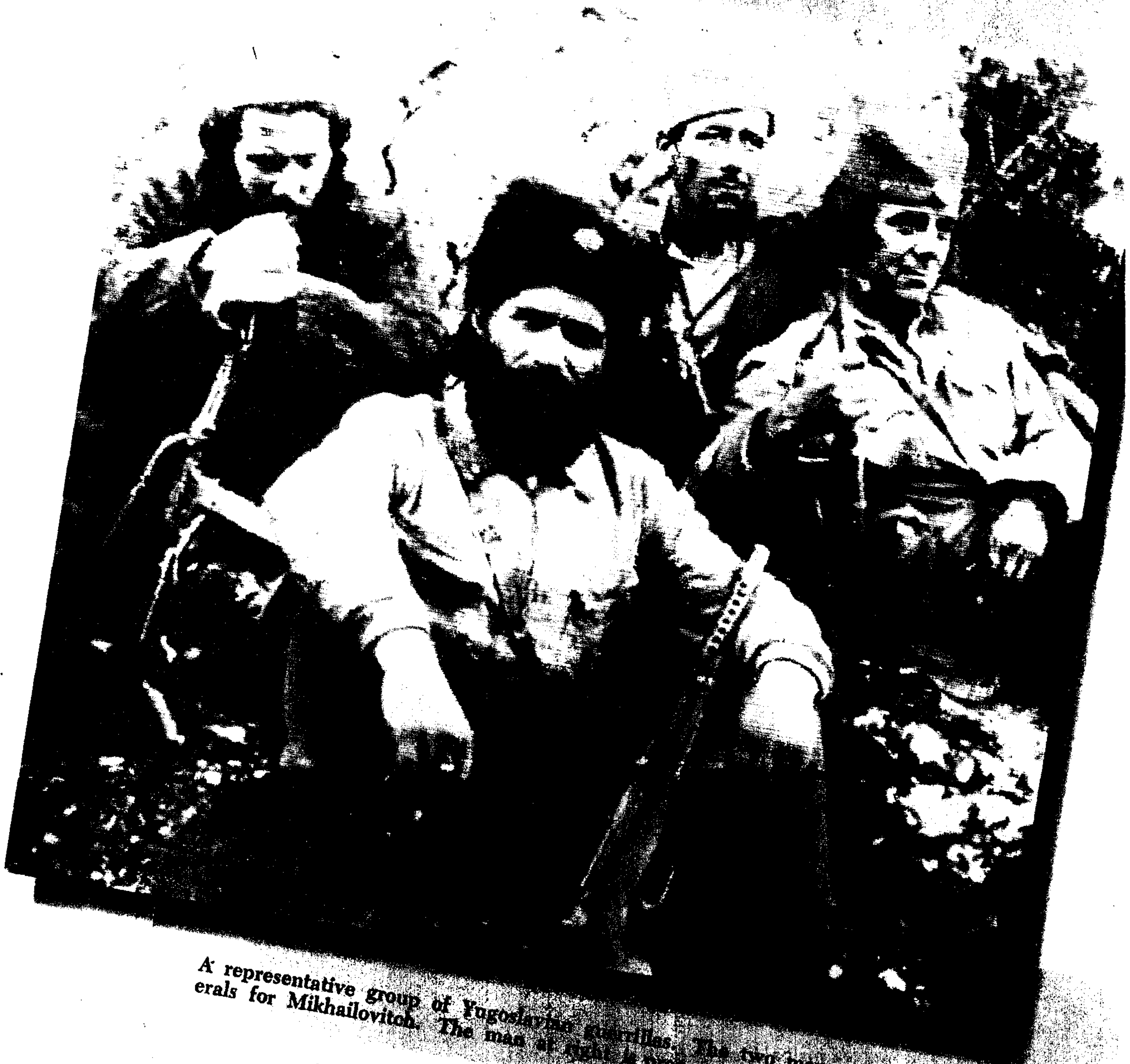
But the war in Yugoslavia recently degenerated into a battle of communiqués unworthy of either the principals or the principles involved. The Galahad Shield of Mikhailovitch was muddied by Partisan charges that he is a "traitor and an Axis collaborationist." The sturdy peasant proletarianism of Tito was assailed by countercharges that he is a "Communist murderer."

Then Tito turned against young King Peter, who was ruling from remote Cairo, and organized his own government. Peter, alarmed, said he would favor a free plebiscite for Yugoslavia after the war to permit the people to choose their own form of government. Tito countered this largess by saying that he seconded the motion.

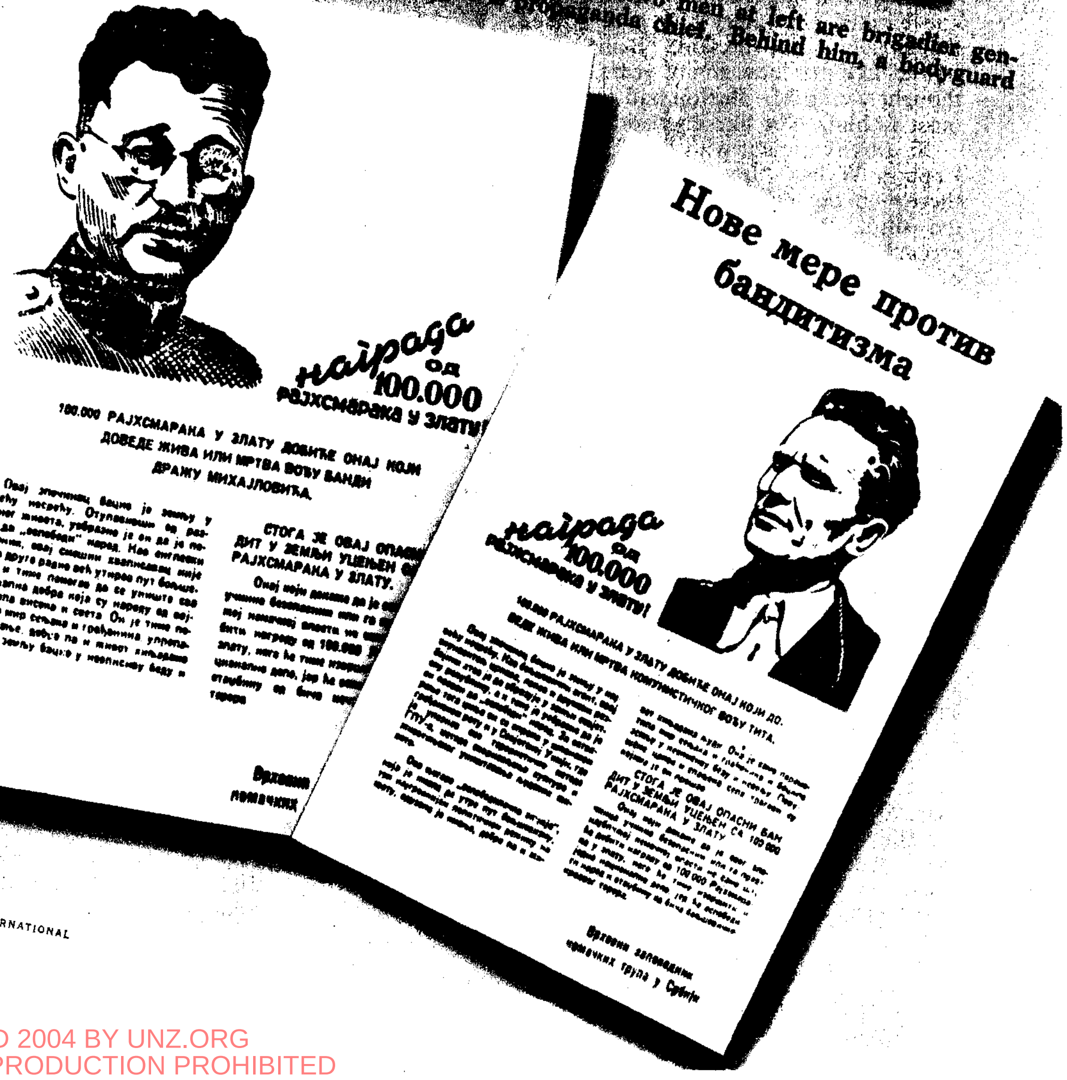
The degree of freedom each side wants, and in what form of government it is to be expressed, isn't easy to make out. The choices facing the Yugoslav people are three—a constitutional monarchy, a soviet or a republic. It's a simple matter to figure out what Mikhailovitch is fighting for, and only slightly less easy to divine the personal objectives of Communist Joe Broz, alias Tito. But it's dffiicult to calculate what the majority of Yugoslavs want.

It is downright oversimplification, however, to assume that Mikhailovitch wants "a constitutional monarchy," that Tito will want some kind of soviet socialist republic, and that the majority of Yugoslavs desire, instead, a democratic republican form of government similar to the American. The problem is far more complex. Some followers of Communist Broz want a republic, and others among the Partisans want a monarchy. There are undoubtedly republicans in Mikhailovitch's ranks. There is only one certainty in Yugoslav politics. There are no Communists in Mikhailovitch's legions.

The clash within Yugoslavia isn't *(Continued on page 53)*



A representative group of Yugoslavian guerrillas. The two men at left are brigadier generals for Mikhailovitch. The man at right is propaganda chief. Behind him, a bodyguard



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Врховни заповедник немачких трупа у Србији

PHOTOGRAPHS—INTERNATIONAL

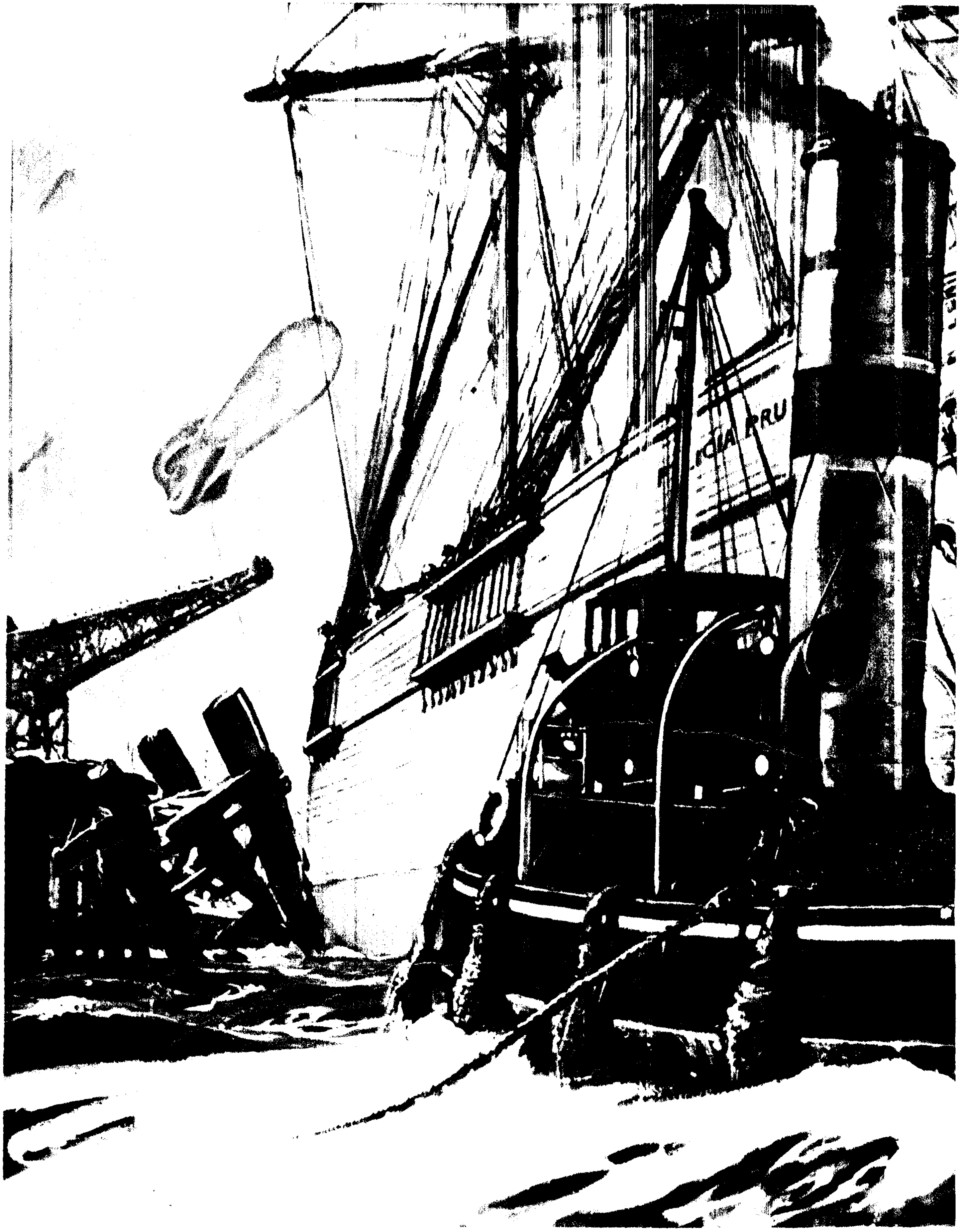
In Belgrade, the Novo Vreme published these "Wanted—Dead or Alive!" pictures of Mikhailovitch and Tito. The Nazis bid 100,000 marks ($40,000), signed them "Hitler"

THE EMPRESS WAS A LADY

BY ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Captain Wylie knew that sailing ships were temperamental ladies, but not even the old Empress Matilda acted up like this new one



CAPTAIN TOBIAS WYLIE (Bottlenose Wylie) brushed the rain drizzle from his clipped gray beard, shook the drops from his bowler, and shouldered his still massive bulk into the empty Cape Horn Bar with a look that in its time had caused reluctant crews to tremble.

"Solway," he said in a strangled voice, "make mine as usual."

Solway Joe, the little, seam-faced man behind the counter, stared startled for a moment and then groped somewhere out of sight.

"Ain't many takes your brand any more," he explained, coming up with a squat bottle. "Double-O Black Rum. I keeps it back of the other stuff, Bottlenose. . . . I mean, Cap'n."

"Maybe as well," agreed the captain. He poured a small tumbler of the powerful liquor, tossed it down and poured another. He was heavily serious. "Solway, I've just seen young Mr. Barton. He's offered me the new ship."

Solway Joe wagged his bald, turtle head and blinked his watery blue eyes. "Well, that's mighty nice," he said. "Being you're retired like me these many years. Never thought young Mr. Barton had any sentiment in him. Not like his daddy."

"It ain't sentiment with him," observed Captain Wylie. "It's a little matter of there's no one else 'e can find to handle the ship. Windjammer men just ain't around these days. So Mr. Barton thinks of me and remembers I took the old Empress Matilda new-launched out of 'ere for his daddy, and thirty years later brought 'er back when they burned 'er for the fittings. The only sentiment is, I might be remindful and consider this new packet."

Solway Joe clucked his understanding. "Well, young Mr. Barton ain't the old school, Cap'n."

Captain Wylie breathed hard and tossed off another Double-O Black Rum. "Solway," he said heavily, "young Mr. Barton was 'earty enough to tell me they couldn't find a windship designer offhand, so they dug up the blueprints of the old Empress Matilda and turned this new 'un out rib for rib on 'er pattern. That brings me in, natural. . . . Solway, have you seen 'er?"

Solway swallowed hard and wiped his hands on his apron. "Well, I got a glimmer. She looks pretty good."

"They've cut her to barkentine rig, Solway. They've stuck fancy gadgets on board so you can 'ardly get around th' decks. They've cluttered her with a diesel auxiliary and a freezer. They've a galley stove what runs on oil. They've oil heaters. They've electric lights. . . . Solway," his voice sank to a shocked whisper, "Solway, the crew's got a bathtub."

"Aye," breathed Solway, "so I've heard." He rubbed his bald head and blinked nervously. "But you ain't taking 'er?"

Captain Wylie pondered and drank again, and somberly wiped his beard. "Yes, I'm taking 'er, Solway. That is, if I can find any misgotten sons of Adam what ain't afraid of wind and know a bolt rope from a frying pan. I'm taking 'er though it chokes me. 'Spite of what they've done to 'er she looks a mite like the Empress, so for the sake of the old lady I'm taking her. But it's a sad day. Saints alive! A bathtub for the crew!"

Captain Wylie leaned across the bar and took the little man by the shirt. "But, Solway, worst of all," he said, "d'you know what they christened her? They christened her," he roared, "the Felicia Prue Wonkey!" He pounded his great fists on the bar. "The Felicia Prue Wonkey! Saints alive! Flesh and blood of the old Empress, and they give 'er a name like that. Felicia Prue Wonkey!" He choked for breath and his face was thunderous.

"WELL, I know how you feel," Solway sympathized. "It was a matter of business policy, I guess. They tell me Mr. Barton thought it'd please that big government official who give 'im the contract. His name's Wonkey and his wife's Felicia Prue. I wouldn't take it so hard."

"You haven't seen her," stated Captain Wylie. "I 'ave. Built like a busted bollard, broad in the beam and 'eavy in the stern. All plush and polish with a couple of tug boats stuck in front and a face like a whale. Puts on her nose specs and looks me up and down. 'My man,' she says, 'I'm sure you'll be a credit to my namesake. I shall send aboard a small gift for each man on sailing day. Something appropriate. What would you suggest?' "

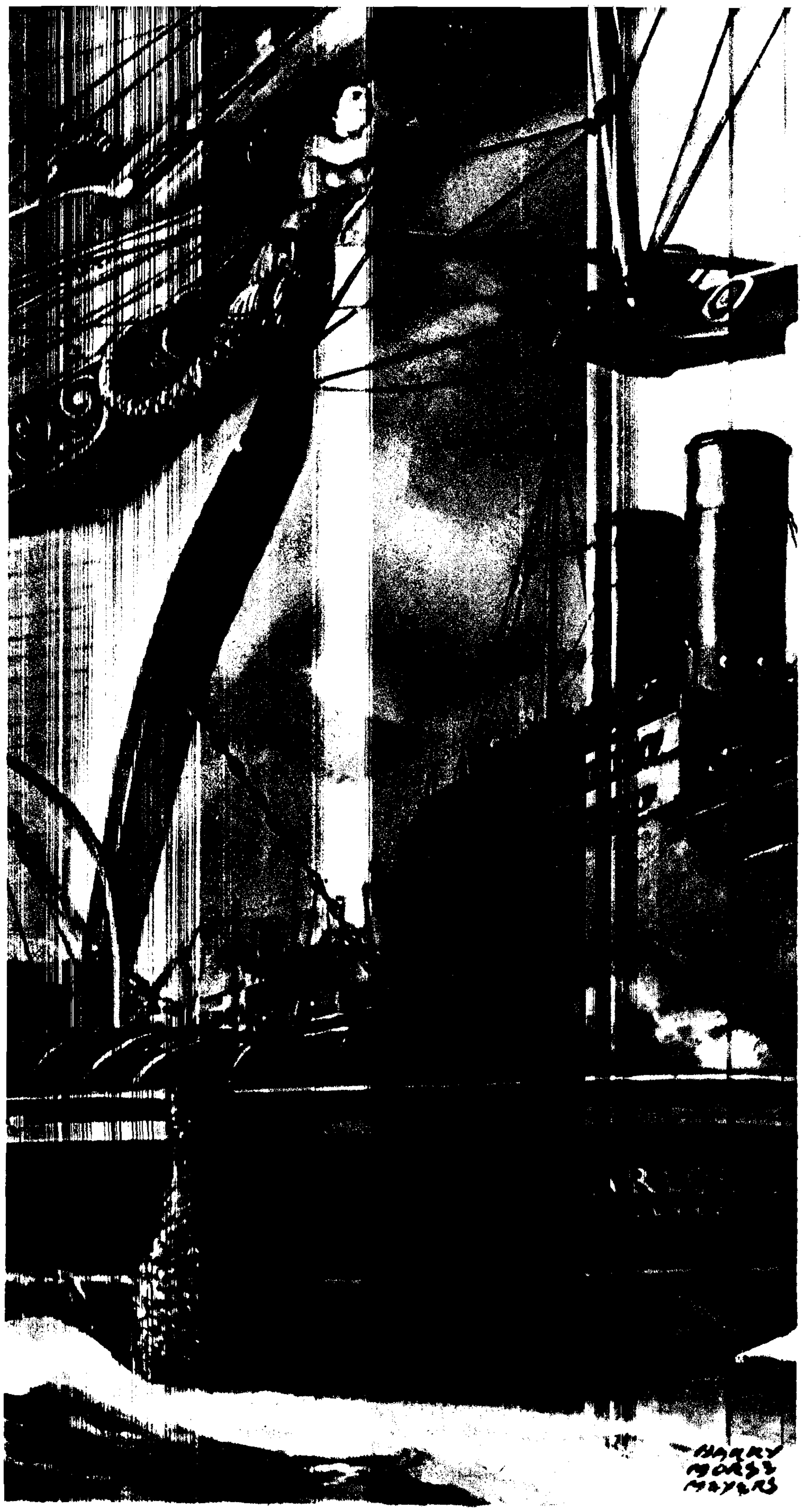
Captain Wylie tilted the bottle and poured some more Double-O Black Rum. "I told her," he said, breathing hard, " 'the only thing I ever knew a crew t' need on sailing day was a bucket of sea water t' sober it up and a few clips on the jaw.' By damn! She pawed at 'er bustles and nigh on fainted. Felicia Prue Wonkey! Saints alive!" He drank fast. "Solway, I need a mate."

Solway coughed and hurriedly wiped his hands again. "Eh?" he blurted. He picked up the bottle and held the cork poised. "A mate, Cap'n? Well, I dunno. . . . No, Cap'n." The little man set down the rum bottle with firmness.

"I'm counting on you, Solway," stated the captain solemnly. "You an' me's going around and scare up a crew of some sort. You'll sign mate with me same as ever, and we'll see the old Empress rests well in her grave."

"And I tell you, Bottlenose . . . I mean, Cap'n, I'm staying docked."

"Ah, well," Captain Wylie sighed. "Sup-



The Felicia Prue Wonkey was brought up short as the cable tightened, and her stern swung smashing into the wharf with a glancing blow that carried away a dozen pilings

pose you have a drink with me anyway."

"It'd be a crime," said Solway bitterly. "Me sitting pretty an' all rested up. No more watch-an'-watch. No more all 'ands on deck. . . ." He stared at the bottle and slowly poured himself a tumblerful. "It'd be a crime," he repeated and drank fast. "I'll grant the Empress was a grand old lady. But I ain't signing, see?"

An hour later, when the bottle was empty and the Cape Horn Bar had been securely padlocked, the two men stood somewhat groggily in the rain and looked up and down the rain-swept street.

"The first thing," pondered Captain Wylie, "is finding us a second mate. What d'you know, mister?"

Solway fastened his overcoat and shivered. "What does anyone know?" he demanded tearfully. "There ain't no one no more . . . though I recalls a guy working down the foundry who's made a couple of schooner trips."

"Is he a sailor?" Captain Wylie demanded.

Solway wagged his turtle head. "Well, 'e knows the difference between a marlinespike and a fried egg, I guess."

"Very fair," said Captain Wylie. "That practically qualifies him as a second mate these days. Lay your course, mister."

THEY stood on the new ship's poop in the endless rain next morning and gazed along the deck, littered with shavings and rope's ends and leavings of the rigging crew, some of whom were still at work. The boss rigger tapped his pipe on the rail and bent his head so the water from his sou'wester ran down on his slicker.

"Fine day," he announced sourly. "If it don't quit raining we'll have the river up and hell to pay everywhere." He waved an expressive arm at the ship. "I figured you'd be taking her out in the stream this afternoon, but it looks not. She'll need another dry dock session first; she's making water pretty bad. Bum job of caulking by someone. I'll take the hide off whoever's responsible. Still, I'd have sworn the seams were tight enough for her trials."

"You're not copper-sheathing her?" the captain demanded. "The old Empress was tight as a drum. By damn! Copper's the thing, I say."

"This ain't the old Empress," said the head rigger dryly. He considered, thoughtful. "Y'know, Cap'n, there's something ornery about this crate. It ain't only the seams acting up after what should 'ave been a good caulking job, but other stuff."

CAPTAIN WYLIE pushed back his sodden bowler and looked surprised. "Such as what?"

"Well," the rigger explained, "y'know, I was a little 'prentice boy in the yard when they turned out the Empress, and when this packet was ready I dug around and found the old ship's figurehead. Husky lump of a mermaid holding a pitchfork. . . ."

"Trident," grunted Captain Wylie.

"Well, that's as may be. Anyway, I had the carpenters fix the lady and I'm damned if she didn't come adrift twice. No one could figure it out. I finally had special bolts made and run through the ship's head 'fore the lady would stay put. Then after this packet was launched she got adrift from the hawsers and slammed herself around something wicked. Crushed a couple of lighters before we got her under control. The harbor master's still yelling."

"Well, her mammy was a lively lady, too," said Captain Wylie tolerantly. "And then you got to consider there ain't the men around to handle ships such as used to be."

"That's right," conceded the rigger. "But that's not all of it. Took me four days to get the mainmast shipped. I'd have sworn it was measured to the dot and would have slid home easy and snug, but four solid times I had to lift it and trim again. Almost seems she didn't want t' take it." He bit on his pipestem and eyed Captain Wylie quizzically. "Y'know, Cap'n, come t' think of it, if I had a name like Felicia Prue Wonkey I wouldn't want t' take nothing either." He went away shaking his head and Captain Wylie jammed his great hands in his pea jacket and frowned after him.

"Y'know, Solway, there's maybe something in the ship not acting right. Carrying that name'd make a Portuguese mud scow buckle. Once we get her to sea though, she'll shake out of it, I guess. Nothing like a good slapping around in a stiff nor'easter to make a gal behave."

"It's to be hoped," said Solway dubiously. "It's very much to be hoped."

Captain Wylie took a thoughtful turn or two across the poop. "She'll be like the old Empress," he decided. "Act up at first and then settle down. I should know. . . ." He checked himself and stared open-mouthed as men shouted and a crane on the wharf lifting a heavy sling of fittings suddenly went out of control and swung half around. The head block smashed into the foremast rigging, carrying some away, and then, fouling the foretopsail lift, snapped it clean and created an ominous crackling from the topmast itself, which meant at the least it had been sprung.

There was more shouting as the crane came under control and the boss rigger's profane voice could be heard expressing his opinions of all and sundry. Captain Wylie gripped the poop rail hard and his face grew purple.

"What sort o' louse-bound riggers d'you call yourselves!" he roared. "I'll show you. . . ." He choked on his wrath and jumped for the companion to the main deck, and as his bulk landed on the top step it buckled under him, so he clawed wildly at the air and then slid in undignified haste to land breathless at the bottom.

"Solway," he managed profanely, dazed. "What in the saint's name!"

Solway was beside him, a piece of the broken step in his hands. "Looks sound on the outside but rotten in the core, sir," he mumbled. "I never seen the likes. One of them freak bits of wood."

"By damn!" the captain choked, getting heavily to his feet. "This is too much!" A turbulent wrath consumed him. He brushed the solicitous boss rigger's inquiries aside and pulling his pea jacket about him, with a thunderous majesty strode for the gangplank.

"Now, now, Bottlenose," jerked Solway, trotting anxiously beside him. "What's adoing?"

A gust of wind whipped the soaked bowler from the furious captain's head and sent it spinning along the wharf. He did not alter his stride. "I'm talking with young Mr. Barton," he said grimly. "I'm aquitting the command. I ain't taking a ship to sea what's wrecked afore she even leaves the dockside."

He ignored Solway's continued protests and crossed the dock road to the Barton & Son's office, where he brushed through a room of startled clerks and secretaries and, leaving a trail of wind and wet behind him, plowed majestically into the inner office, his face like a thundercloud. He was halted in full career by someone equally as majestic and almost as amply built. Mrs. Felicia Prue Wonkey rose from a chair and, snapping open the pince-nez dangling on her bosom, peered at him with care.

"Oh, yes . . ." she said doubtfully, "I was waiting for Mr. Barton. . . ." Recognition dawned upon her and her brows lifted. "Now I remember you . . . er . . . the captain of my namesake. I suppose you will be sailing quite soon."

"Ma'am," said Captain Wylie with vast control, "I am not sailing. I never expect to sail. I am only surprised that ship ever came off the ways without rolling over or something."

"Ah," said Mrs. Wonkey, beaming. "I thought the very same thing when I christened her. When she slid sideways into the water I actually held my breath. I was sure she would go over. But it seems . . . why, what's the matter?"

Captain Wylie was staring at her, stunned and horrified. "Did you say she was launched *sideways?*"

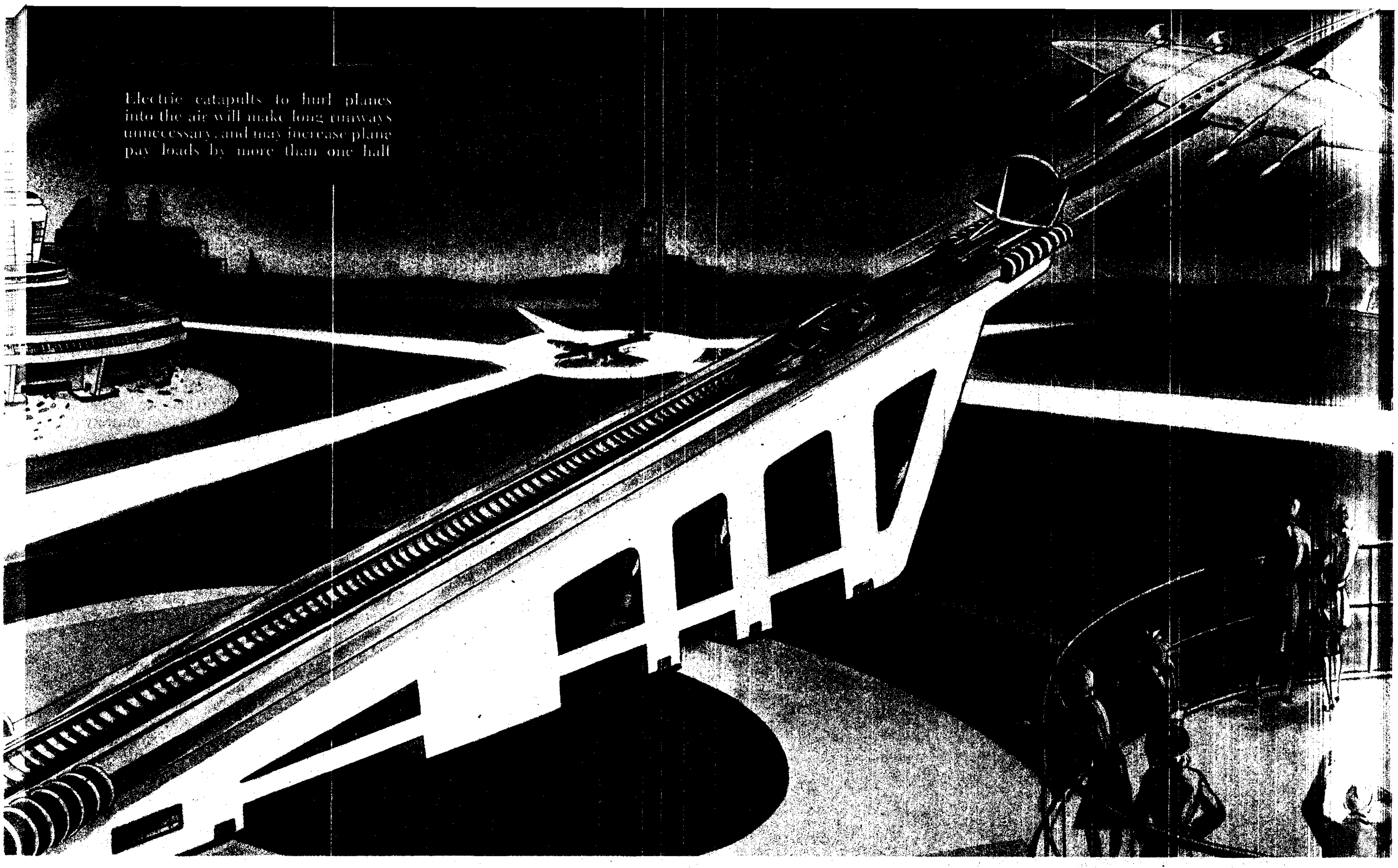
MRS. WONKEY watched him, fascinated. "Why, of course," she faltered. "That appears to be the new method. Really, Captain . . ." She stared blankly at Captain Wylie's abruptly retreating back and jumped as the door slammed behind him. He groped through the outer office like a man in a dream, Solway following anxiously in his wake.

"Look, Cap'n," protested the little man, his turtle head wagging with concern. "I hated t' tell you afore. It's some new idea. I sneaked down for a look when they told me, seeing I never 'eard of such a thing. Friday the 13th of the month, as I recall too. It made me sickish, Bottlenose. . . ."

Captain Wylie stopped dead and let the rain fall unheeded on his bared head. "Friday? The 13th?" he croaked. He took Solway's arm and gripped it hard. "An' they christened her the Felicia Prue Wonkey on top of all that!"

He started for the wharf again and squared his great shoulders. "We got to stay with 'er now, Solway. We got to help

(Continued on page 59)



Electric catapults to hurl planes into the air will make long runways unnecessary, and may increase plane pay loads by more than one half

THE RISE OF THE ROCKET

By G. Edward Pendray and Jacques Martial

DESIGNS BY MARTIAL AND SCULL

Already proving its worth as a war weapon, the rocket may solve the problems of high-altitude flight. Two experts give you as much information about rockets as can be told

UNTIL the recent stories about the bazooka and the Nazis' new "secret weapon," most people in this country knew nothing about rockets except that they made pretty fireworks. Some men of no particular scientific standing were said to be talking of going to the moon with them, but it seemed like nonsense, and we dismissed the subject with a grin and went on about our business.

But the Army's bazooka, the Russian Katiuska, the German *Nebelwerfer*, the loss of sixty American bombers over Schweinfurt principally through the enemy's use of a new rocket weapon—these have made rockets suddenly very interesting. It has become apparent that, in an age of airplanes, old-fashioned defenses based on artillery may be a little out of date, and something new is needed. The rocket is beginning to look like the answer.

In warfare, the rocket's most priceless advantage is that it produces no recoil. You don't need a heavy gun to fire it. It carries its own propelling charge, and the launching apparatus may be only a light tube, or just a couple of guide rails.

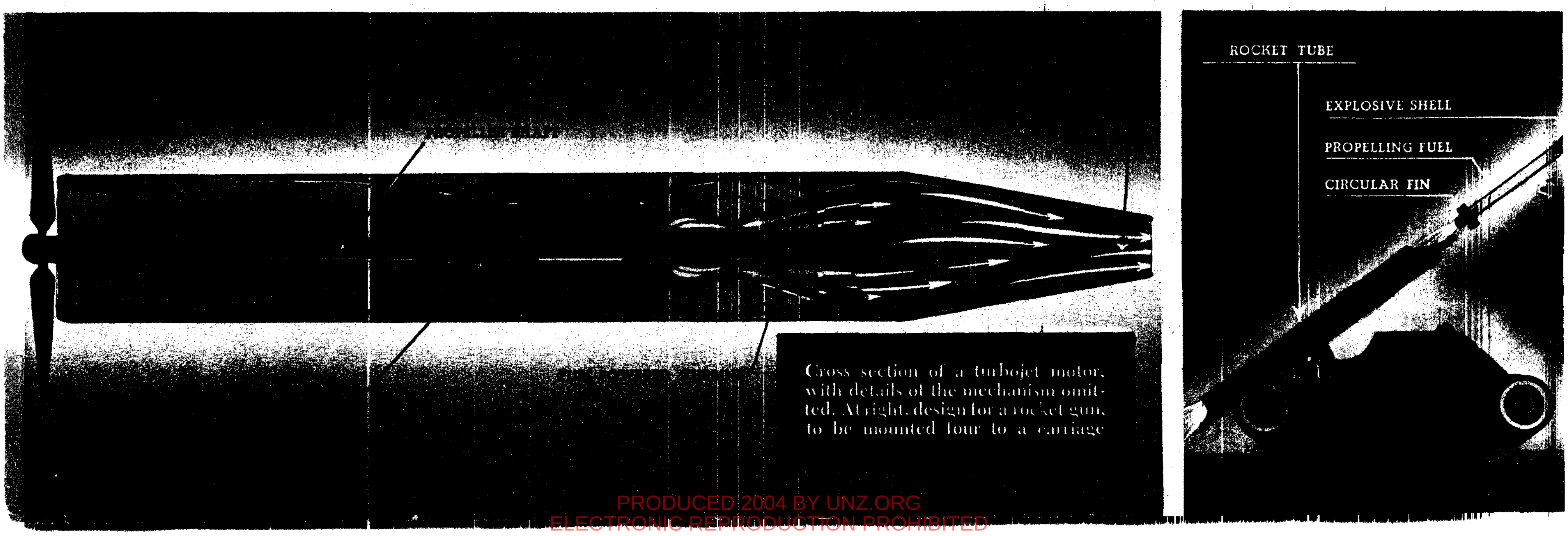
This helps to explain why, in an era of air and tank warfare, the rocket is beginning to supplement—and maybe to outmode—the gun as a weapon both of offense and defense. But a lot of us are also interested in learning whether this new development is going to mean anything to ordinary citizens after the war is won. The last war gave the airplane such a boost that it virtually changed the outlines of our lives. Will this war provide the beginnings of an age of rockets? And if it does, what will we then have that we do not have now?

There is an old Chinese story about a mandarin who conceived the idea of traveling to the next province by rocket power. Ingeniously, he fastened forty-seven large skyrockets to an easy chair, strapped himself in, and had forty-seven coolies simultaneously light the fuses. Whether he ever arrived was not ascertained, but the story goes to show that the idea of traveling by rocket is nothing new.

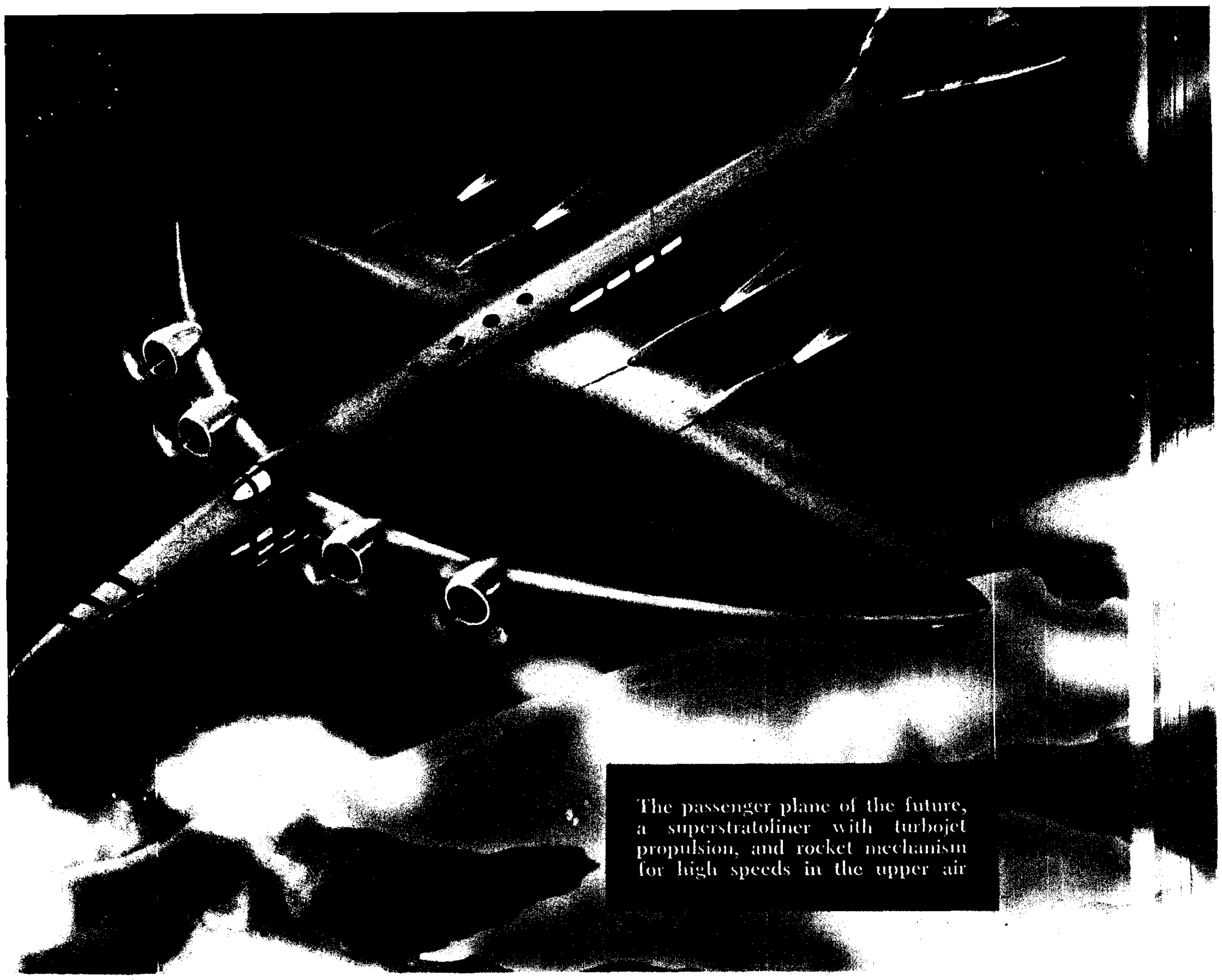
Some things we have today that the mandarin didn't have are light metals, some knowledge of aerodynamics, mechanisms which enable a man to control machinery by simply twirling a dial or pressing buttons, electronics, a background of experience with flight and, above all, some mighty powerful fuels.

To understand how the rocket motor works, you simply have to visualize a chamber, made of some material that can withstand intense heat, and equipped with a nozzle. Into this chamber, explosive fuels are squirted. Mixing there, they produce great quantities of very hot gases, which rush out through the nozzle and drive the rocket forward as they go.

It is hard for most people to grasp the idea that such a motor needs nothing to push against. Essentially what



Cross section of a turbojet motor, with details of the mechanism omitted. At right, design for a rocket gun, to be mounted four to a carriage



The passenger plane of the future, a superstratoliner with turbojet propulsion, and rocket mechanism for high speeds in the upper air

happens is that the rocket pushes against the expanding column of its own gases. The outside air is not needed in the process. It simply gets in the way, and actually a rocket works somewhat better in a vacuum, or where the air is very thin, than it does in ordinary atmosphere.

Rocket fuels are rather mysterious, too, until you remember that they must burn with great speed to produce the proper effect. This means that they cannot depend on the oxygen contained in the air, as a gasoline engine does. Like gunpowder and all explosives, they must include their own oxygen supply.

New Developments in Explosives

Since liquid oxygen, made by liquefying air and boiling off the other gases, is the most concentrated form of oxygen possible, it is frequently used by experimenters. Combined with gasoline, it provides power ten to twenty times as great as the ordinary explosive powder used in skyrockets. There are many other chemical combinations, too, suitable for rockets.

Though there have been innumerable rocket flights, to date, no man has ever flown in a true rocket. There have been a dozen or so mice sent up in rockets and they reached land again no worse for wear, though probably scared. In India about five years ago, some experimenters shot a rooster over the Ganges by rocket power, and the rooster arrived ruffled but unhurt.

Scads of mail—perhaps tons of it—have been shot from place to place by rockets. Before the war, there was a more or less regular mail line between a couple of mountain towns near Graz, Austria. It was several miles from one town to the other by road, but just over a mountain by rocket. So it was a profitable venture in mail-carrying for a couple of young experimenters.

Of course, the knowledge now producing so much development in rocketry—for our Armed Forces and our allies as well as for the enemy—was accumulating in our several countries for years. Most of the experimenters were amateurs in the prewar days—men and women who grouped themselves in rocket societies and clubs, built rockets and discussed them all winter, and shot them on Sundays and holidays in the spring and summer.

Some of them were chased plenty by the police and harassed by the neighbors. Some had funds of their own to pay for the experiments. Some got a little backing from philanthropists or organizations like the Smithsonian Institution but, for the most part, they had no financial support whatever, except what the members of the various societies contributed toward the cause by paying dues or subscribing for rocket publications.

Probably the largest and most active such organization in the world just before the war was the American Rocket Society, which had more than 300 members, most of whom are now working for Uncle Sam. The British had a national rocket society. The Russians had an important experimental group. So did the Germans. There were active rocket experimenters in France, Italy, Japan, Holland and India.

At the outbreak of the war, this country undoubtedly had more know-how in this line, and more experienced men, than any other. For that reason, we feel confident that we can keep up in the wartime race to develop rocket weapons. For the same reason, this country ought to be in the best position for postwar rocket industries, too, if there are to be any.

Tucked away in the bottom drawer of many a rocket engineer's office desk right now are sheaves of calculations which he hopes will be turned to good account in the time to come. Rather prosaic, but important jobs will be the first assignment of rockets in the peacetime world after the war; jobs that have need of the rocket motor's unusual advantages, including light weight, enormous power, great potential speed and high efficiency.

Perhaps, for example, they can carry mail and express between distant points, with speeds exceeding that of the airplane—even rivaling the telegraph. Experimenters picture such rockets as long, thin projectiles, powered with liquid fuels, steered by robot mechanisms, guided by electronics. They may have neither pilot nor passengers, and will fly a course like that of a cannon shell, a high trajectory carrying them to such altitudes that the major part of the mile-a-second flight will be in the thin upper atmosphere where such velocities may be practical.

The Weatherman's Predicament

If that one seems a little too rich at present, consider the much more prosaic but highly practical job of feeling the pulse of the weather. Probably everybody by now knows that the atmosphere for the first few miles above the earth consists of large masses of moving air. Some of them are warm and moist; others comparatively cool and dry. Some are traveling fast, some slowly. Where dissimilar masses come together, the weather is apt to be pretty interesting; that's where storms and such may begin. One major problem of the weatherman is to know where these masses of air are traveling, what they are like, how fast they are going, and what changes are taking place in them as they go.

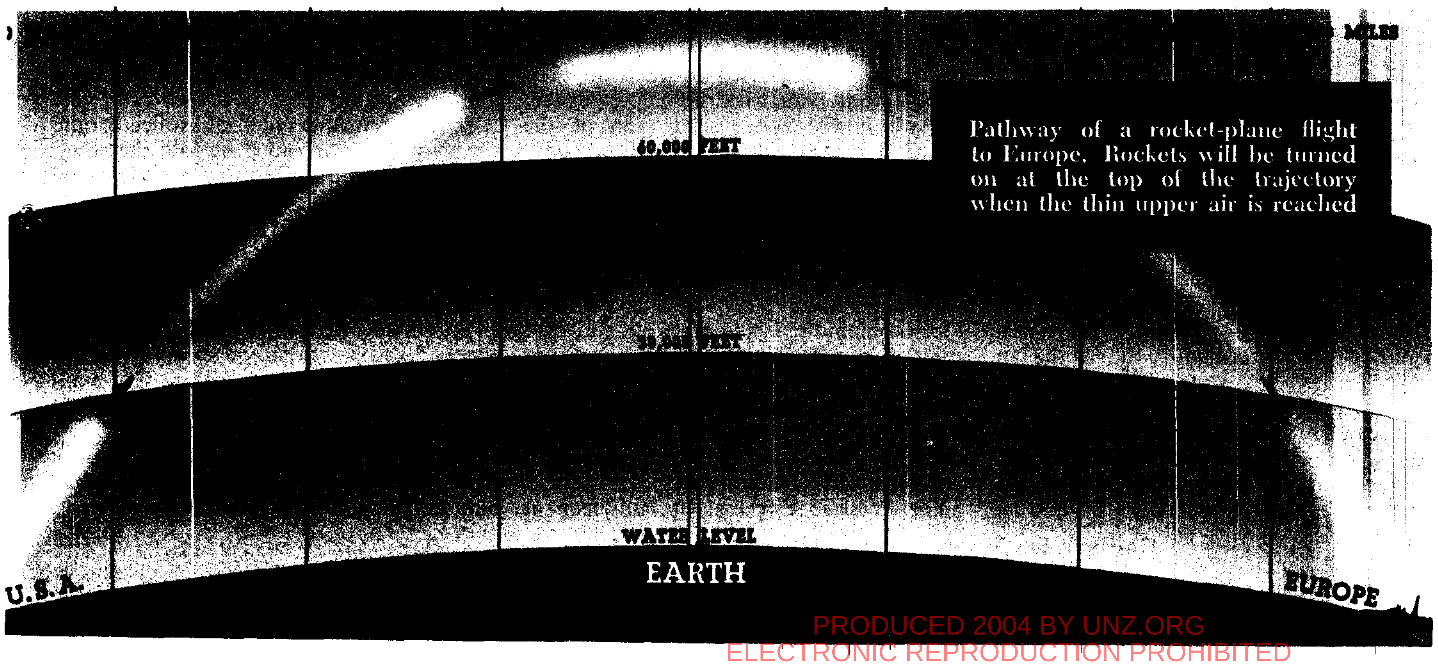
Information on these air masses is now obtained principally with free balloons, which are released regularly at a number of points, carrying instruments which report by short-wave radio the air conditions through which they pass. But balloons are subject to drift, and have other objectionable habits. Now, if it were possible to send properly designed rockets straight up five miles or so at regular intervals, from numerous points over the surface of the earth, they might cheaply, quickly and with a minimum of difficulty, clock the weather overhead, report it instantaneously with the aid of electrically operated instruments, and return by wing or parachute to practically the spot from which they were fired.

That's one possible use for rockets after the war. But if they will carry instruments, they can also carry cameras, for using in mapping difficult terrain, for taking pictures of the earth from altitudes greater than airplanes can reach.

In normal times, astronomers travel thousands of miles, at great expense, and with cumbersome equipment, just to photograph the sun at the few moments of its total eclipse, so that they can study the corona and other phenomena ordinarily obscured by the glare of the sun's light in the atmosphere. But from an altitude of 100 miles or thereabouts, there is no appreciable atmosphere; consequently no glare. For a fraction of the cost, a rocket-propelled camera could get astronomers all the sun pictures they might want, any day.

If we expect to fly successfully through the high upper atmosphere, we will need to know more about it than we now do. A lot has been deduced from the behavior of sunlight, starlight and meteors as they

(Continued on page 44)



Pathway of a rocket-plane flight to Europe. Rockets will be turned on at the top of the trajectory when the thin upper air is reached

BY JOHN AUGUST

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

The Story Thus Far:

SPECTACLE, a leading pictorial magazine, sends two men to Petit Marais, Wisconsin, to gather material for an article on Jim Gislason's war-production machine shop. A short time later, Scott Warner, an OWI official in Washington, inspects the pictures the men have taken. Those of Gislason's bookkeeper—a girl named Marie Royce—interest him very much indeed, and for a good reason:

Three years before, a well-known sportsman—Dixon Gale—had shot himself, or been shot, at "Silvertip," the Sierra Nevada estate of Eugene Penfield, a millionaire politician. Not long after, Penfield's wife, Marta (rumored to be Gale's lover), had drowned herself. Now, scrutinizing the likenesses of Marie Royce, Warner is sure that she is—*Marta Penfield!*

Penfield is a Fascist. His backer is Taylor Damon, a Fascist newspaper owner, who is grooming him for the presidential chair. In Denver, United States Senator Fetterman is seriously ill. Should he die, his state's chief executive—Governor Queed—will appoint Penfield to succeed him. Warner shudders at the sinister possibilities of this appointment! He decides it is his duty to ruin Eugene Penfield, politically, if he can.

Losing no time, he resigns from the OWI. Then, constantly shadowed by Damon's spies (Damon has learned what he is planning to do), he goes to Petit Marais and, meeting the Royce girl, tries—unsuccessfully—to inveigle her into admitting that she is Marta Penfield. Two of Damon's strong-arm men arrive on the scene, and "Marie Royce" agrees to run away with him—but not until she is convinced that they are both in peril.

They leave Petit Marais in Warner's station wagon. As they drive, they hear over the radio that Jim Gislason has been murdered in his bookkeeper's apartment; that the police are searching for the bookkeeper, Marie Royce; *that she has disappeared! But it is not until* they reach Hitchcock, Wyoming, that the girl admits that she is Marta Penfield.

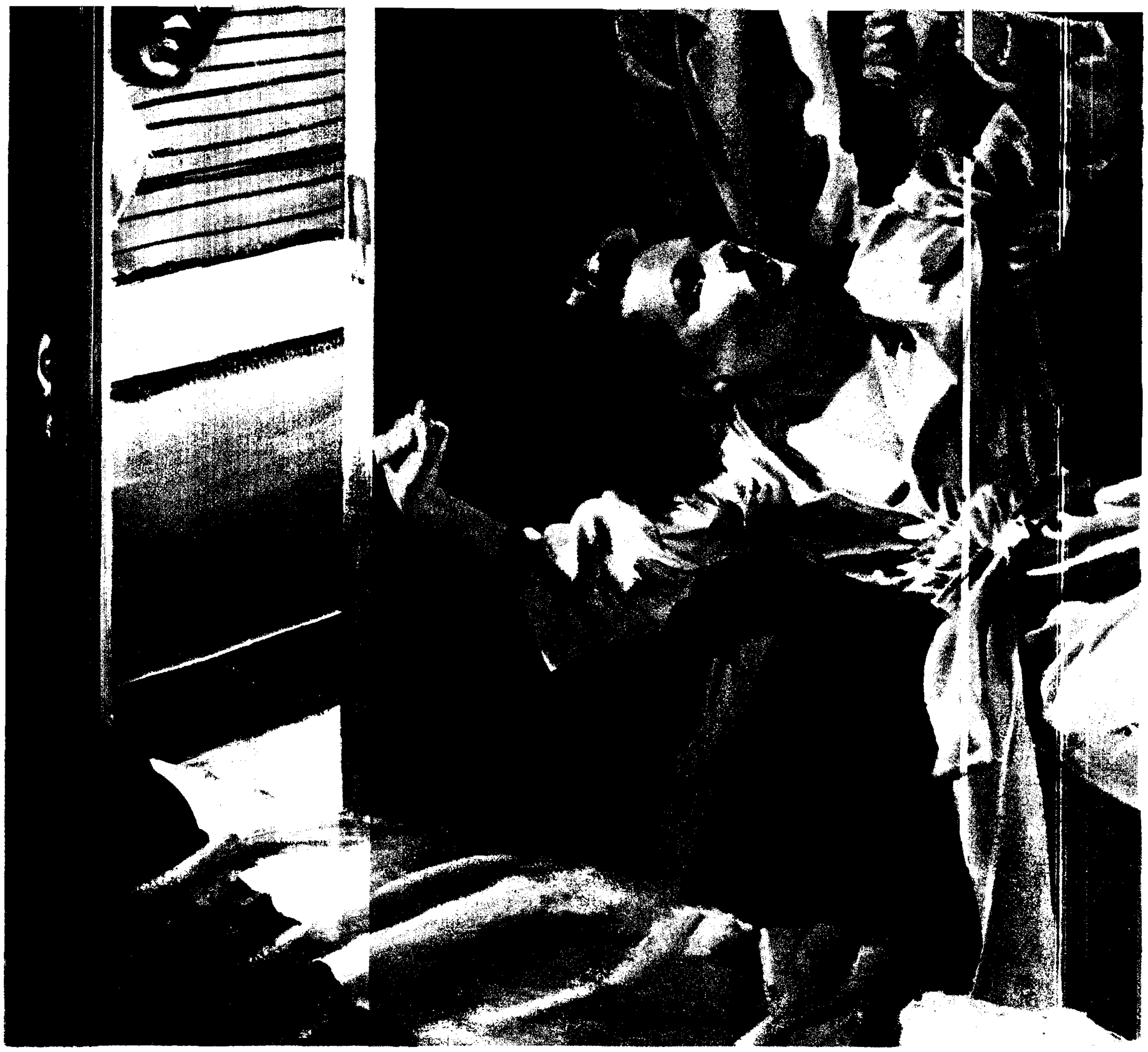
According to her story, Penfield (who is insane) had shot Gale and threatened to accuse *her* of the murder if she talked too much. Trapped, helpless, she had escaped by plunging off a high bridge into a river (before three witnesses)—and saved her life by swimming under water. . . .

A few hours later—after Warner has told her that he is in love with her—she slips away from him and boards a train bound for San Francisco. Eugene Penfield is on the train; he goes to her bedroom, opens the door and confronts her! . . .

Irv Barney, a brilliant political commentator, is co-operating with Warner, with whom he keeps in touch by telephone. In Denver—where he keeps an eye on Senator Fetterman—he realizes that Warner needs someone who knew Marta Penfield to help him get her to talk. He sends Ann Sloane, the girl he hopes to marry, to Hitchcock. Ann had been Dixon Gale's fiancée.

While Ann and Warner are discussing the situation, Warner finds a note that Marta has left. In the note she says that a man named Kelsey Partland, an American Nazi, and Professor Idsu, a Japanese, had at one time been working in a mysterious way with her husband. She suggests that Warner have a talk with a Dr. Miura, a Nisei dentist of Sacramento.

Ann and Warner make their plans quickly. The girl takes a plane for the Coast. Warner sees her off. As he drives back toward the town, he thinks of Marta; he feels sure that somewhere, on her flight, she is laughing at him. She had given him encouragement; he had declared his love for her; she had double-crossed him. Well, he thinks bitterly, let her laugh.



III

THERE was a touch on Scott's arm, and the police chief was saying, "We ain't fooling, Jack. You get out of town or you'll watch our fireworks from my jail."

Scott swore at him and hurried on. A moment later, as he turned into the hotel, someone slapped him on the shoulder. It was Bert Hagen, the truck driver. Bert had on a holiday costume. He'd put on a yellow shirt and woolly chaps, and he was charged with the joy of Old West Week.

"Doc, you should 'a' been here last night and seen me bop the guy that was chasing your wife. I hit him one punch that—"

Scott grabbed Bert Hagen by the shoulders. "What? You saw my wife? Where? When?"

"Don't be sore, Doc. I seen her last night. I was taking my sister-in-law down to the depot. She had to go home to Rock Springs. And your wife come along running, and she seen me and she says, 'Bert, can I walk with you? This man is chasing me.' And I says, 'He is, is he?' An' I clipped him and he went halfway across the street."

"Good for you, Bert!" Scott said. "But where did my wife go?"

"Took same train my sister-in-law did—the Presidio Express."

"What kind of a looking guy was this fellow you hit?"

"Gee, Doc, I don't know how to tell you," Bert Hagen said. "He was a sort of a sawed-off, long-armed sort of a guy, and this morning he's got some loose teeth."

Scott had no doubt that the man was the one who had tried to get into their hotel suite that first morning.

"And guess who else I seen at the depot, Doc. Eugene Penfield in person!"

"You're crazy, Bert. He couldn't be here."

"He was, though. I seen him when I come back into the depot, after I put your wife and my sister-in-law on the train. I couldn't mistake him, could you, Doc? I followed him. I was right behind him when he bought a stateroom to San Francisco. I followed him to the train. . . ."

Scott turned and ran. For a full block, he ran blindly down the crowded sidewalk, bumping into people, until he careened off a fire hydrant. He stopped.

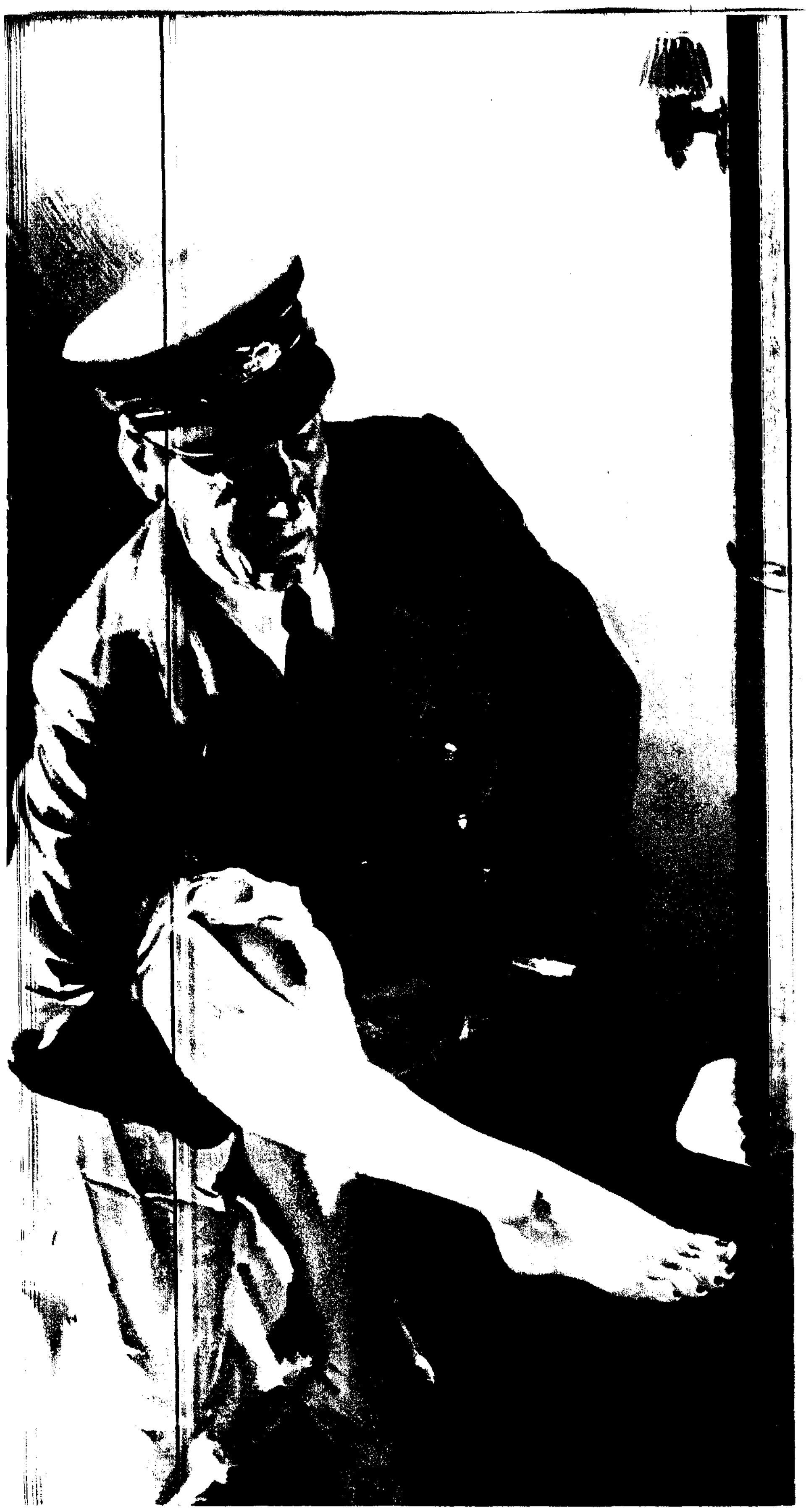
The Presidio Express! It had been at Ogden early this morning; Elko at about half past two; Reno around ten tonight. There would be other stops, in between. Marta was on that train, and Gene Penfield had found her. But who could guess the rest?

Escaping from Scott Warner, who at worst would only have taken off her mask, she had walked straight into the hands of Gene Penfield, who had somehow picked up her trail. She believed he would kill her. She was on a train with him, or her body was—or had been.

Scott knew the chief of police would simply put him in jail if he told the story. But there was the sheriff. He hadn't told the sheriff his first story. The sheriff might believe this one. He'd tell the sheriff he was a correspondent of Spectacle and show his credentials. . . .

Taylor Damon stood at a window of the airport smoking room with Berg. They watched the plane gather speed down the runway and take the air. They saw Scott Warner turn from the gate and take a taxi.

"The dame was tall and she had black hair," Berg said. "This one is a small blonde. She ain't the one."



Marta jumped for the door. They caught her and lifted her onto the bed. "It's pitiful," the conductor said. "She may hurt herself." Marta's throat swelled and she could not scream. She could only whisper

"Of course, she isn't."

Damon had no idea who the girl was. It was enough that she wasn't Marta Penfield. Somebody had made a fatal mistake. And Taylor Damon was in a town where he had no one to help him except this thug, whose arms hung down like those of a chimpanzee and who had no more brains than a chimpanzee. Damon had been told that Warner was at the hotel with Marta Penfield. But when Warner came out of the hotel, it was with somebody else.

They went out of the airport and found a taxi. Damon turned to Berg. He wondered if Berg was double-crossing him. The man was sitting with his hand on his jaw as if it hurt him.

"What's the matter with your face?" Damon asked.

"I got a toothache, chief, and I been watchin' that hotel every minute, so I ain't had a chance to go to a dentist."

"Did you actually see Marta Penfield at any time?"

"I said I seen him drive up to the hotel at seven o'clock in the morning in the station wagon with a girl."

"Didn't you recognize the girl?"

"I was across the street, and the station wagon was between me and them. I didn't get a good look at her. All I could see was this Warner had a dame with him."

Damon could not guess what had happened without more information.

"Better let me pick this guy up, chief," Berg said.

"How?"

"He's got that station wagon at this garage on Laramie Street. I can pick him up after he gets it. I'll turn him over anywheres you say."

"Just don't lose sight of him," Damon said. "I'll want him, all right. But he wouldn't do me any good now. He's got to find the girl for us."

"Peticic, he'll be here today—"

Damon motioned Berg to shut up. The emergency was as critical as possible. This morning, neither Denver nor Silvertip had had any word from Penfield. He had been missing for three days now, and that might wreck everything. Damon knew that some item of information was missing. He was alone, except for a petty thug, he could learn nothing, he was hours and miles from all his sources of information—and time was running out.

Marta Penfield had been with Warner. Therefore, Warner knew where she was now. Unquestionably, Warner was already putting her to use. If Penfield's folly was not enough, there was a chance that Warner might wreck everything at any moment. Damon coldly faced the possibility of failure.

Berg spotted Warner on the sidewalk ahead and slipped out of the taxi. Damon went on to his hotel. There were no phone messages at the desk. In his room, he spread out the noon edition of the Hitchcock Herald. On the front page, he found a New York story which said, simply and starkly, that today's New York Globe would say that Governor Queed would presently announce the appointment of Eugene Penfield to the senatorship left vacant by the death of the late Tom Fetterman. Queed would say nothing about anything until he was told to. He had been told to say nothing about Penfield. Penfield had not been reached and might accurately be said to have disappeared.

The Globe was Irv Barney's paper. Wherever Damon had miscalculated, then, he had been right in judging that something dangerous was going on, something prepared and expert, and the people who were doing it were playing for keeps.

The phone rang, and Berg said, "Chief, he's in the sheriff's office."

Could Warner have seen Damon? Or recognized Berg? No, that was impossible.

"What's he doing there?"

"How can I tell?"

"Find out."

But Damon knew that, in a strange town, without organization, without more time than could be spared, neither he nor Berg could find out anything worth knowing.

Damon had not often had the experience of being unable to take action. He had that bitter experience for the next two hours. He could patiently analyze what he knew. He could patiently try to work out what he did not know; and also he could face the cold possibility that it might become necessary to abandon Gene Penfield. That might easily mean losing years, with the risk of losing everything.

Then Berg was on the phone again, a little excited. "He got a seat on the plane to Reno. He bought it from a guy for a hundred dollars. It's leaving now."

Berg should have stopped Warner. But you must not ask too much from mere thugs.

"When is the next plane to Reno?"

"It would be tonight, but they got to run this one in two sections. The other leaves in twenty minutes. You can make it."

"Get two seats."

"Suppose I can't?"

"Warner did. You'd better."

IT WAS early morning. The town, Marta knew, was Ogden. She could see buildings, higher roofs, a radio mast, slanting streets, with mountains beyond. For an hour, the Presidio Express had been motionless on a spur, a hundred yards from the nearest track.

Sometimes a car washer or some other railroad employee passed at a distance. Whenever one did, Marta pounded on the window and screamed "Help!" Nobody heard her, nobody looked more than casually in her direction. No one in the train could have heard her at any time, or someone would have investigated. The connecting door was locked from Gene's side.

So, she thought, you can buy a porter and a conductor. Probably Gene Penfield could buy an entire railroad.

She heard Gene come back to his bedroom. The connecting door opened, and he came in. The porter was behind him. She screamed.

Gene put a hand over her mouth and held her, from behind. "When you're willing to stop yelling, you can have breakfast," he said. Then, over his shoulder, he spoke to the porter. "Just bring breakfast—anything to eat."

"I don't like this yelling, Mr. Sands," the porter said. "Somebody'll hear it. Can't you quiet her?"

"She can't help it. If the conductor can get a doctor, we'll put her out for a while."

He released her but stood in front of her when she lunged toward the open door, saying, "Get the conductor here."

"All right," Gene said. "Get the conductor."

HE SHUT the door. There was no expression on his face, but his eyes had the metallic shine that had startled her last night.

"Give me some clothes!" she said.

Her nightgown was torn. The bruises on her shoulders were from his hands, but those on her shins were probably her fault. At intervals during the night, he had grabbed her and held her motionless but he hadn't struck her. Sometimes his eyes had said he was going to kill her right then but he hadn't. Now he went into his room and came back with her dressing gown and the compact from her handbag. The bag itself, her traveling bag, the clothes and shoes she had taken off—everything had been taken from her.

The conductor came in.

"I'm sorry," Gene said. "But maybe she'll be quieter if you'll listen to her."

Her throat was tight. Desperation had made her almost speechless.

"You've got to let me off this train," she said hoarsely. "He's keeping me here by force. I'm Marta Penfield. People have been looking for me for years."

"We'll take care of you, madam," the conductor said as if he were talking to a child in a tantrum.

She hunched a shoulder out of the negligee, stretched out a shin to show her bruises. "See! You don't dare help him. You'll go to jail for life. Get the police here, get anyone here—anyone will recognize me. Even if you think I'm crazy, you've got to help me."

"We'll take care of you," the conductor said. "You're with friends, Mrs. Sands. Try to rest. Try to take it easy."

Gene forced her back on the bed. "I'm sorry," he said to the conductor. "You can't do anything."

Her throat swelled, and she could not scream, could only whisper, "You can't, because the police would know about me."

"It's pitiful, Mr. Sands," the conductor said. "Try to quiet her. She may hurt herself. You've been able to make arrangements for an ambulance?"

"I think so—at Truckee."

They turned away and Marta jumped for the door. They caught her, lifted her to the bed, and went into the other room and locked the door. She hadn't a chance. *Gene Penfield could buy anyone or anything.*

It was the most loathsome of indignities to have to scream, to make a show of yourself, to struggle almost naked. And it wasn't doing any good. The train began to move.

Gene came through the door again. "That should convince you it won't get you anywhere to raise a row. There's breakfast in here, if you want to eat."

She certainly would eat. He watched her with that oddly metallic gaze. When she had finished, he opened the door again, and she went back to her room.

(Continued on page 30)

ACME

Cheesecake pictures like these do more to sell vacation resorts than all the hotel folders in existence. "*Sun-worshiping mermaids revel in Florida's climate while their sisters up north freeze.*" Clever?

THIS IS CHEESECAKE

BY KYLE CRICHTON

It's a gag. It's a game. It's an industry in itself. And no matter how you serve it up, America's gotta have it

CHEESECAKE is Big Business; cheesecake is universal; cheesecake seems to prove that the shape is mightier than the sword or the pen; cheesecake is here to stay.

For the uninitiated, it may be explained that "cheesecake" is a division of photographic art which consists in revealing the beauties of the female form in a way that will be appreciated by all citizens of artistic impulses. Dull treatises have been written on the influence of Godey's Lady's Book, the early Police Gazette and the chorus of The Black Crook in turning America's mind to sex, but cheesecake began with the eager gentlemen who answer to the name of ship-news photographers. They raised the skirts of incoming lady passengers to the point where the nation got the idea.

The climax was reached upon the arrival of Queen Marie of Rumania, who for some reason played coy and reticent. The photographers immediately set her at ease.

"Show a little more leg, Queenie," suggested the assembled gentlemen in kindly chorus, and in that moment Art came to life in America.

Cheesecake has now become such a part of our national *mores* that a man with a secondhand locomotive for sale would not think of advertising it without including a picture of a luscious female admiring his pile of junk. He may even allow the suggestion to linger that the lady will be thrown in for the purpose of making a quick deal.

Lofty individuals who maintain with scorn that cheesecake has no influence on them are merely bemused. Without knowing it, they have probably learned their morning exercises from a young lady busily toning up her unclad muscles with kicks, bends, squats and headstands. Their sedate progress through the columns of their newspaper has been guided by expertly placed pictures of drum majorettes, sweater girls and unmarried tractor drivers in shorts. Their tastes in clothes, food and pleasures have been subtly swayed by glimpses of the female anatomy.

They are the customers of a profession which now employs hundreds of photographers who otherwise would have nothing more important to exercise their talents on than high-school graduates and Polish weddings.

Strict purists make a distinction between "leg art" and cheesecake, the first being the Hollywood bathing-girl attempt to make the womanly figure so common that the universe will eventually begin to yawn; the other being the white meat of the coconut, high art produced with the air of accident. Cheesecake, in brief, has a high moral purpose. If the subject in the act of doing something also manages to reveal something, that is cheesecake. Leg art is merely leg art. Leg art is scorned by cultured and patriotic citizens.

Three Ways of Dishing It Up

There are three main divisions in cheesecake:

Newspaper cheesecake: The actress ascending the steps of a train, one leg suspended aloft in mid-air; the lovely lady in shorts about to go skiing; the girl practicing archery; the farmerette with the torn pants leg; the girl welder with the interesting frontispiece. There are publicity shots of young ladies posing with rodeo horses, first trains on new subways, the opening of new delicatessens. There are beauty contests, there are Queens—the Spinach Queen, the Squash Queen, the Burlap Bag Queen, the Queen of South Omaha, Nebraska. There are lightly clad houris riding alligators, picking cranberries, walking gingerly on snowshoes, attending early football practices. Steve Hannagan built Miami Beach with bathing beauties, and then turned about and established Sun Valley with snow beauties. On Broadway, Murray Korman has photographed 400,000 (his own estimate) lovelies with more pose than costume. These pictures generally appear one at a time and may be identified in that way.

Magazine cheesecake: These are sets of pictures of photo sequences turned out by the hundreds of cheesecake specialists in Hollywood or Manhattan. Models who want fame and Broadway contracts do the posing.

Glamorous, slick cheesecake: This is the kind that pays the photographers well. It is sex with dignity. Sometimes it takes an educational direction, the health-giving properties of girdles or exercise. Sometimes it is pure art, the sort of thing George Hurrell did with Hollywood cuties, the accent being on the frankly bosomy kind of cheesecake. Another device is to photograph the activities of two girls on vacation, thus making it a travel story.

If all this seems a bit on the lubricous side, it must be remembered that research has proved that a woman is twice as likely as a man to look at a leg picture in a news photograph. There is the further fact that travel, animals and science still come ahead of cheesecake in reader attention. However, similar surveys show that if readers had their way, there would be five times as many leg pictures in the newspapers. Whether public taste is being vulgarized, or frankness is on the increase, the fact remains that even in selling War Bonds the message is put across in neat melodies of calves, knees and thighs.

Beauties for the Asking

In the lush days of 1928-29 when midnight sailings for Europe were at their peak, the ship-news photographers were practically overwhelmed by beauteous females, often of the society set, who dashed on board, placed themselves up on the rail, lifted their skirts alluringly and made it plain that they would like their pictures to appear in the public prints. When Princess Petunia or Duchess Schtunk arrived, they were equally anxious for the favors of the lens men, who pushed them around at a great rate, saying, "Now, Princess, really; if you're going to be as dumb as that. . . . Stand over here."

The origin of the name is said to come from the activities of Bill Hearfield, New York photographer, who used to go out to the breakwaters at Rockaway in 1908 and snap pictures of the dames of that period showing an inch or two of limb. It was such a daring feat that Bill had guards posted, who were to bellow "Cheezit" if the cops appeared. Pictures of that type were thereafter called "cheese" pictures and the "cheesecake" addition is said to have been made by Joe Marsland, who seems to have had a feeling for words.

The length to which the craze had gone can be seen in the letter recently received by Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw after a picture feature in this magazine. A reader from Saltville, Va., offered to trade the Messrs. Henderson and Shaw fifty pounds of negative for a few of the cheesecake variety. The gentleman wrote: "You see, Mr. Shaw, I live a way back here in the mountings of Va. and cannot get any lovely cheesecake photos like you. All I can get is mountings and hilly plowing and streams, sunup and sundown. Bosh."

There are endless variations on the theme. All a photographer has to do is get a pair of legs with a girl attached and give a new twist to an old idea. It can be a gamb-displaying game of beach hockey or a chest-arching bow-and-arrow sequence or the life of a stripteaser at home or a hike involving fence climbing.

Naturally enough, the business world also has a duty in the premises. It would certainly be shirking its responsibilities if it failed to explain in detail the workings of the brassière industry and the painted-stocking fad.

Science is similarly obligated to explain the operation of the female knee joint, and there is no point in analyzing a homely joint when better ones are available.

What cheesecake has done for civilization is beyond telling. What it has done for photography is easily estimated. Everything! The first century after Daguerre invented the art, nothing much came of it, but when cheesecake burst forth as a national institution, millions of amateurs seized cameras with the glowing intention of bringing glamor to the world. The U. S. Army adopted cheesecake, named its proponents "pin-up girls" and gave a living example of the womanhood we are fighting for. There is no secret about our war aims; there are no secrets about the pin-up girls.

We are in a new era of culture—cheesecake culture—and only the Pecksniffians, the Bluenoses and the astigmatics have any reason for complaint. It is life. It is America, and anybody who resents it is likely to find himself visited by a committee armed with tar, feathers and a hurt expression. ★★★

GARY WAGNER

Of course, the young lady could saw the wood without showing the knee. What cheesecake would there be in that picture?

SAVE
WASTE
PAPER

INTERNATIONAL

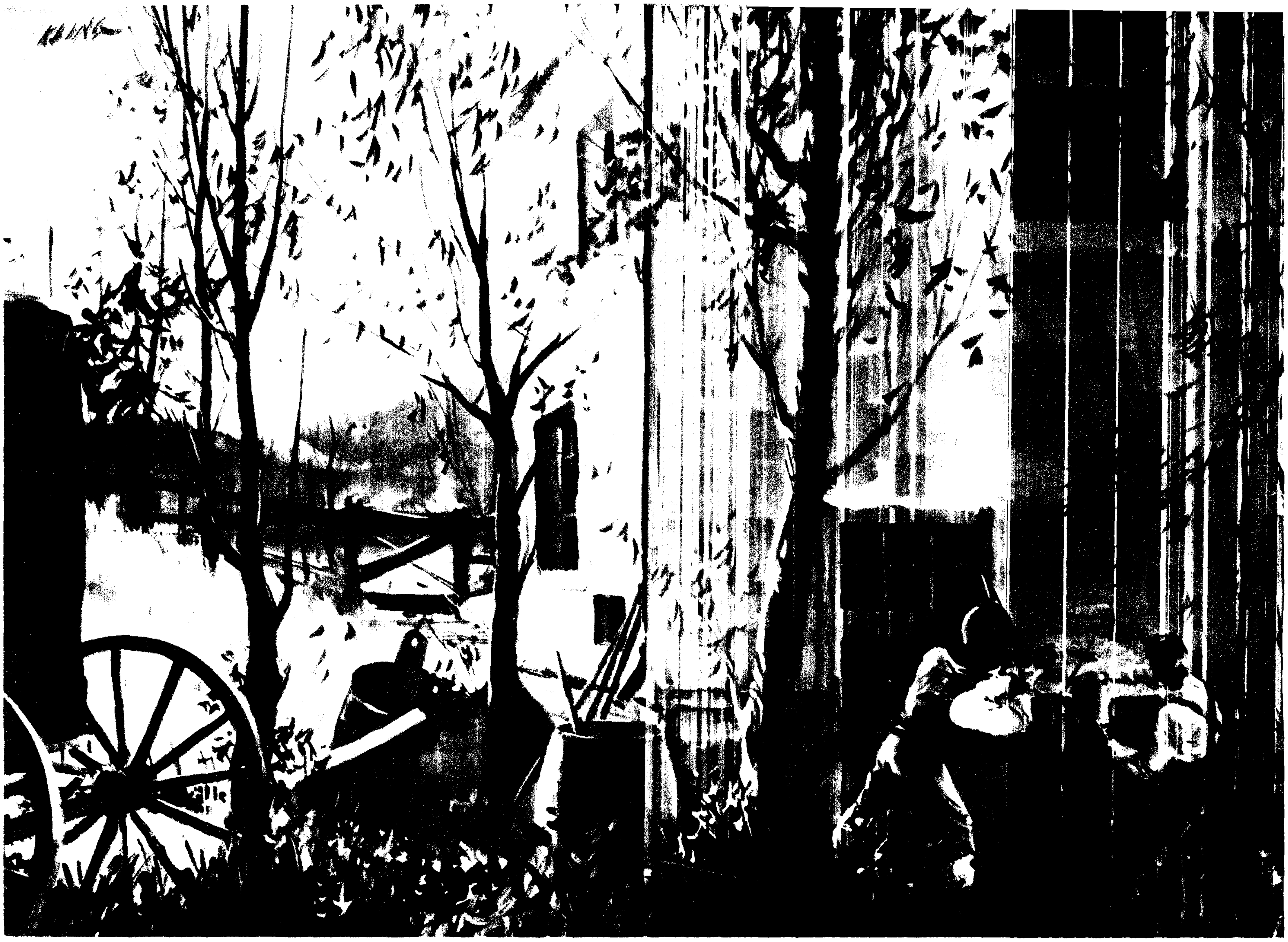
Jean Dean, Shirley Fredericks and Fleur Berberick, who are shown above, are performing a great patriotic service, though just how the sight of their limbs will stimulate Americans to do their duty is not clear

If Junior doesn't eat his vegetables after getting a look at this Celery Queen, Junior is a little dope

INTERNATIONAL

In the picture below you can see how cheesecake is used even to promote a machine shop. (The scene is Los Angeles.) The girl is Nancy Brinkman, unanimously voted the most streamlined employee

ACME



Old Alf peered out. More with wonderment than anger, he said, "What's the meaning of this racket? You taken leave of your senses?"

SHIVAREE BEFORE BREAKFAST

BY JESSAMYN WEST

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

A shivaree—we explain to confirmed city dwellers—is a commotion, a series of rude noises, a small riot staged outside the bedroom window of newlyweds. This shivaree had unexpected consequences

LABE'S mother, Eliza, always said he never put a foot out of bed until he heard her start to scrape the gravy skillet. He was quick enough in his feelings, but hard to get moving at times.

But that morning in September the big cast-iron skillet was still hanging on its nail behind the stove; there wasn't a smell in the house of dried beef frizzling for gravy, nor of the birchwood smoke which always seeped out a little round the second joint of the kitchen stovepipe. The starling still slept in its cage by the front door.

Labe had both feet out of bed. He wasn't completely awake yet and he was mumbling and complaining—but he was out of bed. His brother Joshua, who was four years older but scarcely any bigger, stood in front of him, talking fiercely.

"Labe," he said, "thee makes me sick. Thee just about turns my stomach. This was thy idea, shivareeing Alf Applegate. And it's just like always. I'm ready and thee's so dillydallyish, it'll be too late. Old Alf'll be up and out to work before we get there. I'm going down and wash," he added, "and get the horse fiddle and go on without thee."

Labe knew then that he'd have to wake up; Josh would likely do what he said.

When he got down to the kitchen, it was just light enough to see outlines—Pa's shoes by the grate, Mother's shawl over the back of the rocker, Mattie's knitting where she'd left it on the newel post.

It's like a ship, he thought, where the crew'd got the plague, and all died in their bunks, with everything left just as they'd last touched it. He stood on the steps, the first man to view that sorry scene after the disaster.

Josh put his head in the front door. "It's almost sunup," he whispered, like a hornet, ready to sting.

Labe forgot the plague-stricken ship and ran out to shivaree Old Alf.

Josh had the horse fiddle in one hand, and a lard can with pebbles in it for Labe to shake in the other. "Thee carry thy own stuff," he said to Labe.

"Sure," Labe said. "Want me to take the fiddle, too?"

Josh gave him a sharp look out of his black, green-flecked eyes, but Labe didn't know enough to be sarcastic. He was saying something to Ebony, the starling—as he always did before he went any place.

SWIFTLY they cut across the big cornfield. The early hour, the grayness, their secret made them keep their voices low.

"I bet thee dreamed it," Josh said. "I bet it was one of thy daydreams that Old Alf got married and was talking to a woman."

"No, sir, Josh," Labe said, his round face so serious he looked as if he might cry. "No, Josh. Honest, I didn't. I heard him. I told thee it was the morning Pa took me fishing. I got tired and sat down on a stump by Alf's place—and then's when I heard him.

"First, I could just hear him talking—but not what he was saying. It kind of sounded like he's talking to a baby, at first. Then he said, 'Time to get up, Molly darling. Time to tie up your beautiful black hair, Molly darling. Night's over. Time for day and work.' Maybe that ain't it exactly," Labe added conscientiously; "but as far as I can remember, it is."

"If he's got a wife," Josh said, "why don't our folks know it? Why's he hiding her?"

"Cause he's ashamed to be getting married, he's so old. He's scared folks'll laugh at him."

Labe didn't say anything, just tramped on fast, climbed the snake fence and hurried on down the pike. He was thinking how surprised Old Alf and his wife were going to be when they heard him and Josh outside their window, playing the horse fiddle and shaking the lard pail.

"Josh," Labe said, trotting fast to keep up, "Josh, does thee think Old Alf's got some candy on hand ready to give to shivaree-ers?"

"No," Josh said scornfully. "He don't think anyone knows he's married. So why would he be fixed for a shivaree?"

They were almost there. Josh took out

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CONVOY AWAY!

By Walter Davenport

From the first locomotive to the last aspirin tablet, everything's in its place. 300,000,000 dead-weight tons of shipping space are packed to the last cubic inch, and the convoy sails on time. It's a miracle of efficient organization, and here's how it happens

WE ARE far down Lower New York Bay, sitting in the bow of a Maritime Commission cutter, feeling pretty small and inadequate. We have made a lot of silly, awed notes about beauty and power and hugeness. Presently, with excellent judgment, we throw these notes into the water and just sit there, looking north from Sandy Hook Bay at hundreds of ships "full and down," their prows turned seaward, their anchor chains taut in the tide.

Full and down? That means merely that your ship is crammed to the last inch of her cubic capacity and is down to the Plimsoll line that marks the safety limit of submergence.

Soon the sun will go down beyond Raritan Bay and Arthur Kill. There will be the iron song of chains reeled up through hawseholes. From Jamaica Bay, a fleet of warplanes whiskered with machine guns and cannon will loaf easily over the ships, turn east; and slowly the armada that's bedazzling us will move into the ocean bound for England, for Russia, for the Mediterranean. Maybe they'll be joined by ships out of Boston, out of Halifax. They're degaussed and depermed against U-boats and mines. They're jumboed with heavy booms that swing their cargoes in and out again. They're packed with ten thousand things from sewing needles to General Sherman tanks, from chewing gum to landing barges, P.T. boats and fighter planes.

Once at sea they'll form ranks as precise as a West Point review. Swarming planes will soar far and wide above them, watching the seas for omens and signs of the enemy's subs. Ahead of them and all around, destroyers and cruisers will knife through the waters listening, watching, protecting.

From the Atlantic to Yonkers

This is what they call a Convoy Party. As we behold it in the light blue haze, tankers and Liberty ships, it looks like a huge cornucopia, its vast mouth yawning at the Atlantic, its body winding up through the Narrows between Fort Wadsworth and Fort Hamilton, up through the Upper Bay and on up the North River as far as Yonkers.

No scientist in his laboratory, no physicist at his books and gadgets works with greater exactness than the men who cargoed this vast array of ships. If one of these holds lacks one inch of being "down to her marks" when loaded, she is fifty-seven tons short of her ideal burden. And when you strike an average of the capacity of all the merchantmen in a convoy, from the burly Liberty ships to the ugly little tub that used to carry bananas, you'll find that if eighty ships were off that inch, it would be as if a ship were missing.

On every deck of these wallowing monsters that carry the fuel for the planes, which are wiping Hamburgs and Bremens off the face of the earth, are planes lacking only propellers, wing tips and tail assemblies.

Early in 1942, Admirals Land and Vickery decreed that somehow fighter planes and light bombers, unable to cross the ocean on their wings, must arrive in foreign parts ready to fight. They knew that it would be done. That's why they had men like Captain Granville Conway, supervisor of the Atlantic Coast region for the War Shipping Administration.

Britain said that it couldn't be done. Britain had tried it. Planes had been lashed to tankers, but by the time they reached their destinations, they had been battered by the bashing seas that broke over the low freeboards.

Of course, planes could be sent crated, knocked down, but reassembling them would take days and weeks. Moreover, there were always parts which had been carried on to other ports or which might still be sitting on a Jersey pier.

A New Type of Superstructure

But presently, Conway and his men began building a skeleton superdeck on tankers. It looked like something your small son might have contrived out of that box of metal structural parts which you gave him for Christmas. It's merely a steel-and-wood openwork deck superimposed upon the tanker's topside. It rises seven or eight feet above the deck, fifteen or sixteen feet above the water line.

On this trundle deck, out of reach of the wrecking seas, are lashed fighters and bombers too light to fly the ocean alone. All that's needed are the wing tips, the tail assemblies and the propellers, and the plane is ready to take off. No tanker or Liberty ship leaves without carrying assembled planes, tanks or P.T.'s on deck.

It's getting close to sailing time. The crews become noisier, their officers quieter. The crews are already talking about what they're going to do with their money when they get back from this trip.

These crews are well paid—and they ought to be. Ordinary seamen average $82.50 a month; able-bodied seamen a hundred. Bosuns get $112.50, messmen $82.50, chief cooks $132.50, chief stewards $147.50. All that's base pay. All hands get a hundred per cent bonus for voyages in certain dangerous areas and additional bonuses for passing through restricted areas where the risk is particularly high.

But the thing for us to do first is to sit in with the men who load the convoys. They're all men who have done nothing with their lives but stow cargo into ships—Captain Conway, Captain Hewlett Bishop, Captain Martin Goodman.

Before they begin to load a ship, they know precisely where each crate, bale, box and package belongs. Before a stevedore or dock walloper spits on his hands, they have doped out on paper the place for every one of the thousands of items a ship will carry. When they're through loading a ship with locomotives and trucks, medical supplies and binoculars, you'd have quite a time of it finding space for a packet of phonograph needles.

When we get to the Maritime Commission offices, William J. Darcy is conferring with a group who know all about shipping Lend-Lease stuff to the United Kingdom, to South America, to the Persian Gulf, the Near East and India. They're Nick Larsen, Arne Olesen, Henry Geib and a few others. You can listen if you want, but it won't get you anywhere. A spy

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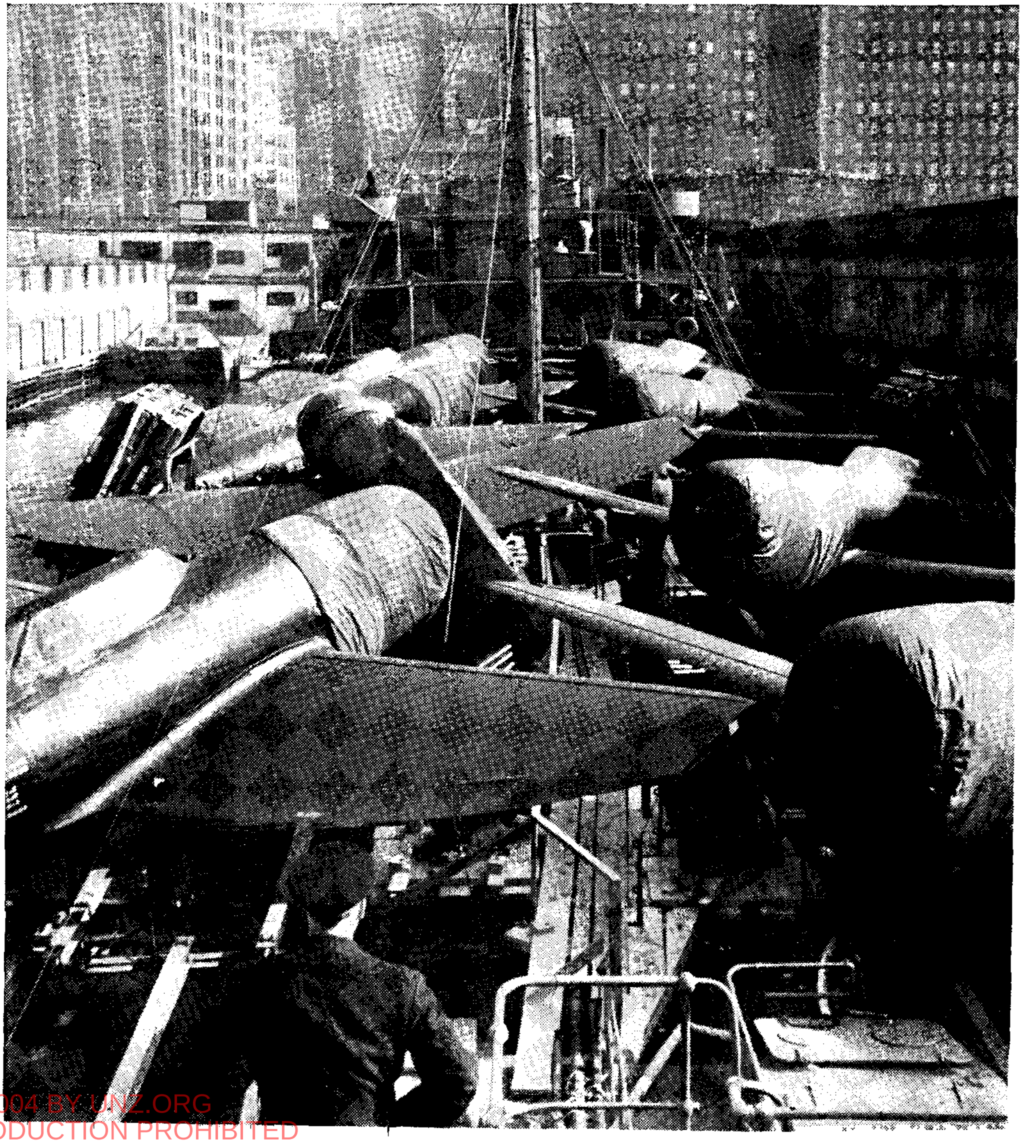
BRITISH COMBINE

A convoy of merchantmen steaming into line. Planes soar far and wide above; destroyers and cruisers knife ahead and around them, listening and watching for enemy subs

Planes, minus propellers, wing tips and tail assemblies, are lashed to the trundle deck of the tanker shown below. No Liberty ship or tanker sails without this extra deck cargo

BOB LEAVITT



THE BAZOOKA'S HOME TOWN

BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW

The town of Dixon, Ill., wasn't talking. The townsfolk clammed up about the fact they were producing one of our greatest secret weapons of this war—the bazooka

Mary H. Drew and Mary McKenney demonstrate how rockets made at the Green River Ordnance Plant, Dixon, Ill., are loaded into bazooka. "Open House" was held to end its manpower shortage

Some 18,000 visitors descended on plant's production lines to see how powder for rockets and many other type shells is prepared, loaded and shipped. Employees simulated production with "dummy powder" to avoid explosions

DIXON, ILLINOIS, is a quiet little farming town about 150 miles west of Chicago. Lincoln slept there, in 1858, the night before he debated at Freeport with Stephen A. Douglas. Today, Dixon is working night and day as the home town of the bazooka—the rocket gun our boys are using, can-opener style, on Nazi tanks. It is not easy to be the secret home town of a secret and revolutionary weapon for almost two years.

The bazooka is the most devastating of all antitank weapons. Rockets have always held possibilities as projectiles, but nothing much was done about them until World War II began. Then the Russians went to work, and so did we. The Russians solved the baffling problem of accuracy by massing so many rocket guns that everything opposing them was hit. We solved it by using the rocket on a flat, straight trajectory.

The bazooka is a light sheet-metal tube about five feet long, open at both ends. It fires an armor-piercing rocket at tremendous velocity. Officially, it is known as "Launcher, Rocket, AT, M-1," but, of course, no one ever calls it that. It is generally manned by two soldiers, one of whom feeds the rockets into the weapon while the other aims and fires. Though the bazooka's range is considerable, its accuracy diminishes with distance. The closer you let the tank get, the better your chance of crippling it. Often the bazooka is used at point-blank range of fifty or even twenty-five yards.

No Job for the Nervous

Both men of a bazooka team must have iron nerve. The gunner must have a steady hand. The projectile is not launched automatically by the act of loading, like a mortar shell, but is fired by an electric impulse. The loader has as much time to move aside as the gunner wishes to give him. The "iron nerve" might be required by the necessity of waiting until an enemy tank gets close.

The bazooka looks like a piece of rain-spouting the plumber forgot. In fact, it is not much more than a tube with a couple of handles and a firing mechanism.

The bazooka's sock is, of course, in the rocket projectile. This consists of an armor-piercing cap, a head filled with high explosive and a fluted tail. It is about two feet long and it has an awe-inspiring, swooshing smoke tail when it takes off. Some ordnance men believe the rocket will revolutionize warfare. The Nazis are claiming they have secret rockets which will pulverize London. However, they have not been very successful with their rocket adventures in the past. A six-barreled rocket mortar they used in Russia frequently killed its crew and bothered the Russians not at all.

Until Sicily was in the bag, the bazooka was one of our greatest military secrets. The job of keeping it secret as well as making its rockets was mostly that of the people of Dixon.

Farmers are not the most talkative people in the world and, with a real secret to keep, these farmers really clammed up. They took those "Hush" posters as personal reminders. They watched the construction of the Green River Ordnance Plant, one of the country's most important munitions works, in silence, and they went to work in it in silence. They let Ma's questions about what they were doing at the plant go unanswered. They worked side by side with neighbors in the plant, but they never mentioned publicly the people they worked with.

Once in a while, a fellow would have a few drinks too many on Saturday night, but if he merely mentioned the plant, he was taken home by a couple of sturdy neighbors. There were no items in the local newspaper to the effect that Fred So-and-so had taken a job in the rocket plant.

A few of the plant's employees became "listening posts." It was their job to spot anyone talking about the plant. Anyone overheard dealing out hush stuff got a real bawling out. Lieutenant Sol Jacobs, security officer of the plant, told us that people felt it was unpatriotic even to drive past the place.

Even after news of the bazooka was released, the tightened lips of Dixon never relaxed.

The taboo, so long built up and conscientiously enforced, just didn't break down naturally.

Ordinarily, the Army likes silence about such affairs, but this silence was beginning to hurt. The Army wanted to increase production at Green River, but it couldn't tap the surplus manpower in the area. Nobody ever asked for a job. No one knew what was going on, except the people already at work, and they weren't talking.

In the face of the increased munitions needs of the Army, the situation was acute. After trying an advertising campaign without much success, Major C. G. Tolson, director, decided that the best way to get the 1,500 workers Green River needed was to break down some of the secrecy.

An all-day "Open House Party" was arranged, after the farmers got their corn in, and the countryside was invited to visit the plant, watch the production line at work, see a war exhibit, watch drills, listen to bands and to Governor Dwight Green, eat, and sign up to win the war with the bazooka

Field Day for the County

Despite a cold and rainy day, curiosity got the better of some 20,000 people, virtually half the population of Lee County They tramped along miles of production lines, watched, touched, smelled, listened and marveled. Pa got to see the production line where his daughter loads cordite into shell cases, and Ma went through the dormitory where her girl sleeps, along with several hundred others from outlying districts.

The kids handled tommy guns and bazooka rockets and climbed all over half-tracks and a General Sherman tank, shouting "Bang, you're dead, you Nazi," and "I got a Jap!"

Workers explained production processes and showed visitors how powder is tamped into a shell, inside a concrete safety chamber, by a girl who watches everything through a mirror. Farmers whose sons operate antiaircraft guns in Italy got to sit at the controls, to depress, elevate and aim the same kind of gun. Mom went through the motions of passing the ammunition. They stood in awe of a 4,000-pound aerial bomb, and a weather-beaten man said it wasn't named right. "That's no block-buster," he said, "that's a township-buster."

They listened to six wounded heroes, some on crutches. One, a boy from Dixon, told how urgently munitions were needed at the front. Some 4,000 stood in line to make a twelve-mile railroad trip through the plant site, past production lines, powder igloos, magazine-loading stations. Then they hustled back to see Negro troops of the 732nd Military Police Battalion from Camp Des Plaines do precision drills that were real Hollywood productions.

The visitors marveled at the hospital-like atmosphere of the plant, the big guns in the exhibit, the bazooka, the strange, sweet smell of explosives, the fact that the company supplied uniforms and rubber-soled shoes.

They were impressed by plump Mrs. Vesta Stoudt of Sterling, who had written President Roosevelt about her idea for taping shell cases and won an award, and the urgency of Mrs. Virginia Frackowiak of La Salle, a production inspector whose husband was killed in North Africa a few weeks before.

But soon everybody was filling out applications for jobs, or taking their applications home to see if they couldn't work out some way to run their farms and work in the plant, too.

When it was all over, we managed to jam ourselves on a crowded bus leaving the plant site. All the seats were taken, the aisle was packed, and a wise guy with a seat up front suggested we take turns standing on one another. After the laughter had died down, we heard some people talking about working in the plant. They were three women, wedged into a single seat in the jolting bus. One of them, the middle one, was colored, and we learned from their conversation that the Negro woman and the woman next to the aisle worked in the plant. They were urging the other woman to come to work there with them.

"Why," said the Negro woman, "there's a teacher working right beside me on one side and a minister right beside me on the other side. They're so nice. Then, too, the company's paying for shoes and work clothes. That makes a difference."

Safest Place in the World

They talked about safety. It was the safest place in the world; more people got killed slipping on a piece of soap. Soap was really dangerous, but no one had been killed at the Green River plant since the place was built. Then they talked about the war and the soldier and sailor heroes who had addressed the crowd and how they didn't want to talk about themselves.

"Every time I see a soldier, no matter where, it makes me think of my boy in Italy," said one. Then each of them counted how many sons, brothers and cousins they had in the service.

"Well," said the woman who wasn't working at the plant, "I'm going to fill out this paper and see if they won't find me something to do. From what I saw, it was just like cooking, except you're not standing over a hot stove."

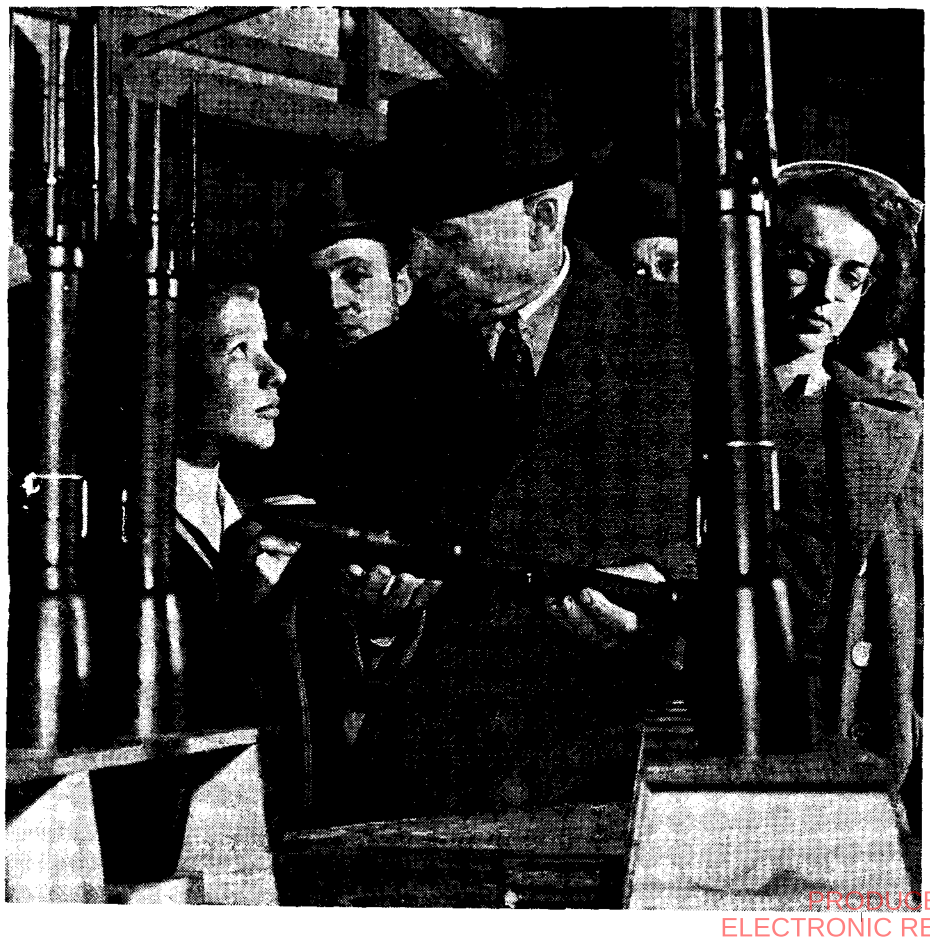
We had to get off the bus then. We could hardly push our way out because of our camera equipment.

The bazooka has more behind it than a high-powered rocket. It has the people of Dixon, Illinois.

Abe Lincoln would have been proud of them. ★★★

Kids almost ended the war when U. S. Army units turned over to them their empty tommy guns, half-tracks, helmets

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dawson, whose five boys are in the Army, sign up to help ease plant's labor problem



. E. Bamborough of Polo, Ill., explains the bazooka rocket's armor-piercing ose to young Grant Landis. Visitors, most of them inside a powder plant for e first time, were delighted to be able to unscrew empty rockets' fluted tails

Wounded heroes were besieged by autograph hunters after they asked crowd to pitch in and help make needed munitions. Hundreds filled out job application blanks, promised to find some way to feed their cattle and work at plant, too

Song in Her He

BY ARTHUR MANN

KARGER-PIX

Jane Froman emerged from the Lisbon Clipper crash with a shattered body and a fighting spirit. The process of being put together again was long and agonizing. But Jane had the best—and only—remedy. She could still sing

IT WAS less than a year ago that the Yankee Clipper, reflecting the flickering lights of Lisbon, Portugal, pancaked toward the rough waters of the Tagus River. Passengers gripped their seat straps as the fuselage veered sharply to the left. Then somebody shrieked.

There followed a din and crash and flood beyond description as the giant seaplane ripped against the surface and plunged deep. The trapped human cargo, bound for London as USO entertainers, cascaded through the smashed windows of the wrecked cabin. Pain and horror and death filled the pitch-black water that speeded mangled bodies and pieces of baggage toward the near-by Atlantic Ocean.

From the current emerged the head of beautiful Jane Froman, famous singing star of stage, radio and night clubs. Her only thought was to keep herself afloat, and, despite great skill as a swimmer, she wondered with increasing terror how this would be possible. Her right arm was smashed and useless. She paddled with the left, but her legs wouldn't kick. Between feeble strokes, she reached down and learned the worst.

The left leg was shattered below the knee; the right was even worse. It seemed to hang by a few shreds of flesh and tendons, and she could feel the fractured bones protruding through the gash. Numbness spared her the pain ordinarily associated with a dislocated back, cracked pelvis, smashed ribs, cuts and bruises—all of which she had suffered.

It was the ideal situation for a feminine faint—to gasp in surrender and slide into oblivion—but that never occurred to her. She thought only of flapping the left hand to keep her mangled body on the surface. Something brushed against her.

"Who's there?" she called.

"Your old first mate, Burns!"

With her remaining breath she asked for help, and John C. Burns, of Jackson Heights, L. I., first mate of the ill-fated Clipper, swam over. He draped her left arm across his shoulder and told her to relax. She tried, but prevented by pain and the fear of drowning, she was still awake when the searchlight of a motor launch picked them out for rescue.

This, too, was an ordeal, for if, in hauling her aboard, they dragged the leg, her right foot might catch on the gunwale and be torn off. As they hauled her topside, she reached down with her good left hand and cupped the loose foot to safety.

One of only fifteen rescued from the thirty-nine in the Clipper, she was brought to a Lisbon hospital. So torn and broken was her body that scissors were used to remove her dress, slip, stockings and underwear. They were about to remove her wedding ring when she clenched her left hand so tightly they couldn't pry open her fingers. For the ring had become a symbol, a lone link to life itself.

The Froman determination to sing in public again is an amazing personal triumph, a victory of unflagging hope over the nagging despair that harasses every convalescent, and that would have snuffed out her will to live. It reached a peak in Boston after the tryout opening of the recent Artists and Models, when she gave a Sunday-night performance for servicemen.

A Tribute to Courage

They wheeled her onstage for her first entrance to sing Swing Low, Sweet Harriet. She opened her mouth to warble and was stopped cold as 3,500 soldiers, sailors, Marines, Wacs and Waves rose to their feet and let out a roar of applause, stomping and whistling. The entire cast stood motionless, openmouthed as the wild demonstration rattled the rafters for a full ten minutes. Nothing like it had ever been experienced in show business.

If you wonder how a member of the weaker sex has managed to achieve the impossible, so does everyone else, especially the doctors. But not Jane. To her, it was a natural result of not wanting to die.

"Music has been everything to me since I sang in churches as a child," she explains. "Lying there in Doctors' Hospital in New York, I was a wreck, except for my face and my voice. Somehow they had been spared. To a woman, that is plenty, and I felt there was a reason for it. Whatever the reason, it was enough for an alternative to going nuts over my physical handicaps and the pain—pain that has never completely left me since they cut off my clothes in Portugal. And, by the way, have you ever been seasick while strapped to a board? It was one of the thrills coming home by boat from Lisbon.

"But I noticed that I wasn't conscious of pain when I was testing my voice, or learning to do my hair and make-up, or scheming costumes."

Nor, apparently, when she planned for herself the heaviest of schedules, such as matinee days. She is lifted out of bed, to and from chairs, couches, bath, into elevators and out, into automobiles and out, on stage and off.

"In Artist and Models, I was lifted forty-four times," she confided. "I counted one Saturday. But I reduced the total by four with my new crutches. And I'll find ways to keep reducing it more, until . . ."

The struggle is that simple to the beautiful girl who graduated from the University of Missouri with an A.B. degree in music and a B.S. in journalism; who worked on the St. Louis Globe Democrat, doing court reporting, general assignments and book reviews; who attended the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music for

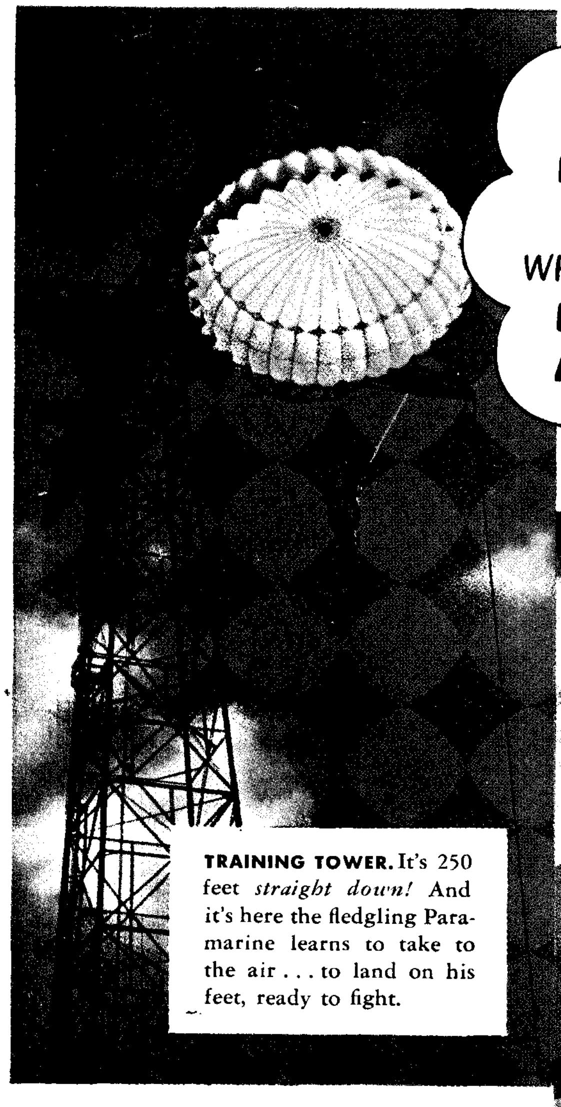
(Continued on page 50)

The MARINES are landing the JUMP!

THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES

The Marines have a word for it—"Paramarine." That is what they call these flying, jumping, fighting men of the parachute battalions. And the Marines have a word for their favorite cigarette, too. Sure, it's "Camel"—Camels are the favorite in *all* the services!

YOU BET CAMELS ARE FIRST WITH ME! THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES IN **FLAVOR** AND **MILDNESS**



TRAINING TOWER. It's 250 feet *straight down!* And it's here the fledgling Paramarine learns to take the air . . . to land on his feet, ready to fight.

"Hook on . . . ready . . . go!" That's the order that sends them into action. And when the situation is "well in hand," another "pack" comes into action—Camels, the favorite with men in the Marines.

First in the Service

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel.

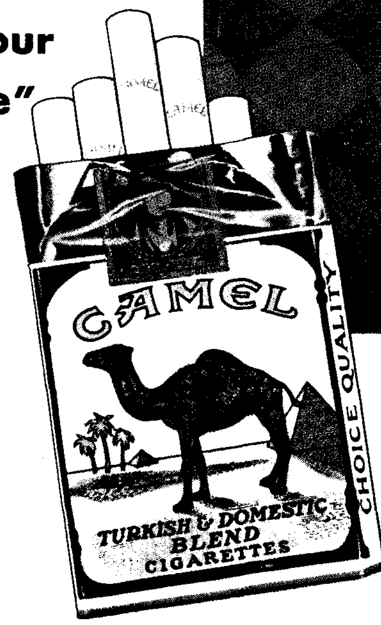
(Based on actual sales records.)

CAMELS SUIT ME TO A 'T.' THEY **TASTE** GRAND AND THEY DON'T GET MY **THROAT**

ETHEL BRETT has a war job in a U. S. Navy Yard. Like the men in the Navy and Marine Corps, her word for steady smoking pleasure is "Camel." "No matter how much I smoke, Camels always taste good—and they're so easy on my throat."

check Camels with your "T-zone"

The **"T-ZONE"**—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your **"T-ZONE"** to a "T." Prove it for yourself!


CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS

Camels

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

"Ah-h—*just ze kiss of ze hops*"

Rare delicacy of flavor *without sacrifice of true beer quality* has made Schlitz a universal favorite with connoisseurs of fine beer. Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, Schlitz captures all of the delightful hop piquance with none of the bitterness.

ER THAT
FAMOUS

FIGHT
Infantile Paralysis
JANUARY 14-31

Copyright 1944, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

..none of the bitterness

SCHLITZ
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

NO SEPARATE PEACE

BY LOUISE REDFIELD PEATTIE

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

At first Mrs. Cory saw only the terrible truth that life always loses to death. But finally, as many women must, she saw something beyond

FOR Mrs. Cory the war was over. She had made a separate peace. No more could waves of fierce emotion invade her heart and storm its inmost citadel. That citadel was empty now. A calm possessed her like the exhausted calm when blazing day is over and no faint air can lift the limp folds of the flag.

No one knew that her flag wasn't flying. She was still buying bonds with a tenth of her modest income, still saving kitchen fats and waste paper and scrap, still appearing—a small, quiet, well-bred figure—at the Red Cross workrooms with punctual regularity. All that was habit now, begun after she had kissed Dion goodby, her only son, her one child, one fine spring day. When he passed through the gate and turned to wave to her, she put all her soul into a sudden encouraging laugh, so that the last he saw of her was her laughter flashing there on the threshold of home.

She kept that gaiety running like a mountain brook through all her letters to him, letters at first extravagantly long and amusingly detailed, while he was at camp, and then, when the printed card issued by the War Department brought her an A.P.O. address, V-mail letters in which every word was made to count for love or wit or reassurance. All through her days and in the night, she would save up the best that came to her, for Dion, and polish these thoughts or incidents to set them, sparkling, on the page that would be microfilmed and sped to him wherever he was.

That was England, at first. He reached North Africa, saw action in Tunisia, got a bad touch of dysentery, and then for weeks remained beyond a void of silence. Letters did not come. Mrs. Cory's smile grew slightly set, but her chin stayed up. Hope had become in her a strong habit, the practice of a faith. Fear was the enemy, and daily she held him back.

Then the letters *did* come, a spate of them, the triumph for which Mrs. Cory had battled despair. In them, she lived what Dion had been living, saw with him how an olive grove turns silver when a sudden wind blows the small dull leaves all one way, how tired men relax into a kind of beauty, awkward and noble, when hey rest after action. She saw, too, the dangerous beauty in the far white puffs our artillery makes, finding the range on an opposite hill. She felt she was fighting he war with Dion; her marching step matched his.

Mrs. Cory's war was going magnificently, quite as well as General Eisenhower's. Then the general gave orders for the invasion of Italy. Salerno now is a name like Gettysburg or Château-Thierry, he name for a victory sacred for its high ost. It was on the beaches of Salerno that Dion fell, "killed in action," as the War Department's telegram inescapably put it, nd Salerno, for Mrs. Cory, became he name for defeat, for surrender to the erms of fate, for the end, to her, of he war.

She didn't in the least care what happened to the world now that Dion was out of it. He had been the future, for her, and there was now no future, only a sad, gray present to get through, a kind of twilight to vivid living, full of a strange tranquillity.

For Mrs. Cory had made a separate peace. She had bowed her head to the conqueror Death, with a dignity that passed for courage, reserving only the right to a personal indifference. She could get up calmly in the morning, after a night of dreamless sleep, look over the mail without a flutter, put her empty house in order, do her errands, get her hair done, lunch, work at the Red Cross among women who still were reckless enough to care, eat her solitary dinner, read a book, and retire to bed—all without fear, or hope, or feeling. Dion was dead. Mrs. Cory, acquiescent, was collaborating with Death.

People at first were wonderfully gentle with her and avoided direct discussion of the war. But presently, as time went on, they talked more normally in her presence; at the Red Cross workroom table, they waxed eager and positive on questions of strategy and current campaigns; they discussed home-front problems with the foolish zeal, Mrs. Cory commented indifferently to herself, of those still blind to the terrible truth that, in the end, life always loses to death.

There was a stout, hearty woman named Glidden who frequently took the chair next Mrs. Cory's and always annoyed her. Mrs. Glidden was dauntless; her big, cheery laughter was as suffocating as a sofa pillow. Why shouldn't she laugh, though, Mrs. Cory reasonably reflected. She had borne no sons; she had two daughters, one a Wac, one a Wave, of whom she was frankly proud. They would never do combat duty. So why shouldn't Mrs. Glidden enjoy her own war, if she could?

"WHAT does almost get me down, though, my dear," Mrs. Glidden was saying, while her fat, deft fingers twinkled through gauze, "is these boys and girls with no roofs over their heads. The housing situation in this town is desperate, now that all these divisions are being moved out here to the Coast. So much the worse for Tojo, I dare say, in time to come. But meanwhile, where are the poor lambs to sleep on their leaves?"

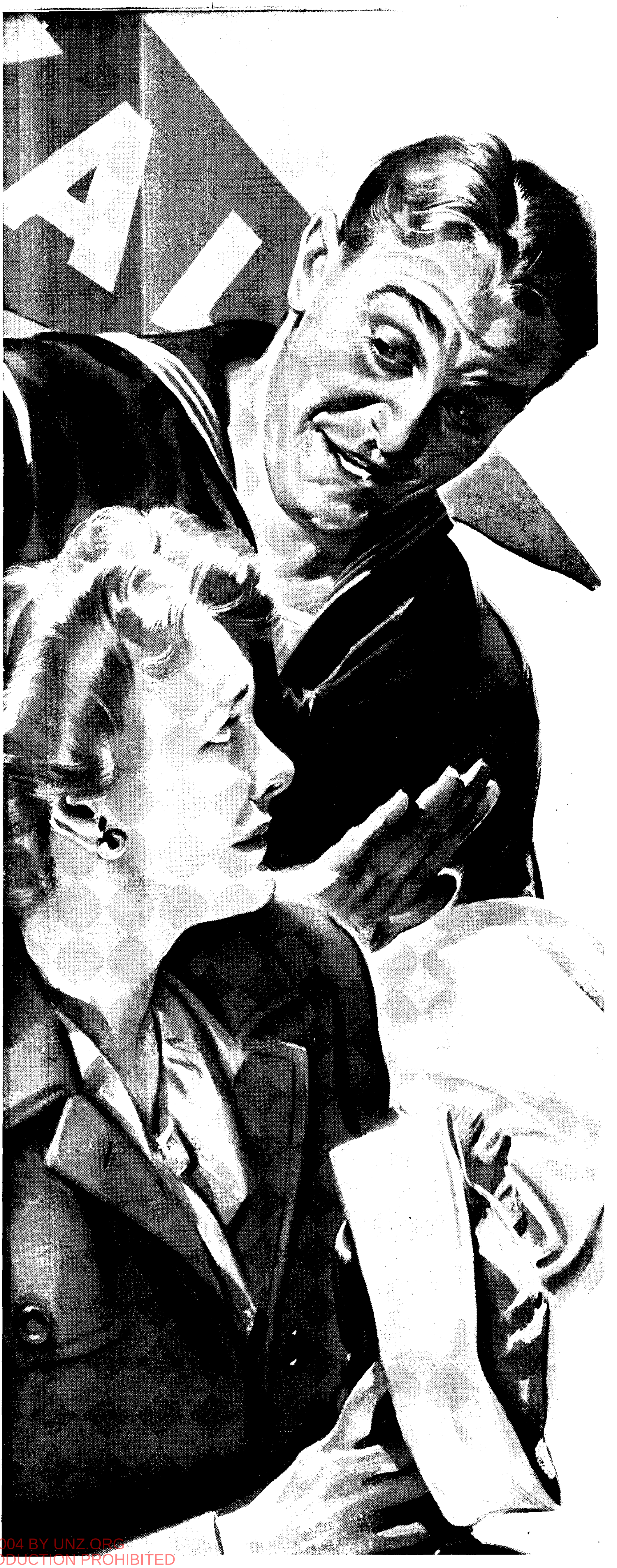
Mrs. Cory saw purpose in the sharp, friendly glance, and warily stepped to one side. "I can't imagine. Why don't they stagger their leaves?"

"Oh, they do. But still every armchair in every hotel lobby was bed to some poor boy last night. The USO is eager to list any home that will offer a room. Frankly, I'm recruiting for that." Mrs. Glidden glanced up again, with a warm, beseeching sympathy. It is not easy to ask a woman for the bed of her son lately killed, for that last and most personal shrine.

Mrs. Cory's brown eyes met hers with an indifference that was almost opacity, seeing, instead of the other woman's blue, sorry gaze, the door to Dion's room, shut. She did not go in there any more. She had locked it and she did not wish to remember where she had put the key.

"Have you, Mrs. Cory, a bed that you

(Continued on page 51)



"Here," said the sailor. "I can make up the bed." He took the sheets out of Mrs. Cory's arms with brisk confidence. "Better'n you can, maybe. Navy style—and that's style"

The Woman in the Picture

Continued from page 19

The porter had remade the bed while she was gone. The lock clicked behind her.

She had got one bit of information. Gene had been led to Hitchcock by a phone call to Ann Sloane from Denver. He had let that slip in one of the gusts of rage that had shaken him, and it meant that Dixon Gale's murderer had had Dixon Gale's fiancée watched.

Denver would mean Scott Warner's man, Barney, but she could not tell if Gene knew that. She had guessed that he did not know who Scott Warner was. In one of those violent moments, he had spoken of "the man you're living with," and "your lover."

But what mattered most of all was her discovery that she was no longer paralyzed by fear of Gene Penfield. She did not want to die, but she was going to bring him to justice if she had to die to do it. She might not live twenty-four hours. She might not live another hour, but if he killed her he'd be exposed for what he was; and if he didn't kill her no fear of him would prevent her from exposing him. Her position was desperate, but she was no longer cowed.

He's lost already. Just by having been alive all this time, I've ruined him. He's lost. Nothing he can do will save him. He'll know that soon, if he doesn't now.

SHE was exhausted. So she slept. She woke for a while and thought hard, slept again, woke and thought. The Nevada desert flowed by outside. It was past noon when she woke for good, her mind clear, her nerves calm.

He's told the conductor he'd have an ambulance at Truckee, she thought. That was the nearest way to Silvertip. He was making a desperate gamble against time to get her to Silvertip. That meant she was safe on the train. She was safe anywhere short of Silvertip. He would not dare kill her before that. If she could stay on the train, or if she could do something at Truckee . . . make a scene . . . attract attention. . . .

This train would get to Truckee a half-hour short of midnight. But meanwhile Scott Warner would have the police of all the West looking for Marta Penfield; and all the photographers, all the newspapermen.

She had left no clue for Scott. If she had, she would have given him a noose for Gene Penfield's neck. If Scott could know that she was on this train! He would leave nothing undone—

When Gene came in again, she was icy and contemptuous.

"It would have been better if you had died," he said.

"But I didn't, and that stops you forever. Senators can't be murderers, still less Presidents. Your fantasies are childish. You can't sink my body in the Truckee River. You can't bury it by midnight under a pine, and an automobile accident would just give me away. You're just a drugstore conspirator, Gene. There's nothing you can do."

His eyes were malignant. "You'll be committed to an asylum. You'll spend the rest of your life where it won't make any difference what delusions you have."

"You ought to let your owner think for you," Marta said. "Taylor Damon could have saved you from murdering your only friend. Taylor Damon could show you that you're finished now, just because I've come back."

His arm went around her neck, under her chin. He didn't choke her, he only stood there uttering vile epithets and accusations.

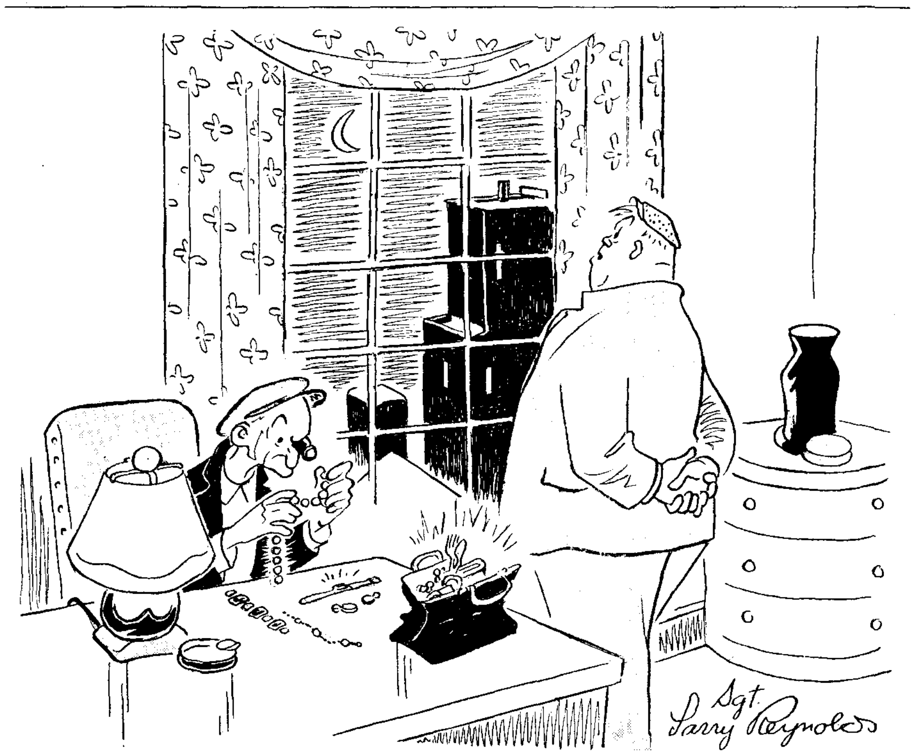
"You're licked if you kill me," she said, when he dropped her. "You're licked if you don't. You're just licked."

His face was collapsing into formlessness. Rage became frenzy, frenzy became madness, and he looked as if he were going to kill her now. But he recovered himself and turned and went out. He wasn't completely crazy.

She could imagine Scott coming out of the drug, could see his anger, hear his frantic phone call to the man named Barney. He'd go to the police and the newspaper office across the street from their hotel suite. He's probably seen already that Marta Penfield had been brought back from the dead for the newspapers of all the United States. At this moment, while the train slid quietly through desolation, millions of people must be looking for her.

Gene didn't know this, since he did not know about Scott. He would take her off the train and find a mob waiting for him.

BUTCH by **SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Someday I'd like a little home in th' country wit' cows an' chickens—and a little counterfeitin' machine"

COLLIER'S

Today was Wednesday. Gene couldn't have known she was on her way to Hitchcock for more than two days. Could he have perfected arrangements, bought doctors and ambulance drivers and a sanitarium, in so little time? It was an evil, forthright plan but it must have a thousand holes in it. And, wholly unknown to him, Scott Warner was at this moment arranging to defeat it altogether.

That had been Scott's idea from the beginning—and his use for her. Gene Penfield had been built into a hero by publicity. Now he was going to be sunk by publicity.

THE afternoon wore on. The train was at once a dungeon and a sanctuary. The little room in which she was confined as a madwoman was a little room in which no harm whatever could befall her. And outside, Scott Warner's engines of publicity, the newspapers and the radio, must be steadily contracting toward the Presidio Limited as it sped across the desert.

At a few minutes after five, the train slowed for a town which she guessed was Winnemucca. A few minutes after it stopped at the station, she heard a muffled voice—she took it to be the porter's—speaking urgently beyond the connecting door . . . just sounds, not words. She pressed against the door but could make out nothing.

The door swung in, knocking her off balance. It banged shut, and Gene lifted her and threw her, face down, on the bed. Then he threw himself on top of her. She fought furiously and tried to scream, but his weight pinned her down, one forearm was under her chin and locked across her throat; his other hand pressed so hard against her mouth that she could make no sound.

SHE tried to squirm, to roll. She tried to bite and claw. She used the last atom of her strength, but she was held motionless and silent, half strangled, and suddenly she was spent, limp, gasping for breath, paralyzed.

His breathing was labored; his muscles were like rock; his weight was immovable. Her ears roared, her eyes saw nothing. She thought someone was shouting in the corridor, but that might be her own throat. She felt she was going to faint, she was going to die. Finally the train began to move. He left her and went to his room.

Sometime later, she could sit up. She swayed dizzily to a mirror. She was pale, but unbruised, though her throat was scarlet. She collapsed on the bed again. She was only half conscious, but gradually she realized what the episode must mean.

It must mean that Gene knew he was being pursued. Scott Warner was on the job. He had men looking for Gene and for her. They'd missed at Winnemucca, but they would try again.

Marta waited, while night came on. Just at dark, the train stopped at some station she couldn't identify. She was on fire with expectation, but nothing happened.

What was Gene thinking, beyond that door? What steps was he taking against the danger he had certainly recognized but could not possibly understand?"

The door opened and Gene threw in some of her clothes. He said, "Get dressed," and closed the door. The moment was enough to show that his eyes had changed for the worse.

It was a great relief to get dressed, to do her hair, to make up her face. She'd felt helpless in a nightgown. Now she was ready for anything.

Gene came in again, gathered up the nightgown and negligee and toilet things, stood looking around with intent eyes, and went out.

For another hour, she was weak with anxiety, with fearful anticipation, but she was able to hold herself quiet, to fight down hysterics, because one thing was certain: He had been thrown off his plans. He had certainly lost. It was now clear that she might lose as well. It would come at Truckee. They would reach Reno in about half an hour. Truckee was a little more than half an hour past Reno.

He came in again. "We're getting off," he said.

Not at Truckee? Then whatever had happened at Winnemucca had forced him to abandon the ambulance, change the hasty plan, work up something even more hasty. He was extemporizing. She had as much chance as he did—almost.

The train slowed. They were not yet at Reno, for outside the window there was only blank darkness. The train stopped. Grasping her arm, Gene took her into his room. The porter was picking up her bag and Gene's bag. The conductor came in and looked fearfully over his shoulder before he shut the door.

"Scream if you want to," Gene said.

Scream? Not with the Penfield preparations already overturned. It was simplest to trust to Scott.

"Grab her if she moves," Gene said.

THE porter went ahead, the conductor followed behind them. The porter raised the platform and slid, with the bags, into darkness. Gene pushed her downward. There was an odor of oil smoke. Then cold, sharp mountain air filled her lungs. Her feet scraped gravel.

"By the fence," Gene said.

Gripping her shoulder, he forced her down the embankment and across whitish ground. There was a fence and the glimmer of a road marker and, in the dark beyond, she could see a stretch of paved highway and a parked car. The porter tossed the bags over the barbed wire, climbed over, stowed them in the car. Gene lifted her over the fence. She stood there, saying nothing.

The porter said, "Thanks, mister," climbed back across the fence.

The conductor called softly, "Good luck, Mr. Sands," and followed the porter.

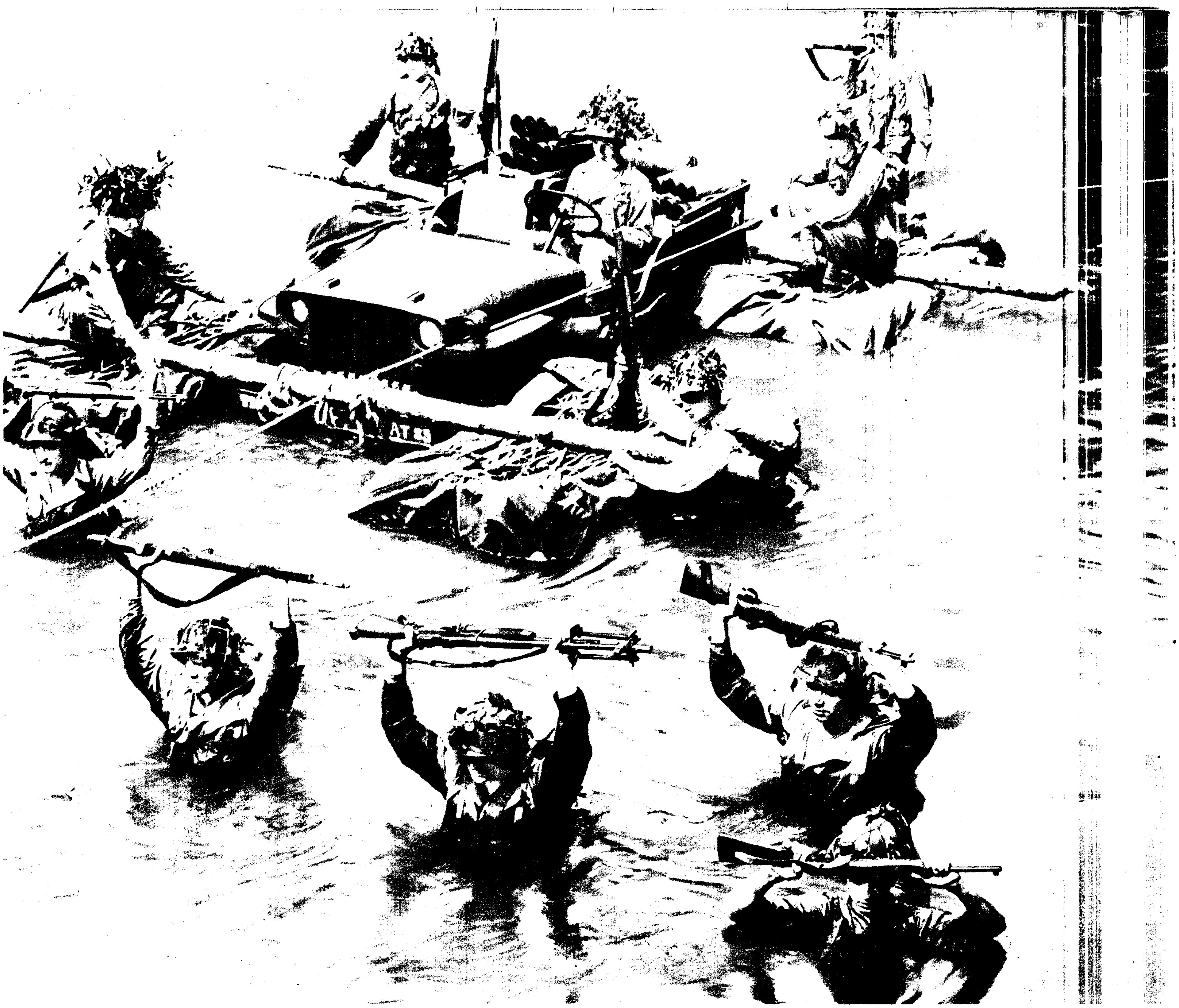
She and Gene stood side by side in complete darkness, except that high and far away a beacon flashed and circled. She heard the soft sound of the platform being closed. In a few seconds, the train began to move. The air was the thin, cold air of her own country.

Marta looked at the automobile. There was no one in it. And then something struck her with great force in the jaw and everything was black.

IRV BARNEY dined on mountain trout taken with a net from a tank in the window of a Sacramento restaurant. He ordered a green salad, in the pretense that its components could have come from Colusa County.

In the conspiracy business, you certainly covered a lot of territory and it was uphill all the way. Last week, Ann had been around; she wasn't now. Last week, it had still been possible to kid yourself that you were going to get somewhere exposing the dirty names; now you had to realize that you had only been running a bluff and it hadn't worked.

In Sacramento, you could remember nostalgically that good old American institution, the Vigilance Committee. It would



They put "water wings" on a jeep

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

TAKE four canvas tarpaulins filled with sticks and two poles. Mix with some Yankee ingenuity and—presto!—you've got a jeep that swims!

This is only one of the many uses your Army makes of canvas duck. Huge quantities of this material are needed for tents—to protect fighting men, for tarpaulins—to protect fighting equipment.

The problem was to find a treatment for duck that would make it water-proof, fire-proof, weather-resistant and usable in extremes of temperatures. The old Army duck was not satisfactory. Then, too, the use of rubber for processing duck was ordered stopped.

Out of the endless research of Goodyear chemists came an answer to this problem — a new coating which keeps duck pliable at *50 degrees below zero,* resists mildew, is both water-proof and fire-proof and gives duck much longer life. And the use of rubber has been eliminated completely.

This is another demonstration of the skill of Goodyear chemists who, after years of solving tough problems working *with* rubber, are today solving tougher problems working *without* rubber.

A pioneer in rubber — natural and synthetic — Goodyear also works in other vital fields . . . chemicals, fabrics, metals, plastics . . . to help all America fight harder today so that all Americans can live better tomorrow

If you love your country — buy more War Bonds

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

have saved a lot of effort if somebody had yanked Gene Penfield over a dead pine with a rope. Irv didn't have a rope or even a pine, and so, swearing tunefully, he plowed toward the nearest newspaper office.

The Post had built a magnificent new plant two years ago but already the glass brick smelled just as stale as any other newspaper building. Locating the telegraph room by instinct, Irv stood at a teletype machine and pawed through yards of carbon copy.

A small, weather-stained, rotund man whose bald head shone above a green eyeshade came in, stared at him, and said, "Oh-oh! The mayor and the welcoming committee and the bunch of roses must have missed you. Come along." It was Charlie Pond.

Legend said that when the Gold Rush reached California in '49, it had found Charlie running a newspaper there and already eighty-four years old.

Charlie took Irv by the arm and led him down a corridor, pausing at the city room door to call, "Hey, John," and beckon to a young man. "This is old Seeing Eye, Irv Barney," Charlie said to John and waved them on to a dignified door marked "Managing Editor."

"I found this lousing up our telegraph room," Charlie told the managing editor —an efficiency product named Wright, who had an urge to live up to his name.

"Hello, Irv," Wright said. "That Globe feeler about Penfield being made senator couldn't possibly be anybody but you. All right, give."

Irv sat down. "No, you buy. Who got anything from the good Governor Queed?"

WRIGHT pawed through a pile of takes from the teletype. "He treated himself to a press conference. In the first place, the Globe is lying. In the second place, when he appoints a senator, he'll announce it, you won't. Talks a little like a governor."

Glancing through the flimsy, Irv couldn't make out that Governor Queed was either mad or worried, but you could bet that he was both—plenty.

"Well, you learned at night school to get a statement from Penfield, so probably you did," Irv said. "Is he honored?"

"We're saying that Mr. Penfield could not be reached," Charlie Pond said. "I sent John here up to Silvertip. Couple of other papers got the same idea. Penfield wasn't at Silvertip. Okay, Irv, you sent up that balloon for some reason. What was it?"

Irv gazed pensively at the young reporter. "The hero of the American people wasn't at Silvertip. . . . Yeah. Or was he?"

"I asked around a little," John said. "I don't think he was."

Irv grunted. "Didn't night school tell you what to do next? The professor should have told you to wire your correspondent to see if Queed's got him in the washroom at the capitol. What's a free and enlightened press been sayin' about my exclusive story?"

The managing editor looked mad, but Charlie Pond said, "Aw, he's a genius. Don't queer his act. We're not hurrying you, mister. Sure, you lit a bonfire. Take a look at it. We'll wait with our hats off."

One leading New York newspaper would have a leading editorial solemnly warning Queed against a discredited prophet. Another would treat the story as a rumor but an ominous one. The teletype showed that many papers were aroused. Some were fulminating against Queed, others reviewing the prewar prophecies and advice of Gene Penfield. The Corse papers were saying nothing at all. Irv felt just fine and would bet that neither Penfield nor Taylor Damon liked his story in the least.

"We're just newspapermen, Barney," the managing editor said. "We don't sit in the center of the web, taking Mr. Roosevelt into our confidence. Either you've got something or you haven't. What have you got? Or what are you up to?"

"How far is it from here to Silvertip, son?" Irv asked the reporter.

"Hundred and twenty-one miles, door to door."

"Just a few minutes drive for a Californian, huh? Who told you the hero wasn't there?"

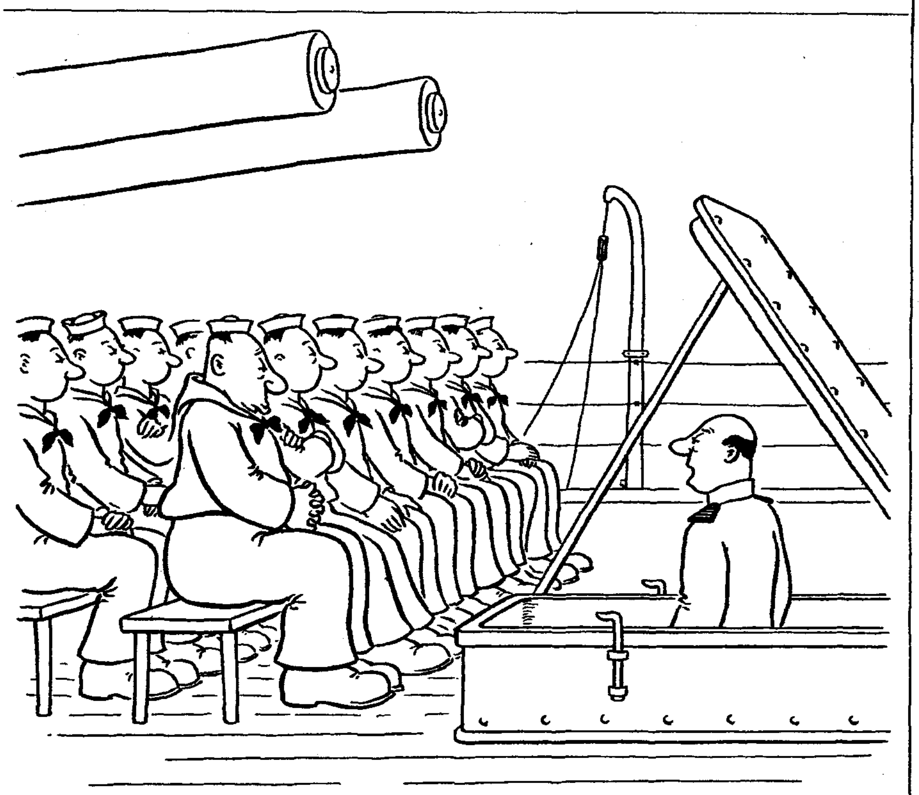
"The Honorable Judge Frank Sumter."

"Oh?" Irv squinted at the editor. "Your boy gets met by the keep-America-from-fighting-Britain's-war ex-congressman two thousand miles from home. You don't smell anything? The hero ain't home. You still don't smell anything? Where'd you learn the newspaper business, Mr. Wright?"

"The Penfields have got houses all over the West—"

"Sure, and enough lame-duck appeasers to man 'em all, maybe, but Penfield ain't there. He's in Queed's gents' room, waitin' to be sprung. I was in Denver when Tom Fetterman died. Taylor Damon was, too. Now Damon ain't in Denver, and you don't see any statement from him in all this pile of happy thoughts. Our hero was at Silvertip a few days back. Now old Tom's dead; he ain't there any more. Want me to spell it out for you?"

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"And hereafter, Alfred, just remember that stamping your feet on the deck will not bring Mickey Mouse"

"Oh, that line—" Mr. Wright began.

"Yeah, exactly that line," Irv said.

"We hear there isn't any Santy Claus and we've got a good idea how babies come," Charlie Pond said. "Nobody has to tell us that Gene Penfield in the Senate would be a medium-bad stink. If you're right, and he's going to be—"

"Only you won't get out on a limb and say so, huh?"

CHARLIE sighed. "I'm eight times as old as you are. I don't try to be a sphinx any more. What limb? He won't be senator from California—"

"You'll think he is when he begins to bellow that Pearl Harbor was just a regrettable misunderstanding produced by Administration stupidity, and we got to pull the fleet back to San Francisco Bay, and stop spending the taxpayers' money on a New Deal war. Oh, the hell with you!" Irv said. "I tell you Penfield is Taylor Damon's front. Senator Penfield! President of the America for Peace Federation! The expert who proved that Russia had no air force! The prophet who had England out of the war by January, 1941, and no bomb can ever be dropped on Germany! We got to join Germany because the Chinks will join Japan. Hell! You don't run a newspaper, but you read newspapers, don't you?"

"Nice going, but no dope," Charlie said. "Sure, we read your piece when it came off the wire. We read it twice. We said, 'Hot stuff,' and 'Maybe Irv's got a story.' But it looks like you haven't, and we've got to have something to back it up with before we go out on any limb for you."

IRV banged on the desk. "Don't have to go to sleep, do you? What's this bright boy doin' here listenin' to us? Why ain't he out workin'? Why don't you find Penfield? Why don't you smoke out Sumter? Got anybody who can write an editorial sayin' that the United States Senate won't receive a known traitor—"

"Prove to us he's a traitor," Charlie said.

"All right, I'll fix it for you," Irv told him. "You just sit here on a nice fence for twenty-four hours more, ready to h'ist yourselves either way. What do you suppose I stirred 'em up for? What do you use to think with? Inside twenty-four hours, he will be senator, or, if he isn't, then there's the story you think you want. You make me ashamed of the newspaper business."

He took a cigar from Mr. Wright's breast pocket and bit off the end.

"This is Marta Penfield's home town, isn't it? She's got an aunt and a sister livin' here still, out in a big old house no more'n two miles from where we sit, bein' highbrow journalists. And I bet if I told you that she's still alive, and about to appear in public, you'd get John out to get a statement from her aunt."

"No," Mr. Wright said, "we'd refer you to Andy Smith. We created a department with a permanent editor to handle that story. We get it about four times a week."

Irv growled, but before he found adequate words, the phone on Mr. Wright's desk rang. Wright answered it, looked surprised, said, "Yes, right here," and turned to Irv. "One of your touts. Find out what's hot for the fifth race."

Nobody knew Irv was in Sacramento. "Barney speakin'." A thousand volts hit him when the unmistakable voice of Ann Sloane said, "Oh, Irv, I'm so glad!"

"Where are you, honey?

His audience raised their eyebrows, and Irv scowled, but Ann went on, "Right here in Sacramento—at the Sutter House. I found out you were registered there. I knew you'd be at some newspaper." Her voice was excited, hurried, breathless, "Irv, did Scott Warner reach you?"

"Not a word. He's probably pokin' behind sagebrush, still lookin' for the lost."

"He's on the next plane. He'll be right here in another hour. Irv, hurry! He was supposed to tell you. We've got the answer to everything. You've got to get me a permit from the governor, or the Army—"

"Back off and take a long breath, honey. Now, what have you got?"

"Everything. All the answers. You've got to hurry, Irv. I've got to find a man. Oh, don't sit there asking questions—"

"Okay, honey, I'm starting." Irv stood up. "All right, pals. I know a story when it kicks my shins—which probably unfits me for the newspaper business in California. Stay here and print papers for the little tots. Maybe send John out to see if there's anything in the rumor that Lee surrendered. Tell the day shift to expect me. I'm comin' back in the morning and show you how we handle news and build circulation."

He stalked out. He had set fire to Governor Queed's shirttail, and the flames were spreading fast. They'd burn Taylor Damon's fingers soon. That was pleasant and important but, at the moment, of small importance beside the fact that in some way, no matter how, Ann had got to Sacramento.

MARTA'S eyes opened to darkness. Something was tied across her mouth. Her entire body was sore, and her jaw ached. She tried to touch it, but she could not move her hands. The effort exhausted her, and she lay still. She was in a moving automobile, an open car with the top down. She was lying slantwise, half off the rear seat, and she couldn't move her feet, either. She realized that they were tied. Her feet were tied and so were her hands.

She remembered the train stopping. He had taken her to an automobile and then everything went black. Gene must have hit her.

Thin, cold air came through the handkerchief over her mouth—if it was a handkerchief. She was shivering. Her legs were cold. She tried to move them and discovered that she had no stockings on. Probably her ankles were tied with one stocking and her hands with the other. Her mind sharpened. You were supposed to tie their hands behind them, but hers were tied in front. She strained her wrists, trying to twist and turn them, trying to stretch the knots. They hurt so that she nearly groaned. Who would have thought that a stocking could be so strong? She must not thrash around, she must not be heard.

Betweentimes, she had to think. Gene had chosen Truckee for his rendezvous; it was only about twenty-five miles from Silvertip. From Reno it was little under forty miles by one route, something over sixty by the other. This was a rough road, and he was driving slowly. That meant the shorter road. She knew it by heart.

She was twisting her wrists when the car stopped, and she slid forward to the floor. She heard the front door open and she lay limp. Light from a flashlight passed over her eyelids; he was looking at her. He put his hands under her shoulders. She did not flinch. He lifted her. She remained dead weight. The flashlight played over her again. She did not move when his hands fumbled behind her head. He untied whatever was covering her mouth, got behind the wheel, and started the engine.

That meant that he felt safe. When the car started, Marta opened her eyes. The

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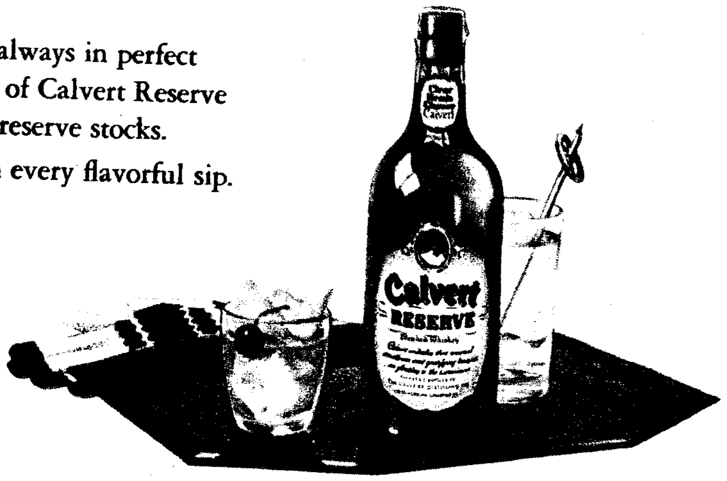


lights were swaying across oak brush on both sides of the road. A moment later, they crossed a small, noisy creek, and she recognized the log bridge. About five miles back, he had turned off the road that led through the national forest, and about two miles back he had reached Penfield land. He was on the estate. In a mile or so, they would begin to climb.

He had done it; he had got away clean. Scott Warner's posses, combing trains and stations for her between Winnemucca and Reno, would not find her. Finally, they would decide that Scott was misinformed or lying, and would quit looking for her. Scott would decide that she had slipped off that train far to the eastward. Whatever he might decide to do, it would be the wrong guess.

Gene Penfield was taking her to Silvertip. He could keep her there as long as necessary—with complete immunity. He could perfect whatever plan he had—swear whatever falsehoods, buy whatever doctors and nurses and deputies his plan required. The quickest way out for him was by far the best way. He could never have intended any other. Or, if he had intended to commit her to an asylum, then the very emergency which Scott's pursuit had created had given Gene a better and final opportunity. She was the one person who knew that he had killed Dixon Gale. From the beginning, he had intended to kill her.

Marta Penfield had been officially dead for nearly three years. Only Scott Warner and his friend Barney knew that she wasn't dead. What about the conductor and the porter? Since they had been bought, they must keep silent to protect themselves. Or maybe they hadn't been bought. They might not know who she was. Scott and his friend might publish to the whole world the fact that she was alive, but they could not produce her, and the world would only laugh. She was dead. It would be easy to keep her dead—far easier than to buy even the most venal of sanitariums.

RELAXING and then tensing her wrists, straining the knots and then pausing to let the pain recede, Marta faced the certainty of death. She had eighteen miles to live—or a little less.

A steel spur, over which one of the collapsible ribs of the automobile top fitted when it was raised, dug into her upper arm. Turning, she forced it between her forearms and tugged the stocking down against it. The pain was agonizing, and the stocking slipped off the spur. With infinite slowness, she eased the spur between two of the knots. It slipped out. It slipped out ten times, twenty times, while she fought back sobs of frantic helplessness.

The car crossed a ridge and dipped down, the lights running through timber. A couple of miles farther, it started up another grade. She could feel cold depths to the right of the road. She bent down and tried to keep the knot over the spur with her chin. She got it on again. It slipped off.

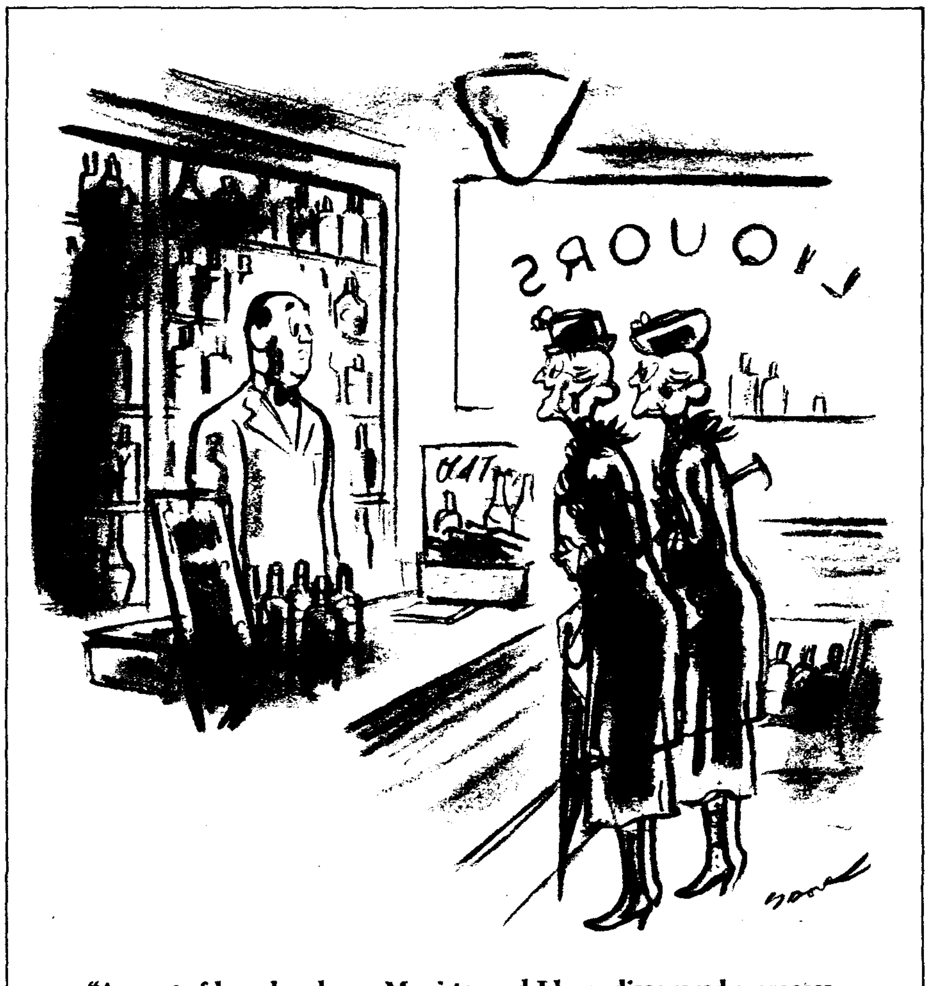
The engine labored, knocking on the steep grade in the thin air. There was a hairpin turn, and Gene's shoulders moved in the dark. The car topped the ridge, and the lights looked down aisles of great pines in a valley and swung back to the twisting road.

As they reached level ground again, the knot caught and held. She pulled, biting her lips against the pain. The knot yielded, widened, slid away. Its ends had been too short. He should not have tied that one. The second came away at once. The third seemed to be impossible, but it wasn't. Suddenly she realized that the entire stocking had loosened a little. She twisted her wrists innumerable times, rotating them, working them up and down, in and out. Her hands came free.

They were numb and swollen, but presently she could use them. An inch at a time and without sound, she bent forward, steadying herself by locking her toes under the foot rest, and fumbled with the knots round her ankles. She got them untied. She sat up, trying to stretch her legs, trying to drive blood into her feet by sheer will power.

The headlights caught log corrals and a stretch of whitewashed fencing—a big gate. Marta clamped a hand over her mouth and shook with fear. She had almost screamed. This was where another road led off to the ranch buildings, hardly a quarter of a mile away. A scream would have been fatal. No one but Gene would have heard it. It would merely have told Gene she had come to.

Threading close to hills, the road turned up another grade—the steepest, the crookedest, and the last. On the other side of this ridge it would run through four or five miles of canyon and emerge in the great bowl where the lodge was, with the Western Divide beyond. Marta sat on the edge of the cushion. She counted turns—two, three, four—each with a sheer drop at the side. She could see the trunks of immense pines and smell the resin.



"A quart of brandy, please. My sister and I have discovered a process for removing the alcohol and making a harmless fruit juice from it"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

This was the last stretch of a continental flight and the fulfillment of all the tormented nightmares of her shadowed years. They were coming true, all those panic visions, in fifteen or twenty minutes.

THE road topped the ridge and started down. She could hear gravel thrown by the tires. He was going down in second gear, nursing the wheel. A level stretch, another dip where he had to use the brake constantly, another flat, another dip.

Gene shifted to third, the car running faster. Marta could see another curve ahead. Straight ahead of it, the mountainside sloped down. In the angle, just off the road, was underbrush and a tree.

When he started to make the turn, Marta threw herself over into the front seat, clawing for the wheel. As her body twisted and squirmed, she reached it and yanked hard to the side.

The shock was tremendous. She was catapulted sideways into darkness, into brush. She struggled and rolled, stood up giddy and blind, and got behind a tree.

The darkness was absolute. There was no sound. Then she could hear the wind on the ridge they had come down from. Gene was not moving. She crept round the tree . . . to the edge of the brush . . . to the edge of the road.

THE car was off the road, canted to the right, the radiator jammed against a big tree. Marta peered through thick darkness and saw no motion, moved closer, got up to the car, looked over the side. He was not behind the wheel. His feet were on the cushion, his head and shoulders must be under the cowl.

Had she killed him?

The door would not open, and she could not climb the higher side. She went around and tumbled over the other door, almost on top of him. She found a wrist and felt a thin and reedy pulse. Concussion maybe—skull fracture maybe. But he was still alive.

Something hard in his pocket pressed her shoulder—his flashlight. She turned it on. The visible half of his face was ghastly, but there was no blood. The butt of an automatic pistol stuck half out of the door pocket beside the wheel. She took it and climbed out of the car and ran down the road. Her feet hurt unbearably, and she collapsed in the darkness, sobbing uncontrollably. She rolled and shook. She didn't know whether or not she was screaming. Crazy lights seemed to be exploding inside her brain. She could think only: I can't do any more. I've reached the end!

She sat up, stood up, went back to the car. Let him lie there—let him live or die. She got her bag from the rear seat. She wedged the flashlight between stones so she could see while using both hands, and put on her stockings and shoes, put on a sweater under her jacket, got her money, tossed the bag back in the car, and walked away. Then she stopped short, in the middle of the road, in the mountain darkness, in silence, in the completely empty world.

It was her turn now. She had done it s far and she could do the rest. She coul get back past the cattle ranch before daw She could get free—or get such a start th she would have a chance for freedom— before anyone could catch up with he whether they found Gene alive, or dea

She was not more than a hundred an fifty miles from her own home, not mo than three hundred and fifty miles fro Santo Espiritu, where the long masquerad had begun, and not much more than thirt miles from Reno. She wasn't more tha fifteen miles from a forest ranger or tourist or a road worker or a cowboy or sheepman—if she wanted anonymous hel She could avoid recognition, or buy silenc if recognized, or call on anyone for hel

She had done it at the last second. Sh was alive and free, and Marta Penfield wa still officially dead. She had only to wal up that road again and across the valle beyond. Or, in the last extremity, she ha only to hide in the brush through tomo row and get away the next night. She ha not failed in the crisis. She had won he fight. She was free.

So Marta Penfield collapsed on th gravel road once more, sobbing, "I can do any more!" She repeated it over an over. No one could ask more of he Hadn't she disabled him? Hadn't sh earned her freedom at the risk of her life No one had any right to ask more.

She stood up. She was about five mile from Silvertip—by the road. But there wa the horse camp that she must circle roun Say seven miles. Stick to the road whil darkness lasted, then with the earliest ligh take to the hillsides and the little trails sh knew.

The hard truth was that there was n way out for her. Scott's job had to b done, and she could do it. There was tha phrase of Scott's, so trite and boastfu "shoot the moon." It wasn't trite or boastful any more. Marta was going to shoo the moon. She didn't want to, but ther was no other way out for her. She had t Mrs. Penfield was coming home, b from the grave, to bring down the structure of Taylor Damon's plans, to sto Gene Penfield's.

She turned the flashlight on her watch It was twenty minutes past midnight. few minutes less than two hours ago, the had got off the Presidio Limited, a littl way out of Reno. A circuit closed in he mind and she remembered that just fiv days ago, she had slept, using her slack for a pillow, in Scott's station wagon, getting safely away from Petit Marais, ahea of the two thugs who were waiting for her

Something caught at her throat, bu whether it was laughter or a sob she didn know. When you go out to shoot th moon, nothing else matters. She starte off down the road toward Silvertip, prepared to dive into the underbrush at th first noise or the first light.

HIS fists clenched in his pockets, Scot Warner stood beside the chief of detectives in the Reno train shed, waiting fo the Presidio Express. They, with a plainclothes man and the divisional superintendent of the railroad, were ready to ente the first Pullman. Two uniformed policemen would work toward them from th last one. Other officers would be statione at the exit gate, and still others would patrol the far side of the train. Time wen slowly, but in about five minutes now . .

Scott had reached Reno about wo hours ago. He had only a noncommitta identification from the sheriff of Hitchcock County. He had lied furiously to get s much, but the sheriff had taken his information about Marie Royce with complete seriousness and had done his work thoroughly while Scott was on the way

He found the Reno police expecting him, but skeptical, because their Winnemucca colleagues had wired that there was no one on the train who answered the

GEORGE VOLKERT'S DAYTIME WAR JOB is on production of vital airplane engine parts at the N. A. Woodworth Co., Ferndale, Mich., 35 miles from his home. He drives his Oldsmobile to the plant every working day of the year—couldn't get there at all without it.

THE VOLKERT HOME is on White Lake, Michigan, over an hour's drive from the war plant where George and his daughter Helen work. Never forgotten, never without their daily letters from mother, are the Volkert's two sons in the Army, one already overseas.

HELEN VOLKERT is an inspector in N. A. Woodworth's heat treating department. She rides to work with her father in the family Oldsmobile.

LENDING two sons to the Army might seem enough. But the "fighting Volkerts" feel that *every* member of the family should help win the war. And that's exactly what they're doing today . . . with the aid of the family Oldsmobile. Mrs. Volkert, the homemaker, is also an air raid warden, an ardent Victory gardener (who grew and canned over 700 quarts of vegetables last summer), and a highly successful War Chest solicitor who put her District "over the top" in five days last fall. Helen Volkert is a war production worker. And so is her father, George Volkert, who is also Assistant Chief Air Raid Warden, in his community, Vice President and District Captain of the Township Volunteer Fire Department, and a *"regular"* volunteer fireman. How do the Volkerts accomplish so much? They'll tell you frankly—they couldn't do it without their Oldsmobile. With 80,000 miles already "on the clock" the Volkert's Oldsmobile has never failed them once.

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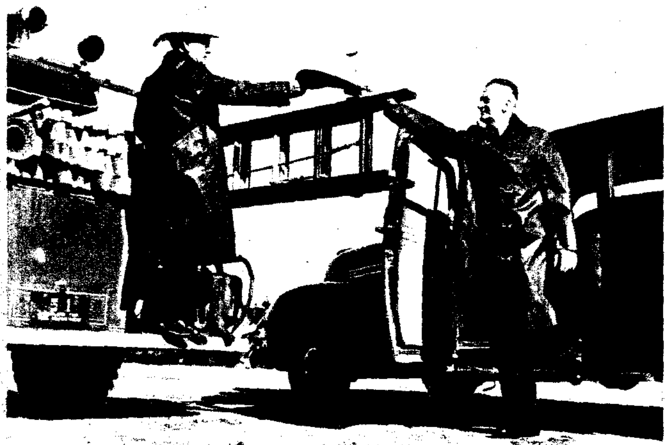
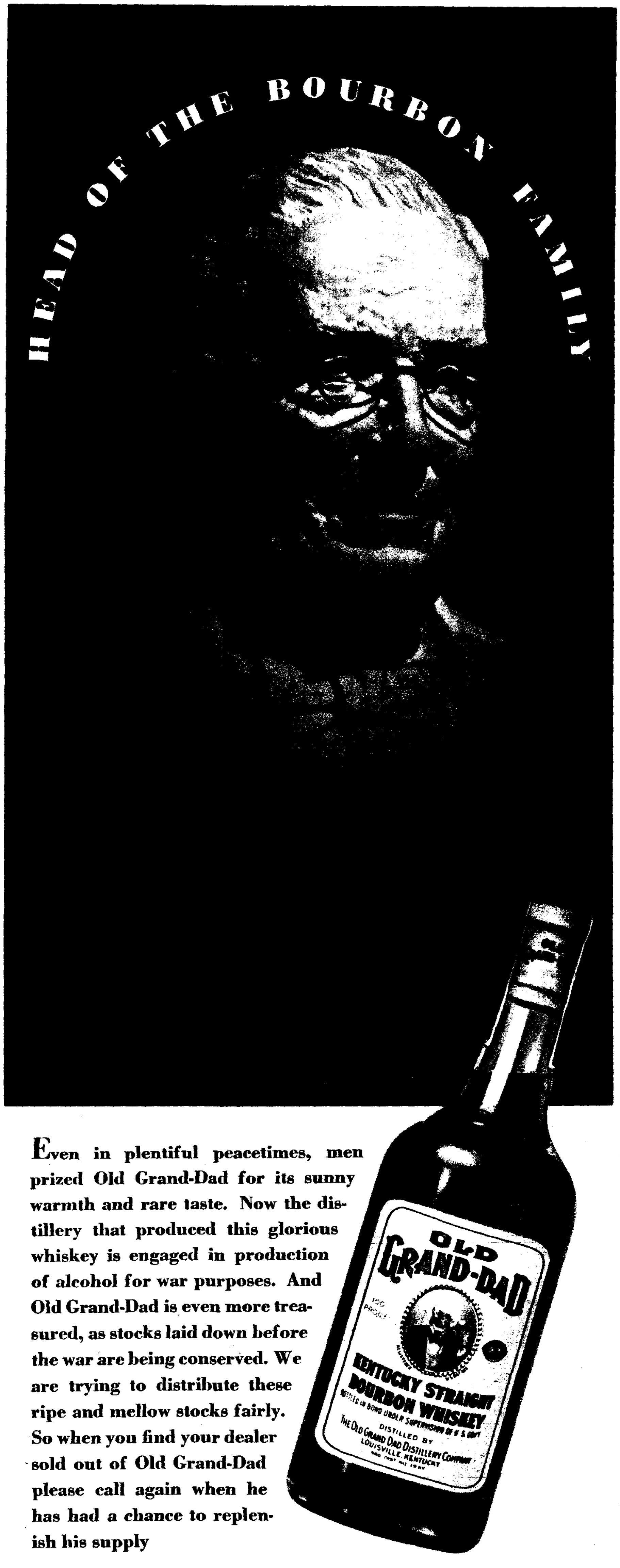
THREE STOPS are made by the Volkerts on their way to work, to fill both seats of their war-busy Oldsmobile with regular share-riders who have no other means of transportation.



AS A VOLUNTEER FIREMAN, Volkert is on emergency call for fire-fighting duty whenever he is at home. His Oldsmobile is always ready to answer the alarm.

HERE IS ONE OF THE SECRETS of the Volkert's unfailing transportation. George Volkert insists on authorized Oldsmobile service at his Oldsmobile dealer's.



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Even in plentiful peacetimes, men prized Old Grand-Dad for its sunny warmth and rare taste. Now the distillery that produced this glorious whiskey is engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes. And Old Grand-Dad is even more treasured, as stocks laid down before the war are being conserved. We are trying to distribute these ripe and mellow stocks fairly. So when you find your dealer sold out of Old Grand-Dad please call again when he has had a chance to replenish his supply

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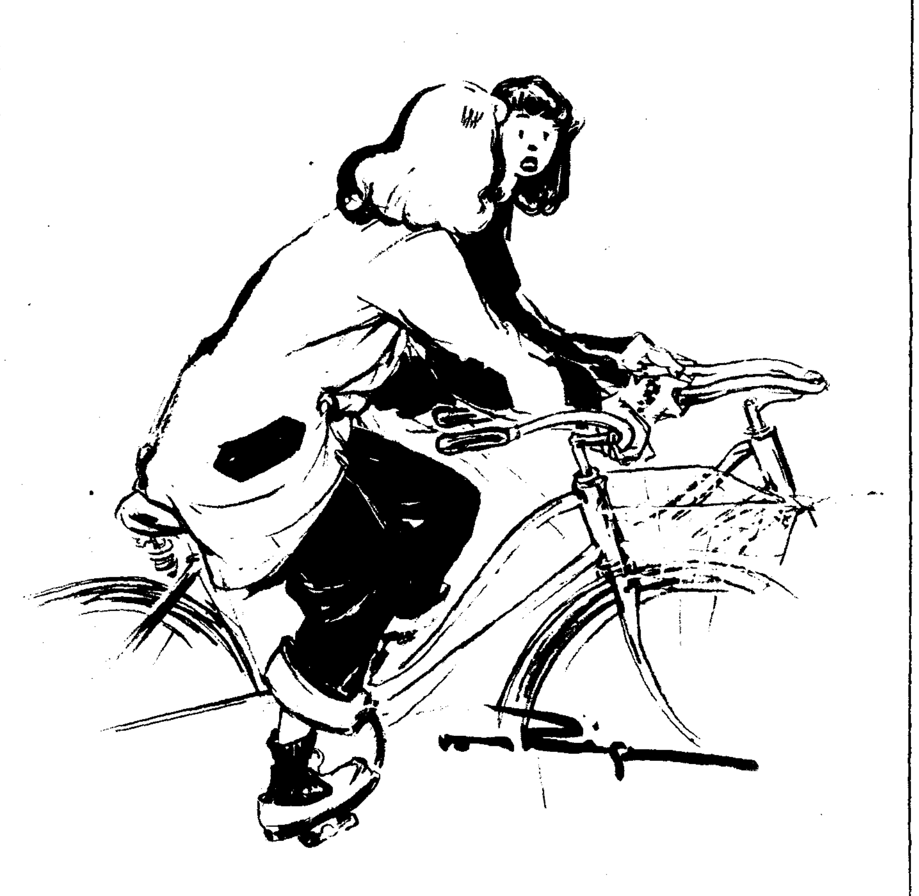


COLLIER'S "Richard wrote he and a marine are good friends. I don't know if it's male or female" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

description of Marie Royce. They had gone about their job, however, getting assurance from Fond du Lac that the woman was wanted and notifying the railroad company what they intended to do. They were metropolitan cops—efficient, quiet and on their toes.

In the hours since the plane had left Hitchcock, Scott had got his emotions under control and made his plans as precisely as his ignorance permitted. You could take your choice: Marta was with Penfield on the train, or Penfield had been able to get her off the train. He might have taken to the desert at any time since last midnight. But Silvertip was his private sanctuary. His safest move would be to get her there if he could.

MEANWHILE, Scott had hired an automobile, sent a wire to Irv at Sacramento reporting the failure at Winnemucca (there was no way of knowing whether any of the wires he had sent from Hitchcock had found Irv), and got maps and the most minute directions obtainable about the route to Silvertip. Meanwhile, he had faced the possibility that all his frantic action might be useless, might have been useless for hours. Marta might be dead.

If she and Penfield were on the train, everything must be left to the Reno police, but, also, everything would be all right. If they were not, two things were possible, though neither one of them promised much that an anxious mind could hold to. Irv would eventually be able to start at least one newspaper looking not for Marie Royce but for Marta Penfield, and if one started, others would follow.

Scott himself could get to Silvertip, and then what? Start tearing the place apart with his own hands? If Penfield was on the train, and Marta wasn't . . . well, Scott Warner knew what he was going to do. He still had Marta's revolver.

The train sighed to a stop with the whispering release of airbrakes, and the four of them leaped into the first car. It was a swift, smooth search—berths, washrooms, toilets, vestibules. The chief of detectives radiated quiet authority. The superintendent apologized smoothly to bewildered or angered passengers.

Men and women in nightclothes, wakened children, late card players, solitary drinkers—one by one they were glanced at, referred to Scott with a look, soothed, left behind. Conductors joined the procession from car to car.

"Only this car and the one before it are from Hitchcock," the superintendent pointed out.

The chief of detectives—his name was Hart—nodded and said, "We'll see them all."

The search went on, but there was nobody worth looking at.

They came out into the train shed. Thirteen passengers had got off the train and been held at the gate. Five of them were Army officers. The others were estimable people, doubtless, but they had no meaning for Scott. His throat was dry, his palms wet, his stomach muscles shaky.

One conductor sprinted for the station. The other waited impatiently for him to come back. One of them said to the superintendent, "Get us a clearance. We've lost seven minutes."

The superintendent glanced at Hart, who said, "Okay, give him the highball."

The platforms banged down. The train began to move.

"Guess you had a bum steer, Mr. Warner," Hart said. "Goose egg at Winnemucca, wire from Lovelock that nobody got off there, washout here. I'll give you odds she never was on this train."

"It wasn't searched till half past five," Scott said. "From midnight to then is a lot of time. A lot of miles, too."

Mr. Hart called, "Arnie" and a big man in overalls turned back from the dispatcher's office. "They change engines here—that's the engineer," Hart explained, and as the big man came up: "You didn't happen to stop anywhere this side of Lovelock, Arnie?"

Arnie nodded. "Bill thought he smelled a hotbox. He thinks so frequent. He didn't. He put it on the sheet."

"Where was that?"

"Mile 1521. About eight miles out of town, east."

"Anybody get off?"

"Hell, no. Nothin' there but a culvert."

Chief Hart said to Scott, "I'll take you there, if you want it that way. You wouldn't find anything. But if you want to tell your chief you've looked for her everywhere—"

Scott figured it had been fifteen minutes before the train stopped here. Fully half an hour ago by now. It was a possibility. Penfield could have—somehow—got her off the train there. On the other hand, if Penfield had kept on into Nevada, he would naturally have gone on past Reno to Truckee, which was nearer Silvertip. Or could he have suspected and somehow eluded the search at Winnemucca and got off, anticipating a search at Reno? There were several possibilities, all equally good, all equally bad.

"No," Scott said. "I'll get on my way. Do what you can for me. Keep in touch with all your pals between here and Hitchcock. I'll stir them up as much as I can. I'll be back in a couple of days, and we'll get together."

THE chief's men scattered, but the chief lingered, looking at Scott speculatively. "Warner," he said, "there are a lot of things I don't know about you. I have a hunch you've been doing things I'd arrest most people for. But if you'll hand over that gun you've got in the side pocket of your coat, I'll let you run around loose a while longer."

"I may need that gun," Scott said.

"That's exactly why you can't have it," the chief told him. "We don't like shooting in these parts. We don't like gun-toting either."

Scott took the gun out of his pocket and handed it to the chief. He had no choice.

"I'll be around when you want me, Mr. Hart," he said. "I'm going to Silvertip. That's in your jurisdiction, isn't it?"

"Part of it is in the sheriff's. Not the main house. That's in California."

Scott's eyes met the chief's, but there was no telling just how much Hart meant by what he'd said. They expressed mutual thanks and shook hands. Scott got into his hired car and drove away.

He drove to a telegraph office and sent another wire to Irv Barney at Sacramento, reporting his final failure in guarded words. He had expected answers from Irv to be awaiting him in Reno. They hadn't been. Doubtless they would be important, but he couldn't wait for them. And yet, was there any possibility that Irv would be any less licked and doubtful than he was? Was there, finally, anything left that either of them could do?

Scott got out his maps. They'd drawn two routes to Silvertip for him. The shorter one was described as bad going at night. But it was the shorter one. It was the lonelier one, too. Okay.

He had told Marta that the thugs at Petit Marais had been Damon's men and that they had been sent to kill her. She had been absolutely certain that Penfield would kill her if he got a chance. Well, Penfield had got his chance. Wyoming, Utah, Nevada—it made a big and empty space. Ample room for privacy, ample time for murder—and ample time and room for the thing Scott's mind stuck at, burial.

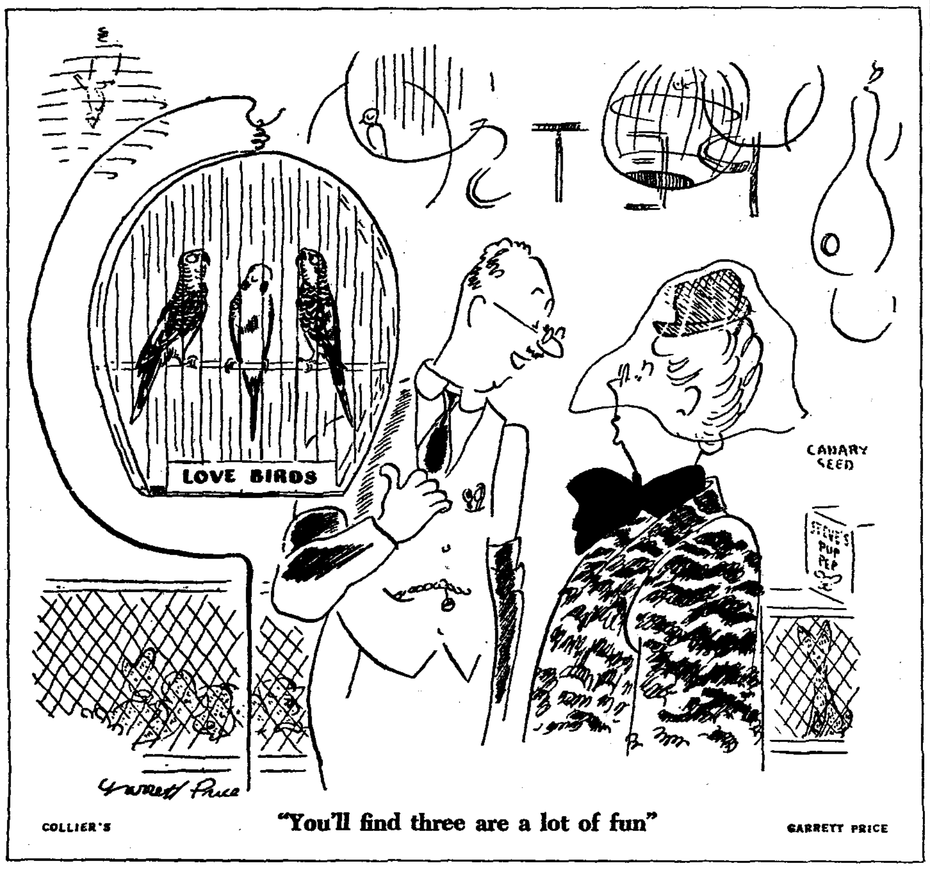
There had been almost twenty-four hours. The trail was as cold as the night. Scott tried to believe that Penfield might be taking her to Silvertip, which would give him time still. Time, he thought contemptuously, for what? For some new idiocy and blunder, some grotesque failure to accomplish anything, like every move he'd made since he got to Hitchcock?

What could he accomplish at Silvertip? What could he accomplish even if he found Penfield there? Nothing. If Penfield was at Silvertip or on his way there (and certainly he was one or the other) he would be alone.

Well, he could get Penfield. The senatorship of Tom Fetterman, the skillful secret threat of Taylor Damon, the protection of the home front, the frustration of the appeasement network—it had all come to matter singularly little. The simple truth was that it mattered not at all. Scott was going to get Gene Penfield, now, or tomorrow, or at the end of whatever time might be necessary. He was going to get him once and for all. He was going to get him for Marta's sake.

He could remember a cynical phrase of Irv's, about the amateurs going all out for dear old Dartmouth and taking a beating from professionals. Okay, play it straight. He didn't know how it was going to work out, and, however it might work out, it would be far different from what he and Irv and Morris Stein had foreseen. But he was going to get Gene Penfield.

He drove through the brightly lighted streets of what was probably a pleasant town. People were rumored to have a good time in Reno, and the rumor seemed borne out. Plenty of people were drinking, gambling, dancing, looking at floor shows. If, somewhere, the war was killing their countrymen, and, somewhere else, Gene



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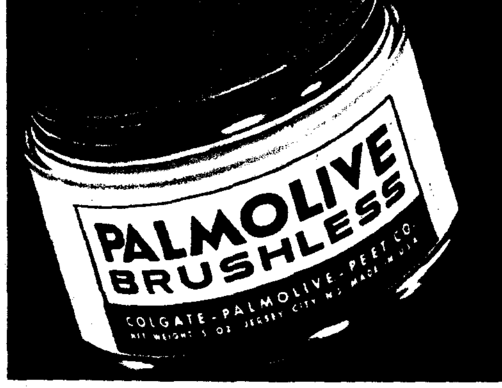
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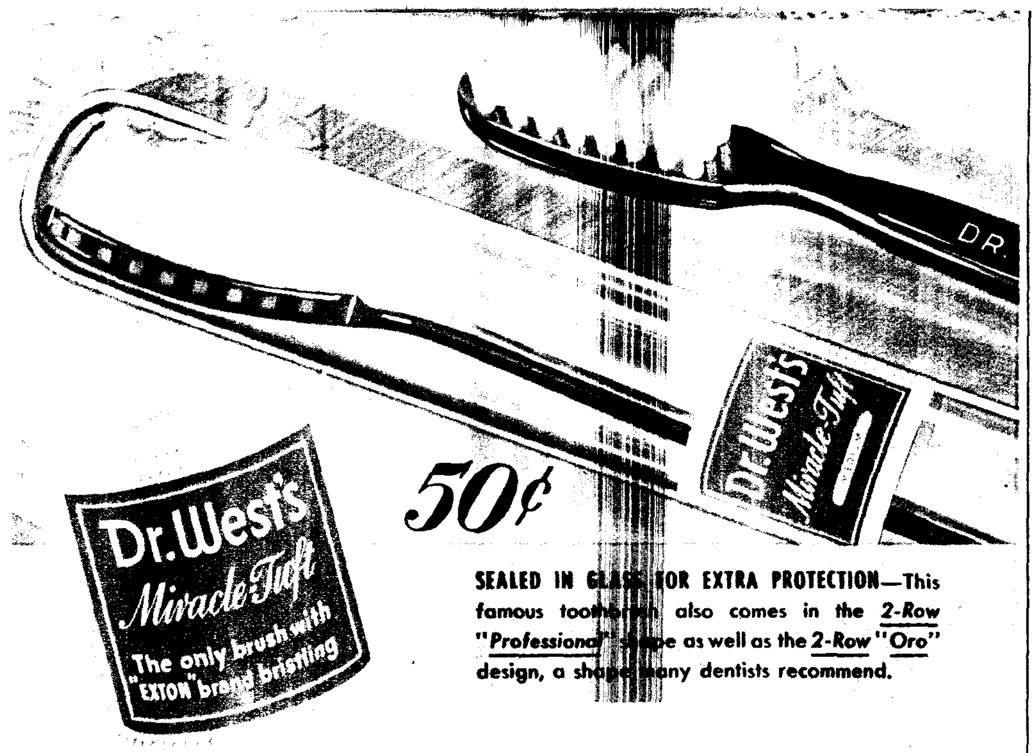

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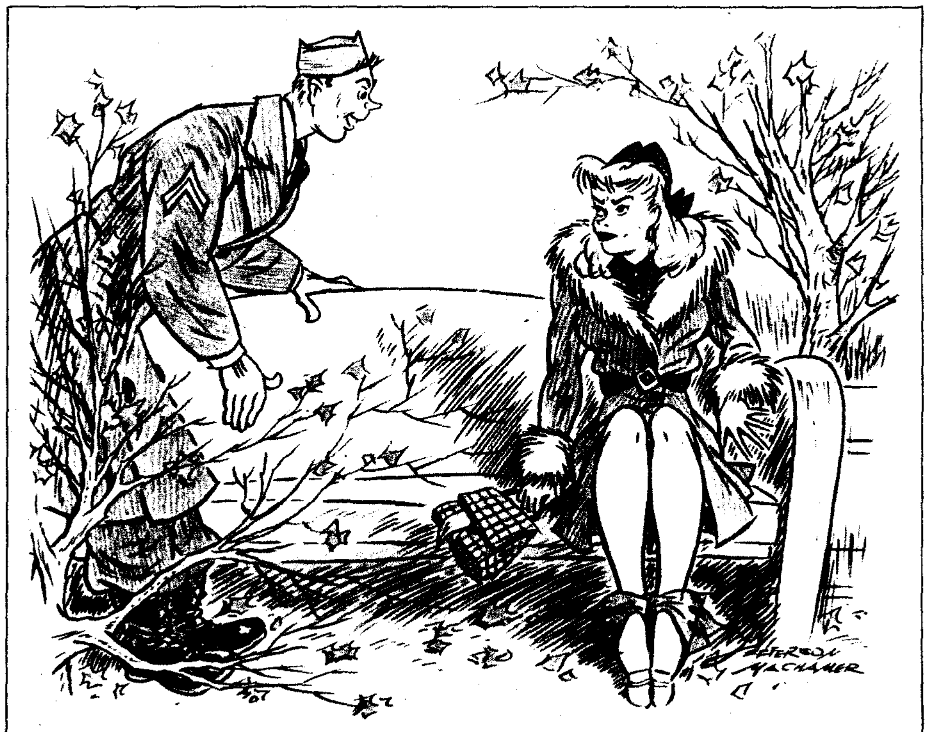


"Pardon—may I sit here? Every other bench in the park is empty"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Penfield was on his way home from a job successfully done, the important thing in Reno was that you would get your decree in a week or two. If Marta had divorced Penfield instead of disappearing, everything would have been different. Well, she hadn't. That was her mistake. We all make mistakes—and we all have to pay for them.

He drove off, watching for highway signs. The road led him out of town, and presently he saw the fork and turned off the main road and began to climb. They had told him that it would take between an hour and a half and two hours to get to Silvertip by the back way at night, and had added that the slower he drove, the better off he would be. He did his best to relax behind the wheel.

THIS was the last leg, the last lap. It had been an incredible trip from Petit Marais, Wisconsin, and the most incredible part of it was that it had begun five days ago—not a year. It was less than a week since those Spectacle photographs of Marie Royce had been laid on his desk in Washington, and he'd recognized them as photographs of Marta Penfield.

He would remember always his pictures of Marta Penfield—Marta in a gray flannel skirt and a blue sweater opening the door, with a gun in her hand, and saying with relief, "Oh, it's you." Marta cooking a meal on a two-burner gasoline stove set on the ground beside the station wagon. Marta saying, "I don't want to talk to anybody so virtuous and noble as you think you are. I don't like stuffed shirts." Marta saying, "Dixon Gale and I weren't lovers." Marta's eyes as he looked into them after he had kissed her. He didn't want to remember what had happened after that.

The road had been running through a forest, which began to thin. A log arch stood up at one side, flanked by whitewashed boxes, and that, they had said, was where the dirt road turned off toward Silvertip.

Scott got out to make sure. A car passed on the forest road, the only one he had seen since Reno. The arch was lettered Silvertip all right. He got back into the car and turned down the dirt road, which soon proved sufficiently bad going. He had to drive with great care, up more ruts that began to climb steeply, with black gulfs at the edge. His mind concentrated on the road against a background of despair. His pictures of Marta were too fleeting. Probably he would never see her again.

Twice, as the car labored up great steeps in thinning air, he thought he saw the flash of lights below him. Each time he caught only a flash and could not see it again. No one would be on this road, anyway, except possibly Penfield—which would fulfill all Scott's dreams. He must be mistaken or, at most, he had caught a glint from a ranch house or an airplane beacon, crazily given back by foliage.

He passed a sizable level space and thought he must be getting near the big house, for at one side were corrals and more ruts leading off. But the road climbed again and now demanded his entire attention. The car barely made this divide and the first part of the descent was steep.

Suddenly a wrecked car stood out in his lights, just off the road, at a curve, with a deep black gulf beyond.

Scott got out and hurried forward. There was no one in the car. He studied it in the beam of his flashlight. The radiator was bashed in, the hood and fenders crumpled, the windshield a spiderweb of cracks, one front wheel badly bent. It was a thorough wreck. But there was no sign of blood on the ground or in the front seat.

He turned his light on the rear seat. There could be no doubt. The traveling bag overturned on the floor, spilling its contents, was Marta's.

Half crazy with fear, he lumbered through the underbrush beyond the car. No sign, nothing at all. He crossed to the far side of the road and slid fifty feet down the slope, then climbed back, flashing his light everywhere but seeing nothing. He stood still and shouted "Marta!" The name came back from the invisible cliffs, but there was no answer, no sound but the echo of his voice. He called again, repeatedly. Nothing. Just a mountainside dark and empty.

Mile 1521. About eight miles east of Reno. Penfield had contrived to elude the search at Winnemucca, after all; he had been on that train, he had somehow got it stopped just outside of Reno. Marta had got this far. No! All that was certain was that her bag had got this far. Then there had been a wreck. Was the car Penfield's? No matter. Penfield had been in it, and Marta's bag, and possibly Marta, or Marta's body.

The number of the Nevada license burned forever into Scott's memory. Marta's bag—Penfield had brought it this far. It would prove to be a noose round his neck, but it would not save Marta.

The beam of headlights edged over the ridge above and behind him and began to sway downward. Scott stood in the middle of the road, damning the slow drift of those lights which seemed to move sluggishly, round too many curves. When they came round the last one above, he began to blink his flashlight and wave his arms. The car approached, slowed, stopped.

"There's been an accident," he said, running up to the driver, his eyes still blinded by the headlights. "I can't find anyone, but you'd better help me look."

"Sure," the driver agreed. The door opened, the man got out—and something hard was poking Scott in the stomach. "Don't move," the man said.

Instantly, Scott swung his fist into that blurred face. Someone in the car shouted, "Don't shoot him." He closed in, hitting fast and taking blows in the face and the stomach. The two of them lurched and fought into the headlights.

Another man was closing in. Over his antagonist's shoulder, Scott saw the face of Taylor Damon. He hit hard, faced about and swung at Damon. Scott went down on one knee as the other man smashed his ear. Then he was down flat, and someone kicked him. He grabbed a foot and brought one of them down. Then they both had him. The first man, a small man, got his elbows locked behind Scott's elbows and swore with intense obscenity.

"Where is Mrs. Penfield, Warner?" Damon demanded, coming up close.

Through wrenching pain, Scott said, "You'd like to know, but you won't, by heaven!"

He lurched down and forward, bringing his captor over his shoulder, crashing into Damon. He slugged Damon full in the face and Damon screamed. He leaped for the dark edge of the road and plunged downward. He ran, slid, rolled.

There was a shot above him, another one, a third. He crashed through underbrush and down more slope. His foot turned under him and he fell. He stood up. His leg flamed with pain and he came down, his chin plowing into gravel. A great weight fell on his back. He squirmed furiously, his ears roaring, and went out.

It was after two o'clock in the morning when Taylor Damon got to Silvertip Lodge. He roused a servant, learned that Gene Penfield hadn't got back, ordered his colleagues wakened, and went to the room that was always kept ready for him. He bathed and put on fresh clothes, wondering in front of a mirror whether the abrasion on his cheek had got infected.

The future of the world could depend on a microbe as readily as on anything else, and he doused the place with antiseptic. He went down to the enormous living room but, contemptuous of rich men's luxury and display, ordered his assembling companions to the small gunroom.

These were crude instruments, these excitable and wordy men, men who needed sleep, who could not think coldly, but they were the tools he had to use: Walton Hancock, the Chicago banker, and Frank Sumter, the ex-congressman. Subordinates had arrived from Denver and New York this afternoon. Barry Corse, the owner of newspapers, had come in a few hours ago. Some had dressed, some were in bathrobes. Corse was scrawny in yellow silk pajamas. He was the most alarmed and he told a sleepy houseman to bring highballs, but Damon canceled the order.

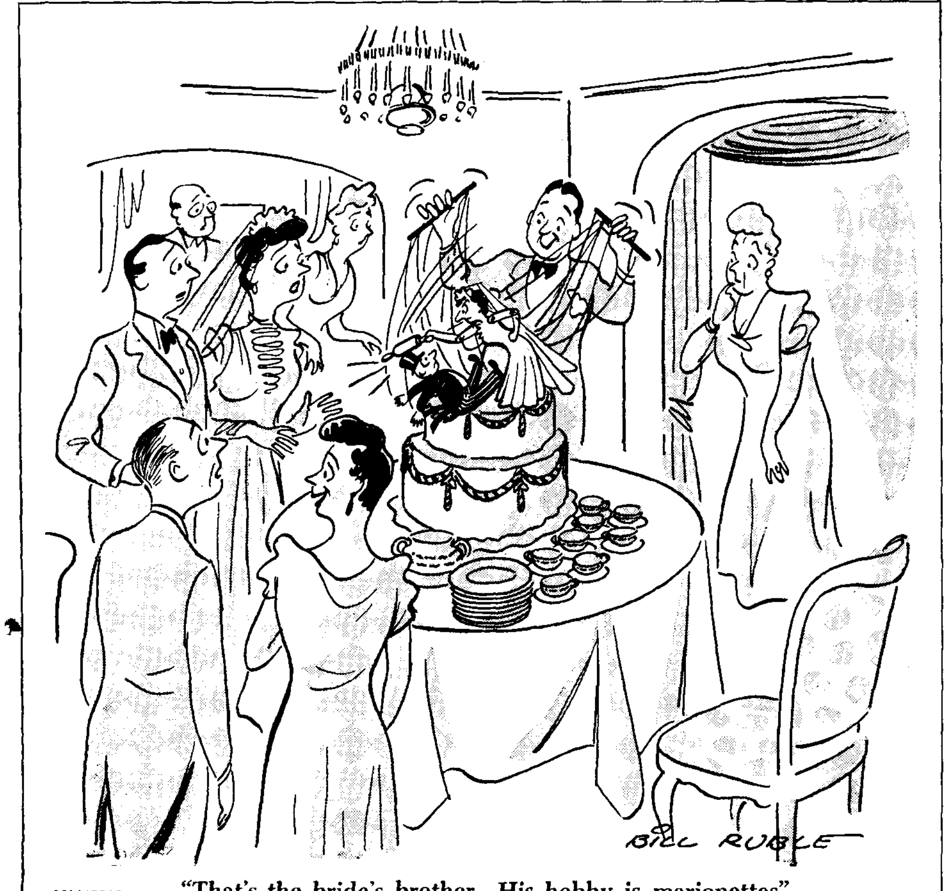
"You haven't got half enough brains when you're sober," he said.

IT DID not take long to learn their mood and the sum of what they knew. No word had come from Penfield. No one knew where he'd gone or why. Everyone was desperate over the delay. Sumter had been scared by the appearance, during the afternoon, of Sacramento newspapermen. Corse was violently alarmed by the Globe's disclosure of the plan. He was convinced that someone had been bribed or scared into revealing it.

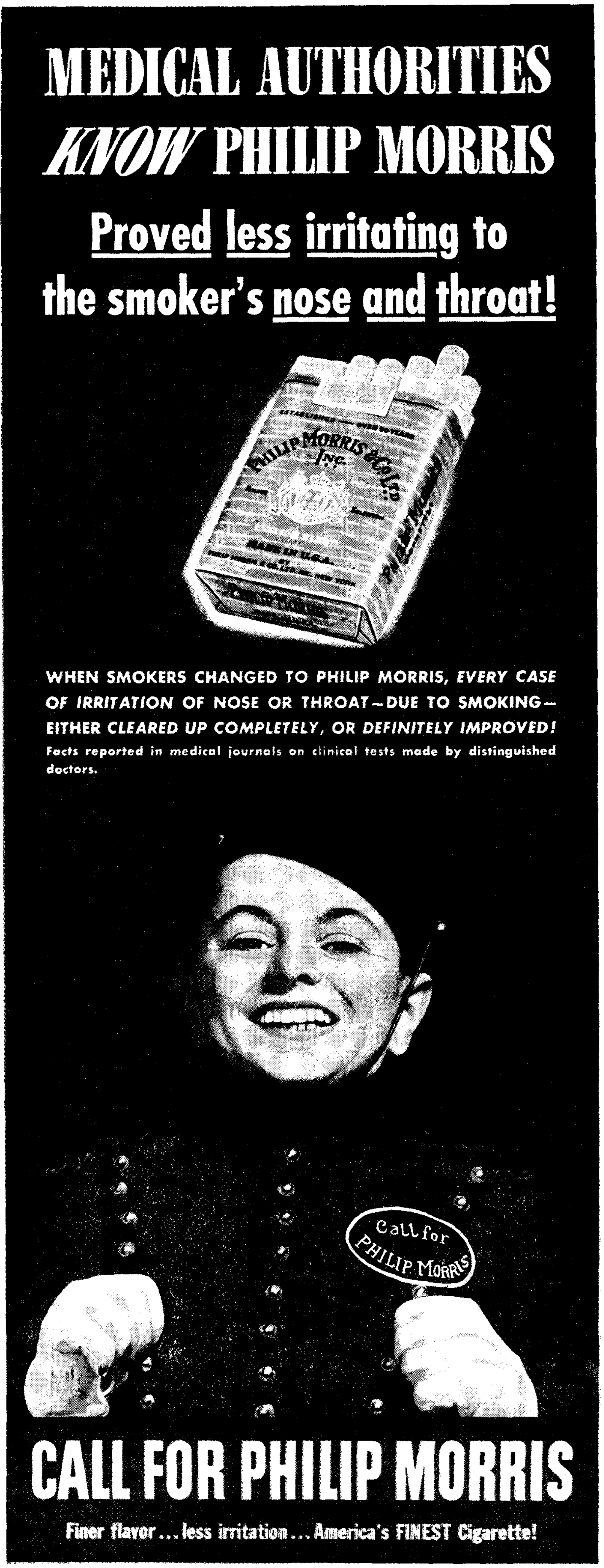
"Nobody sold us out," Damon said coldly. "But somebody is thinking fast enough to throw us off at a serious moment. The simple fact is: Somebody has been anticipating us without our knowing it. It would not be serious if Penfield hadn't chosen to think for himself about something. Now he's out of touch."

He let them wrangle and get angry, knowing it was their nature. He never felt fear or anger. He sought for facts and held by them. Finally, he gave them a fact to shut them up.

"This would be merely annoying if we had been able to act fast," he said. "We weren't, and there will be agitation, opposition and, finally, serious trouble. Tomorrow was the limit. I had decided that if Penfield was back by the time I got here, we could go ahead safely. He isn't



COLLIER'S "That's the bride's brother. His hobby is marionettes" BILL RUBLE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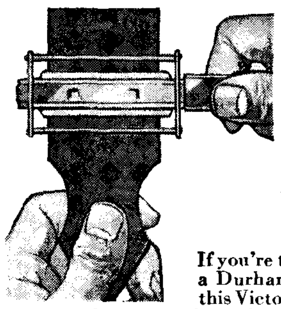

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here. There is no more time, and that finishes him. He is now a liability. I've got no further use for him."

They yelped and shouted. Damon was pulling out the keystone. He had abandoned the entire idea. He had destroyed many months of preparation, set them back for years, lost them next year's campaign. Only Penfield could go to the Senate with any chance of going beyond it. Who was there for '44? Was he willing to retire to small bargains and picayune benefits? Was he letting power slip through his fingers?

Damon let them release their emotions; people who had emotions had to release them. But finally he grew bored and stopped them.

"Someone has to distinguish between facts and emotions. If circumstances require a plan to be changed, I change it. There are a good many ways to win an election. If Penfield has made himself useless, we'll get someone else." He permitted himself a thin sneer. "Mr. Corse has always understood that his talents superbly qualify him to lead the American people. It may be that Mr. Corse will prove right—with my help. If so, we will make him President. If not, we'll create a great man out of some other fool. However, I have lost enough time. I will telephone Governor Queed in the morning that he is free to serve his own interests by naming anyone he pleases. I expect you gentlemen to get your nerve back overnight and be prepared to think a little by morning."

They were angry, but they would not rebel. They could not. Without Damon, they were only a noisy group of small politicians. It was Damon who put them within reach of power, who gave them a realistic expectation of being able to rule America. He was saying that perhaps their minds would be clearer if they resumed the sleep he had broken—when, disheveled and furiously excited, Gene Penfield came into the room. He was limping. He was bruised. His clothes were torn and dusty and his left arm hung awkwardly at his side.

"I crashed in my car," he said. "I walked to the horse camp. I got a horse there and rode it in. I think my arm is broken."

"See if it is broken," Damon ordered.

One of them felt and poked and decided that it wasn't.

"Then get out and let me talk to him," Damon said. "He may be in time."

HE HAD to confront a man who was just short of frenzy. Penfield's accident had made him almost delirious. His eyes were bloodshot. His voice was strained and high. He could not sit still.

Damon wondered if he might be suffering a concussion. "Where have you been?"

"What difference does it make? I'm back. I'm here. And no announcement has been made. What are you excited about?"

"I'm never excited," Damon said. "I had decided to announce tomorrow that someone else gets the job. I may yet. Where have you been?"

Penfield grew defiant. Damon sat entirely unmoved, observing what amounted to a phenomenon of nature. Penfield's face was bruised and swollen, but it still had that nobility the cameras always caught. As the shrillness left his voice, it became the melodious and hypnotic instrument that had charmed millions.

Gestures of boyish sincerity, facial expressions of sorrowful purity, were natural to Penfield. Even in torn clothes and with an awkward arm, he was the image of the national hero. He was the young crusader, the virgin knight. For years, he had been American youth. He always would be; his was a case of arrested development. Also, he was a megalomaniac and had to be kept under discipline.

Now he launched into a speech about his indispensability. "Treat me with some realization that I carry all of you on my shoulders. You can sit back spinning pretty cobwebs, but they're not even pretty without votes. I win for you, or you don't win. You'd better remember that."

"You're a fool," Damon said dispassionately. "You're nothing but an image, Penfield. You're an ornamental glass ball off a Christmas tree—something I made. Your importance to me is the importance of a few weeks and no more. Can I work faster with you, or shall I make another glass ball and tell fools that it's the prettiest one?"

He gazed at the statuesque hero who, though past forty, had never reached seventeen in his emotions or got beyond twelve in his intelligence.

"I have made something of you," Damon said. "But it's hollow. I can't be sure it won't get smashed. Look here, Penfield: From the beginning, it's been certain you'd be smashed if the fools ever suspected that something had tarnished their hero. You've come close before this, but I've saved you. If there is anything shady, anything criminal, even anything indiscreet that I don't know about, in the past or in this last week—well, putting it plainly, before I make you senator, you had better tell me what it is."

"I've practically had to live with you. There is nothing you don't know." Penfield's high forehead began to corrugate. "I do not have to answer questions. Who are you to hold me to account like a boy?"

Damon waved him silent. "If, later on, anything shows up that you've hidden from me, you'll be broken. You'll be ground underfoot. Twice. Once by the fools and once by me." He advanced an oblique suggestion. "No suspicion of fraud, or misdealing, or violence can be allowed to touch you. If the need for any such thing has developed, let me make the arrangements. You must not be touched by any kind of suspicion."

He waited. But he decided that Penfield was only building up his ego; he was not hiding anything. Time permitted just one throw of the dice—one throw, win or lose. Marta Penfield was certainly alive, but Damon was confident he could take care of her, so long as no one discovered her, so long, especially, as Warner and Barney could not make her public. Warner had been taken care of. Whatever connection he'd had with Barney was now broken. Barney could be handled quickly, as the dispersed organization began to concentrate again.

THE situation remained extremely precarious, but direct action was best. Face them with an accomplished fact—announce Penfield's appointment. Meanwhile, get hold of the woman and either neutralize Barney or crush him, as the need might develop.

Damon's fear had been that Penfield's absence meant he had got a hint that his wife was alive. Damon was now convinced that the fear had been unjustified. Warner had been stopped in time, Barney had never come close, and there was no way in which Penfield could have found out.

"What about your wife?" Damon asked. If the question did not mean anything to Penfield, it would not mean anything at all.

"That has always been a night terror of yours," the hero said scornfully. "A courageous soul, aren't you, Damon? Don't be afraid of ghosts. Marta is dead."

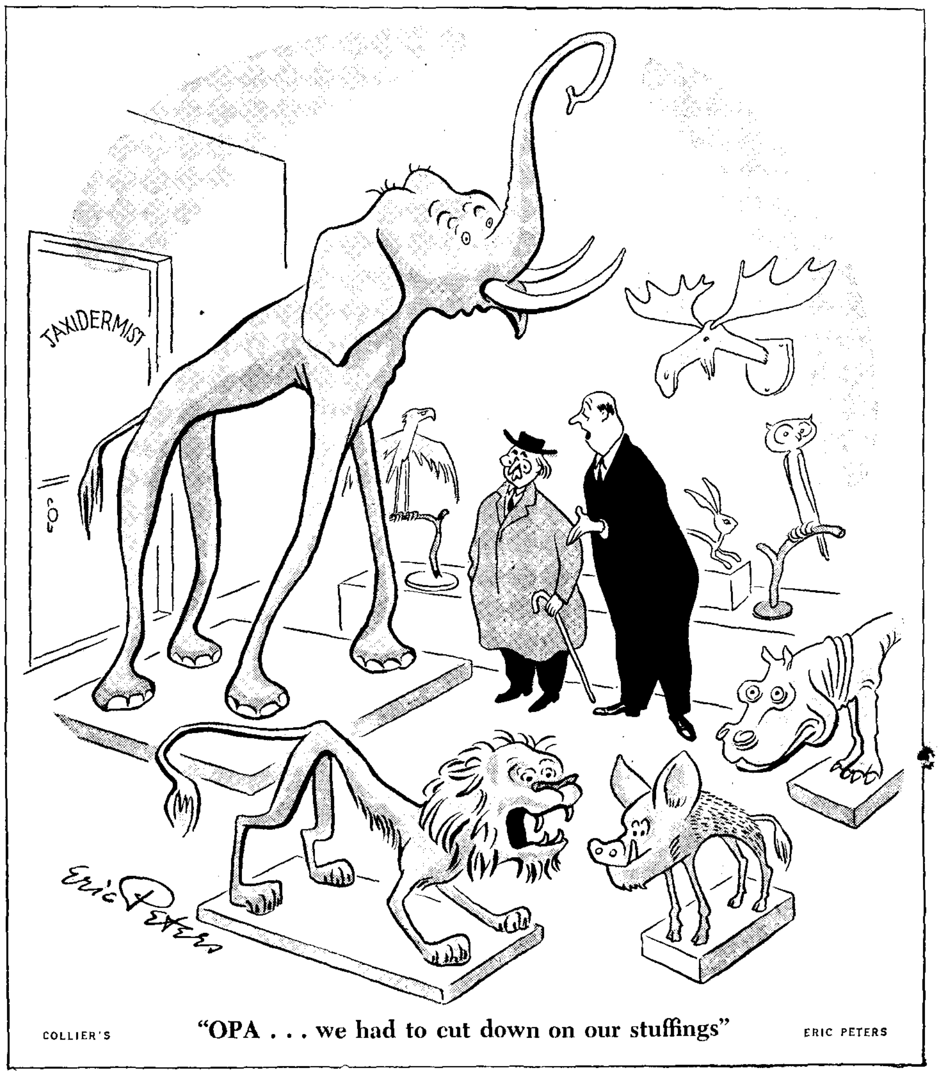
Damon was satisfied. The hero had no suspicion his wife was alive. He'd been away on some secret errand, probably a romantic secret errand.

"You are worth just exactly your public purity, and that's all you'll ever be worth," Damon said. "If it's ever tarnished, I'll drop you forever. At the first hint of it, you'll be worth nothing at all."

Penfield's answer was splendid, meaningless rhetoric. Well, make the cast. Face the world with an accomplished fact and patch the holes made by Marta being alive and by Barney's astute guessing. Make the cast. It would put Damon back where he could master circumstances.

He called in the others and told them that Governor Queed would announce Penfield's senatorship as soon as he could get him by telephone in the morning.

(To be concluded next week)



COLLIER'S "OPA . . . we had to cut down on our stuffings" ERIC PETERS

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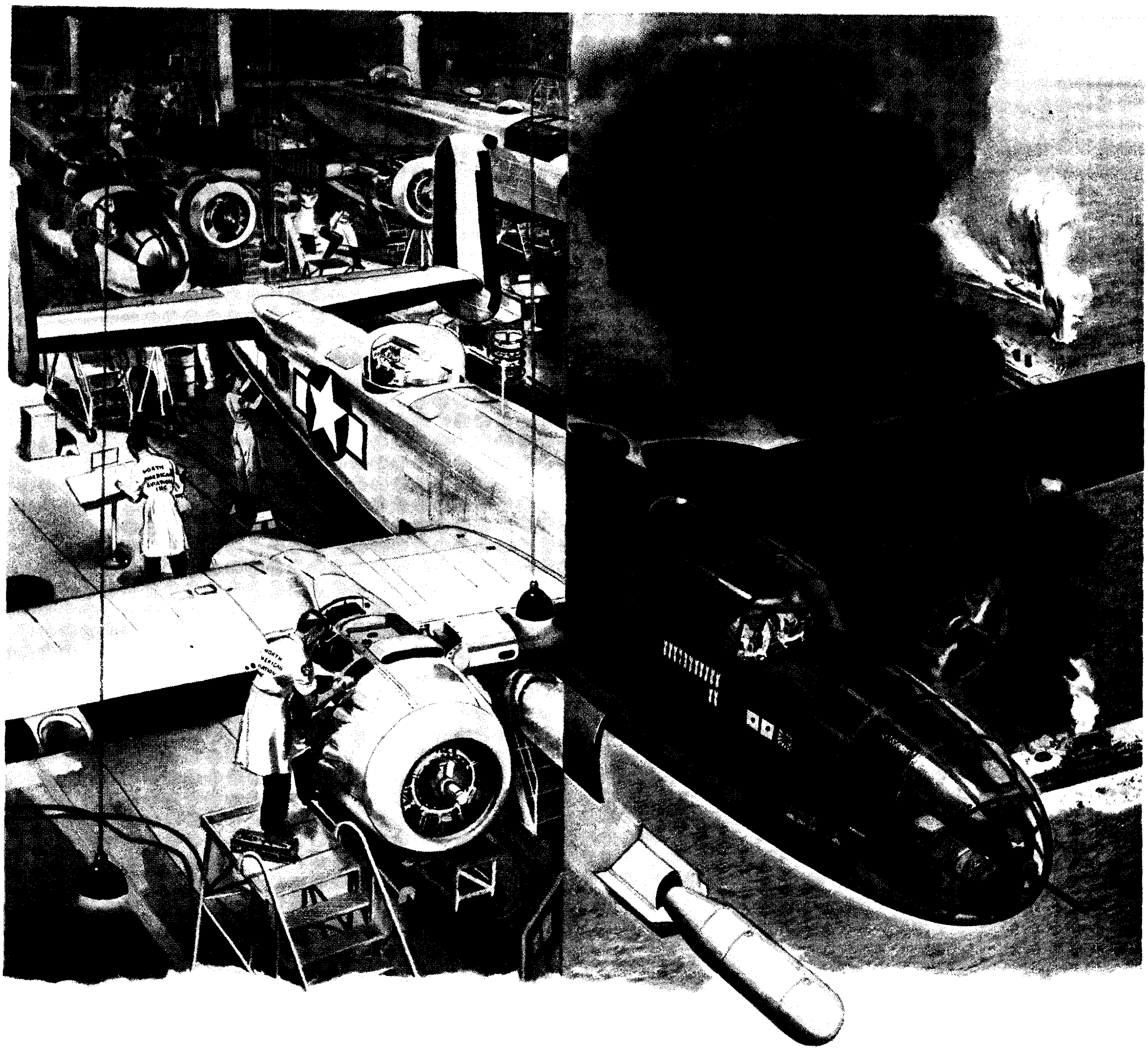

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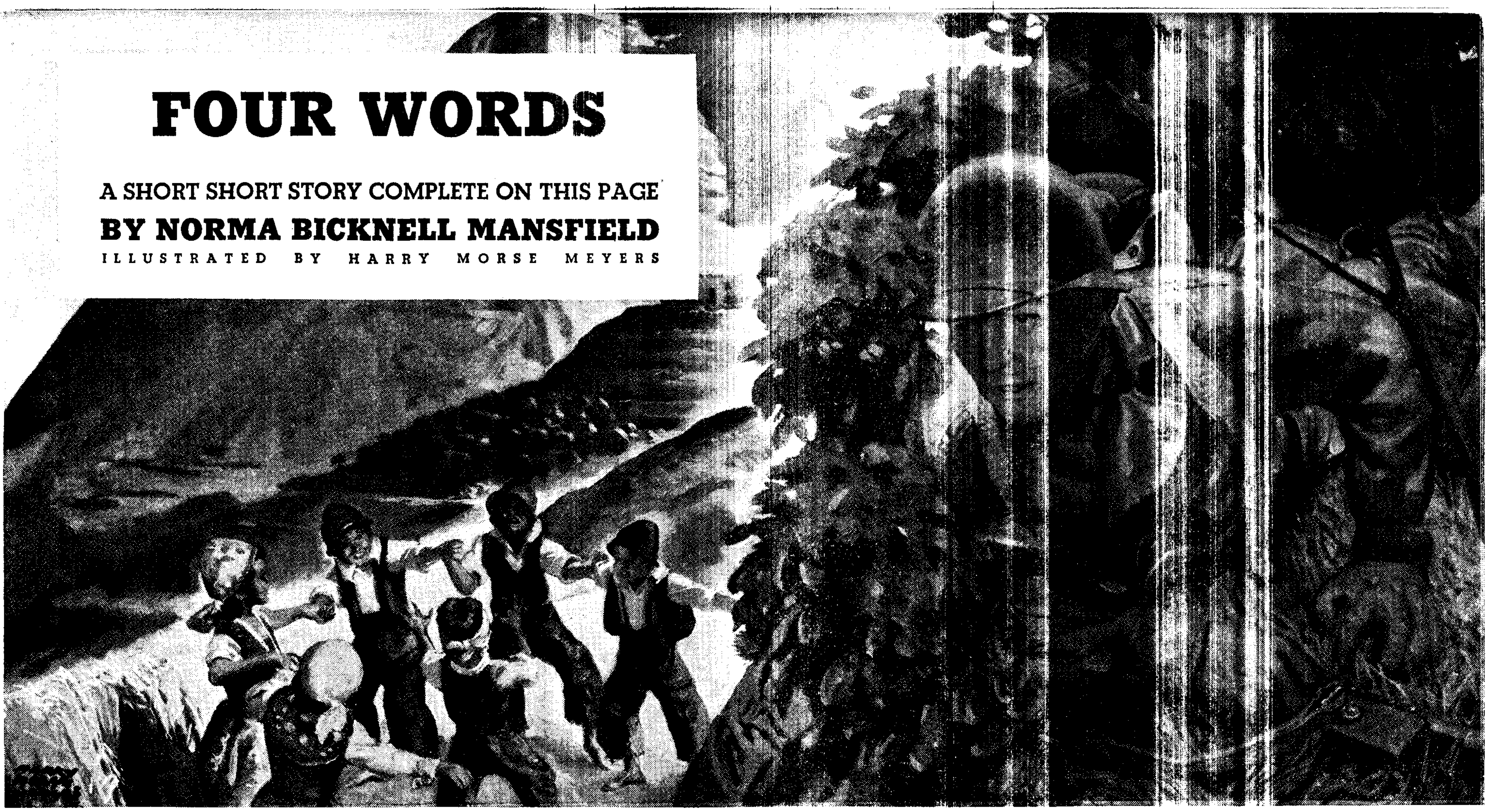
North American Aviation *Sets the Pace!*

FOUR WORDS

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

BY NORMA BICKNELL MANSFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



HE DIDN'T know why Ma came into his mind so often nowadays. She'd never been to war; she couldn't know much about what he was going through. Or maybe she did, maybe having eighteen kids was something like war if you looked at it straight: pain, noise, confusion, disappointments, a few satisfactions, hard work and delayed returns.

He crouched lower in the clump of bush he had chosen, looking up again anxiously at the sun. Pete and Chip should be here by this time, if they'd pulled off the first part of the show all right. Laying a couple of Nazis by the heels was old stuff to Pete and Chip; they'd been with the Ranger outfit as long as he, Sergeant Del McCormack, had been.

Off to his right, kids were playing—belonged to that stone hut plastered up against the hill over there, probably. Two, four, he counted six of them, playing some whirling game on the edge of a grainfield. Amazing how these Eyeties planted all the flat spaces, even handkerchief size, tiering the grapes up the steep side hills, not like California, where there was room for grapes on the flatlands.

Italy was pretty crowded, come to think of it. Right now he was crowded himself, with Nazis all around him, the Allied armies grinding forward somewhere south, a good long way from here. That's what came of being romantic, he told himself wryly. He couldn't be satisfied with plodding along in the infantry, he had to go and get himself a hitch in the Rangers, with no tanks out in front cutting a path, and no planes overhead smoothing it out, and no artillery tidying the edges. No, he had to be fancy.

He swore softly to himself. Where were Pete and Chip? He couldn't pull this trick by himself; it had all depended on the other two knocking over the Nazi outpost back there. Ahead of them lay the real job, disinfecting a Nazi machine-gun nest. They were cute, these Nazis, guarding hills like these with a few machine guns here and there; but they sure picked the here and there. Del looked ahead to the knob on the rocky mountain to his right. Right up there behind that knob, the Huns were waiting, a handful of them, hoping the Allies would try to sneak a few vehicles past on the rutted road below.

All along this stretch of the Apennines, Rangers were sneaking up on the hidden nests. But where the hell were Pete and Chip? What if they didn't show up at all?

The three of them had to make their way up around that knob, so they'd be looking down on it by nightfall. Given daylight, you could scrounge along from bush to bush, and the Nazis looking over here would think the moving bushes were stirred by kids, playing soldier. It was a trick he and Pete and Chip had played before. It always worked. Rangers didn't move by day; the Nazis had that idea firm in their minds. Short of jumping up and waving your arms, you could get away with almost anything, daytimes.

HIS mind kept turning back to Ma. There must have been plenty of times when she didn't know what to do next, too. Still, she'd had a lot of sense, Ma had, a whole sight more than her youngest son. If he could remember some of the things she'd said to him the day he left—or, no, further back than that; the day he'd left, she hadn't said much at all, and no wonder, eight sons in the armed services, and a couple of the daughters nursing in the Army. You didn't have much to say with chunks of you being lopped off, one after the other. What had she used to say to him when he was a kid? Not much. She wasn't a talker, not Ma; didn't have time or much chance, with Pa the talker he was, and eighteen kids taking after him.

"Keep your self-respect." He could remember that one because it had puzzled him a lot when she said it. Now he knew what she meant: she meant be honest and kind and courageous, and when you couldn't be any of those things, keep your mouth shut and stand still. Lord knew he was standing still now—sitting still. He looked up anxiously again at the sun. Damn' thing was loping along today. Sweat started in the palms of his hands. There went his mind again, forking through all the chances a guy took in a game like this. The miracle was that he had stayed alive as long as he had, the way he had died in his mind a thousand times or more. What was a Ranger doing with an imagination, anyway?

Look, figure it out the way it was, not the way it should have been. Here he was, set to move up, and no reinforcements to move up with him. Okay, he moved up alone. He'd be above the Nazis, wouldn't he? Looking right down their backs with a submachine gun? That is, he'd be looking down their backs if they were all in their nest. But what if he waited too long, and a couple of them had piked off for an hour's sleep? That's what Pete and Chip were to do, pick off the strays.

Okay, say a couple of them were back in the brush: he'd get the machine gun, wouldn't he? Knock it out of action. Maybe—he thought a minute—maybe even working it alone it would be best to toss a couple of grenades. That way, he'd get the nest, even if the strays in the bush picked him off right afterward.

Grenades, then, and maybe at the end, a chance or two to use a knife. He pulled out his knife and looked at it. What wouldn't he have given as a boy for a steel like that? What was it Ma used to say? "Fingers don't grow twice." Just that and no more, but he'd always been careful.

Lord, if he could only think of one of her sayings to fit this situation! There was one; he could feel it lying doggo in his brain, playing stubborn, hiding. Well, he couldn't remember Ma's saying, maybe, but he knew what she'd expect of him in this situation. She'd expect him to make a try, to get up there behind that knob, for a look at least. From there on—well, figure it when you got there.

HE BEGAN to move, scrooching along, the kids not twenty feet away from him playing their funny little game, not noticing. He'd had time to pick a course and he followed it carefully, feeling better now that he was moving. Once you were on your way you had to think about each minute as it happened. There—he almost had that saying, but no: It was gone again.

He wiggled along, his gun too familiar to his hand now to seem a burden. Another twenty yards, and he could get off his belly and do the next hundred yards at a crouch, and then he'd be in the scrub forest and he could stand up and walk to the spot where he'd start to climb. He had a map: a friendly Eyetie had laid out the landscape on paper, as if he'd put each stone in place himself.

Here—now he could move, crouching. The sweat began to dry on him, and he made speed, practiced in this means of locomotion. All right, now. Stand up and move steadily.

Del scrooched along, the kids not twenty feet away from him playing their funny little game, not noticing

The shade of the trees shut down on him; it was hot here, but the security of the spot made it seem cooler. There was a whistle near him—short, subdued. He froze. Nazis pulled queer tricks.

"Del?" It was Pete. He came through the shade toward Del, Chip beside him. "You took a hell of a time making up your mind. Come on."

"Where you been?" Del demanded, but he was too relieved to be very sore. "I been waiting back there three hours."

"We did our job and came on here, instead of taking the time and the chance of joining you."

"How'd you know I wouldn't turn back? You ran a chance, Pete."

"Aw! We knew you'd come. It was just a question of how long you'd sit waiting for a message from Ma. All set?"

Del looked at his watch. He was on time. They were ready to start up on the minute they'd set.

"What'd she say to you this time?" Chip demanded, a little ashamed to put faith in a figure as vague as Ma, but reluctantly eager, too, to hear.

"Well," Del said, grinning, "she was busy making pies for the county fair today and she didn't have much time for me. She just said to move on up and figure the next move when it came and take it the best I could, and keep going."

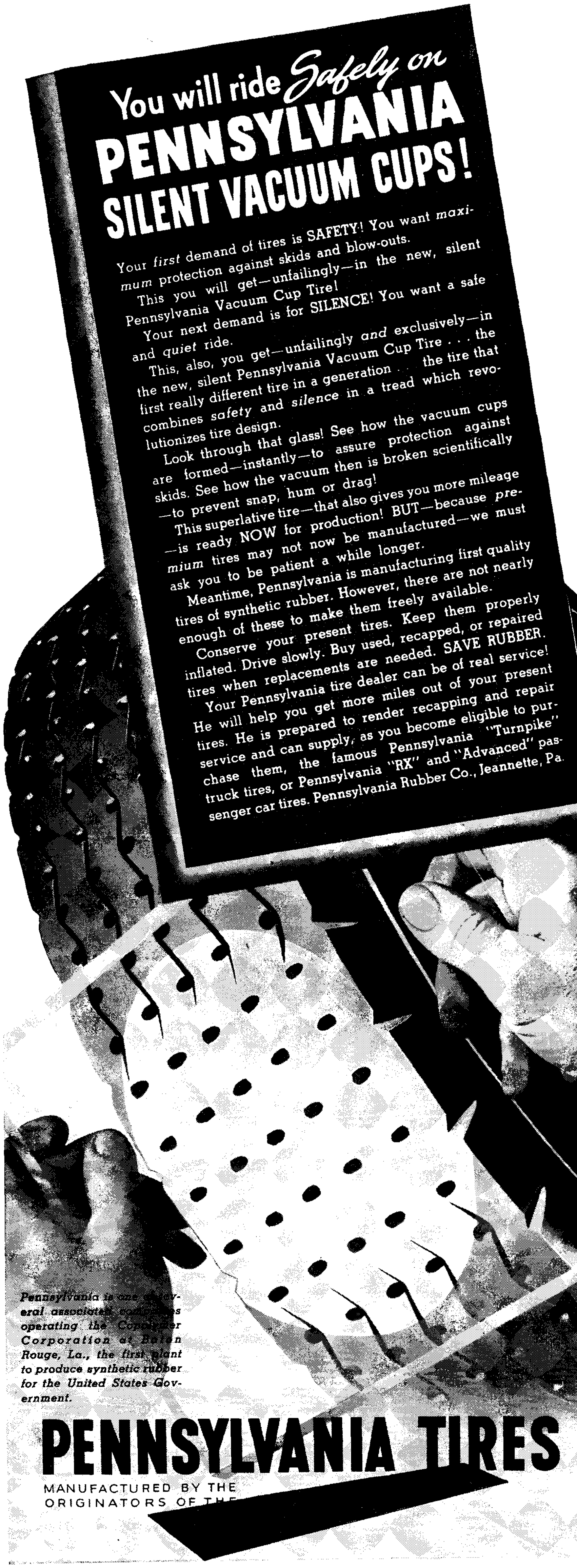
"Aw," Pete said. He spat. "Your ma never said all that."

"No," Del said. He stopped, one foot on a ledge of rock, the other reaching. Balanced there, he lifted his head and turned his ear back toward the south, toward the ocean, toward home. "No," he said, "but I remember now what she did say. Just four words, that's all."

"That's more like it," Pete said, relieved. "What were they?"

"One step," Del said, remembering, "then another." He looked at them gravely. "That's the way she's lived her life. One step, then another. That's all."

"That's enough for me," Pete said, and Chip's chin lifted, too. "Let's go."



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The Rise of the Rocket

Continued from page 17

pass through it, but from actual experience or contact, we know little or nothing about conditions up above the altitude of fifteen or twenty miles. Physicists suspect the presence of several electrified layers that may prove troublesome unless we understand them in advance.

There's a question about the temperature, too. We know it gets colder as you rise, but there is some evidence that, above the stratosphere, the situation changes. The really high layers of the air may be boiling-hot—because they are closest to the sun and absorb much of its heat. Also there is the matter of cosmic rays. They are stronger at high altitudes, but how strong, or whether they present any problem at all in connection with high-altitude flight, is still unknown.

Of course, sending anything as high as a hundred miles may seem a bit out of our reach just now, especially in view of the fact that the highest rocket shot on record before the war was about two miles. But here's something that shows how fast things are developing.

New Heights to Conquer

The other day a couple of young engineers, who happen at the moment to be busy manufacturing a device for the Navy, were making some calculations on the power of a new rocket motor they had developed. Their figures indicated that with this motor a practical instrument-carrying rocket could be constructed that would shoot—not 100 miles high, but possibly twice that altitude.

Rocket motors to boost heavily loaded freight or passenger planes off the ground or water will almost certainly be used in the postwar years. This service, known as "jet-assisted take-off," is already in use experimentally. An airplane can fly with about fifty per cent more load than it can lift off the ground. So, if a lightweight, simple, inexpensive way can be found to help it get into the air, the pay load (which is the only real reason for the flight) can be increased by half, and sometimes more. In war, this may mean an added bomb load of five tons or so. In peace, just that many more tons of fast freight or passengers can be pushed into the air at no great extra cost.

These assisted take-off devices will probably be simple rocket motors. They will need to fire for only about a minute each time, and will deliver an added boost of two to five tons, at just the proper point in the take-off. Fuel tanks and all, they will themselves weigh only a few dozen pounds. And if this is too much to carry, they can be dropped away after the take-off.

Once the plane is up and away, of course, the ordinary engine will take over the job of carrying the load to its destination. But even these "ordinary" engines may not be the multicylindered kind we are at present accustomed to. Powerful gas turbines may drive the big planes of the postwar era. These will work by sucking in the air at the forward part of the airplane, compressing it in a combustion chamber, burning gasoline in it there, and passing the hot gases through the blades of a high-speed turbine to provide power both to drive the air compressor and to spin the big propellers that make the plane fly.

As a matter of fact, it may be possible to dispense with the propeller and simply use the powerful stream of hot exhaust gases to push the plane forward. Airplanes powered by early models of such turbine-jet engines were flown in Italy a year or so ago. Several nations are now experimenting with them. The big airplanes of the future may not go thrumming through the air with flashing propellers. They may simply ride a roaring blast of exhaust gas from take-off to destination.

In view of the marvelous perfection and performance of reciprocating gasoline engines, you may be wondering why such gas turbines might be necessary, or even desirable. The reason is that gasoline engines of present large sizes—2,000 horsepower or so—are among the most complicated pieces of mechanism in existence. So many delicate, rapidly moving parts are necessary, and must be made with such extreme accuracy and care, that these engines are very expensive, and require almost constant maintenance. They are probably already approaching maximum practical size, whereas the bigger ships of the future will need even more power, delivered steadily, dependably and more efficiently. These advantages can be gained—at least theoretically—by the gas turbine and the turbine jet.

Practically everybody these days knows that the higher you fly the faster you can go. The stratosphere plane will give way to the superstratosphere plane. Running speeds will increase from, say, 400 miles an hour to 500 and even 600 miles an hour. But after that, what?

As you go higher, the air becomes thinner. There isn't enough oxygen in it to support combustion, either in a gasoline engine or in a gas turbine. If the superstratosphere airplane is ever to be built, some other form of power will be needed —something that can work at such high altitudes that there is almost no oxygen whatever—and, more to the point, there is almost nothing for propellers to bite into or for wings to push against.

Now, the rocket might be used to drive this superstratosphere airplane all the way from take-off to destination, but this would be wasteful, for, to be fully efficient, the rocket must move very fast—about as fast, in fact, as the speed of its exhaust gases, which may be a mile a second or greater.

The likeliest thing is a combination of two forms of propulsion. These planes will perhaps be powered for take-off and landing with turbopropellers or turbojets. They will lift the ship to an altitude of ten or fifteen miles, at which height the air-burning engines will begin to fail for lack of oxygen.

Three Hours to Europe

The rocket motors will then be turned on. With a roar (inaudible to the passengers in their enclosed, air-conditioned cabin, for they will be outrunning the speed of sound) the already fast-moving plane will increase its velocity to 1,000 or 1,500 miles an hour. It will clear the Atlantic in a couple of hours. In another half-hour, with the aid of its turbine engines, it will make a landing. The trip from New York to Paris will require perhaps only three hours. It will be quite possible for an American businessman, in a hurry, to have breakfast at home, lunch and a conference in London, and be back home again for dinner.

Of course, you had better not look for this to happen right away. It took the airplane forty years to mature, from rudimentary flight at Kitty Hawk to precision bombing missions over Germany. Perhaps it will take another generation for today's big bombers and cargo ships to develop into 1,500-mile-an-hour high-altitude craft driven by rockets and gas turbines. On the other hand, though, maybe not.

THE END

Death Before Birth

Continued from page 11

could not have been told in time where to turn for help in facing illegitimate motherhood, for there are, in every American city, at least a few sources of just such help.

A desperate girl can, at any hour and in any large city, get in touch with some office of the Y.W.C.A., N.C.C.S. and Y.W.H.A. At most railroad stations there is a Travelers Aid representative—kindly, discreet, resourceful. In every city and war center are Salvation Army workers, friendly experts in solving human tangles. There are also the great social welfare organizations, such as the Community Service Society, in New York City, that have college-bred women interviewers trained to discern quickly the needs of a cornered girl and, without meddling or tattling, help to supply these needs.

Miss Anna Kempshall, director of family service of the Community Service Society of New York, is doing an outstanding job in tactfully persuading panicky women who plan an abortion, to bear their babies instead and afterward make happy, useful adjustments to society.

Solution to the Problem

"When a frightened girl planning abortion comes to us for a talk," Miss Kempshall explained, "we listen understandingly without imposing our opinions. We try to find out her reason for wanting to destroy her child. Then we point out the dangers and lasting ill effects of abortion. At the same time, we quiet her terrible anxiety by showing her that she needn't be a social outcast if she bears her baby. She can have economic and medical aid and complete protection for herself and her child.

"If the girl has been afraid to confide in her family doctor or religious adviser, but longs to do so—we prepare the way. But we will find another physician for her if she prefers that. We never tell her secret to employers, parents or friends, except at her specific request. Sometimes a girl will ask us to approach her employer, try to procure a temporary leave for her. Otherwise, we help her find a new job after the baby's birth."

"Are you ever asked to interview the man in the case?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes; very often. And usually with good results. The girl nearly always asks us to talk it over with the baby's father in a friendly, tactful way—to learn just how he feels about it. In fact, many young men come to us for help when they have made a girl pregnant. We help them, advise them, keep the secret. Numbers of these pregnant girls get married to the men. We've had three marriages recently in which the men married the pregnant girls on their furloughs, and seemed very happy about it. All depends on the case. We never try to force a marriage. It might be the worst possible step.

"Almost any decent young father-to-be—soldier, sailor or civilian—if not accused or threatened with blackmail, if assured instead that he will not be forced, or be humiliated, or be burdened with the whole support of the baby if he does marry the girl—will voluntarily offer marriage. If he is overseas, he may offer his name, and promise the girl marriage on his return. Meantime, the girl, taking the married name, resumes her job, boarding the baby. From overseas, the father contributes; and the three wait for the war's end."

Miss Kempshall said that every pregnant woman should be warned that, according to the highest medical authorities, there is no drug which will cause abortion, and that there is grave risk of permanent injury and even death in using the nostrums made and sold secretly for this supposed purpose. Castor oil, quinine and other "powerful" drugs merely produce nausea and vomiting without interrupting early pregnancy, while some of the patent medicines sold for the purpose of causing an abortion contain ingredients which act with such violence that hemorrhages in the intestines and kidneys sometimes ensue.

I asked Miss Kempshall if the pregnant girl can usually be persuaded to give up her plan for an abortion.

"If shown another way out, yes," she said. "We haven't had a single case where, if the girl talked to us first, she went through with it. On the other hand, the most touching gratitude I have ever observed has come from girls whom we've held back from abortion."

Pick any congested war center today, and you will find the abortionist fattening on women's desperation. In hectic, youth-packed Washington, D. C., the abortion racket is alarming officialdom, the police and the public. Doctor Beatrice Bishop Berle, wife of the Assistant Secretary of State and a member of the medical staff of Gallinger Hospital, declared a few months ago that abortions accounted for 24 per cent of all maternal deaths in the District of Columbia in the past few years.

At police headquarters in Washington, the abortionist file now lists 75 men and women—among them the notorious Edna Gray, a deaf, almost blind, unsanitary old Negress who has been many times arrested, twice convicted, has served two prison terms, and who was indicted again last September on new charges of aborting two white girls.

According to Captain Milliken, head of the Women's Bureau of the Police Department, Edna Gray has for some time been perforating abortions by touch, by blind groping.

Let us contrast briefly one or two frightened young single women who chose the motherhood road, with some who chose Edna Gray.

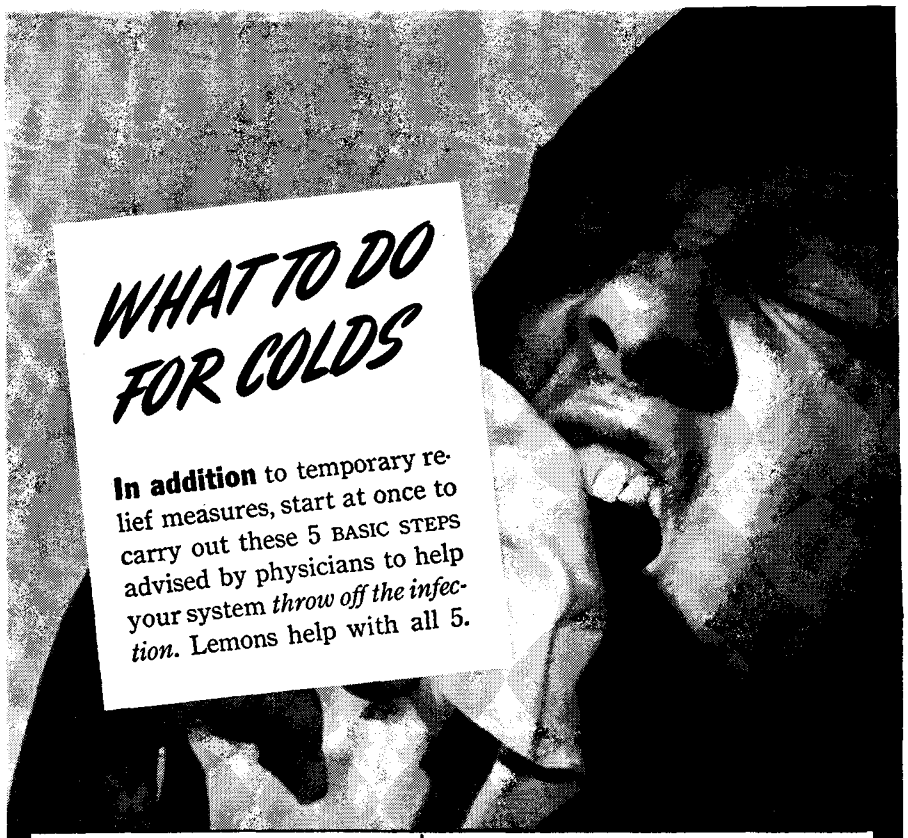
A Life That Was Saved

Helen, a strictly reared New England girl, met in Washington, D. C., a soldier on leave from his Virginia camp—a boy of good family. He showered her with attentions, and she fell in love with him.

Later the girl found herself pregnant. The boy had returned to his camp in Virginia and had ceased answering her letters. The girl was desperate. To spare her family disgrace, she made an appointment with an abortionist, but a chum implored her to consult a federal medical clinic first. Here the woman physician heading the clinic persuaded Helen to give up the idea of an abortion. Helen's supervisor was confided in, and proved very co-operative. Helen went on working.

Meantime, the medical clinic, at Helen's request, informed the young man. He offered to marry Helen so as to legitimatize the child—on condition that she would promise to grant him a divorce after the war. He wasn't sure he wished the marriage to be permanent. Helen agreed to this. They were married, and he returned to camp. She is soon going home to New England to have her baby. He will get leave, just before he goes overseas, and will show up there as her husband. But he promises no more. The girl loves him and hopes to hold him. In any case, she and her child have been saved from the abortionist's butchery.

Rose, a girl of plainer background, was made pregnant by an irresponsible young soldier with whom she had been living as


WHAT TO DO FOR COLDS

In addition to temporary relief measures, start at once to carry out these 5 BASIC STEPS advised by physicians to help your system *throw off the infection.* Lemons help with all 5.

5 BASIC STEPS advised by physicians	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1. **Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.**	Fresh lemon juice is one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue.* It is also a primary *anti-infection* vitamin.
2. **Keep elimination regular.**	Lemon and soda (lemon juice with water and baking soda) is mildly laxative for most people. Gives gentle, natural aid.
3. **Alkalinize your system.**	Lemon and soda forms sodium citrate, excellent to offset acid condition which often accompanies a cold.
4. **Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.**	Lemon drinks are favorites.
5. **Keep warm; avoid further chill.**	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.
If cold does not respond, see your doctor.	

HOW TO USE LEMONS FOR COLDS

Make Lemon and Soda

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours. If away from home, have nearest fountain mix one for you.

To induce perspiration . . . take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Then – continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while cold lasts.

SODA

To make Lemon & Soda *pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.*

Lemon and Soda forms natural sodium citrate, plus vitamins. Gives all benefits of fresh lemon juice plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Lemons provide anti-infection vitamin C; they alkalinize; they aid elimination–3 factors that help you keep up to par. Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily for health. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

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LOONEY LARCENY

LOCALE	THEFT
London Y.M.C.A.	The Duke of Kent's signature in the visitors' book
Oakland, Calif., street	A 28-year-old roadster
East St. Louis street	A fire hydrant
Denver greenhouse	50 orchids
Chicago dental office	A tank of laughing gas

W. E. Farbstein

his common-law wife. He had been promising to marry her. But when she told him of her pregnancy, he said he would not. Instead he located a "nice, cheap abortionist" and made an appointment for her. Their landlady, hearing her weeping, inquired and sent her to the medical service in time.

Since the soldier had been passing her off for many months as his common-law wife, Rose could and did obtain a wife's allotment. Thus encouraged, she decided to bear the child. Her whole office had known of her pregnancy, and her office associates, including her woman boss, had been kind. They liked Rose, were sorry, and wanted to help. When the baby was about due, the office gave Rose a sick leave with pay, and she bore a fine son. She knew it was best for the child to be placed for adoption; so she gave him up. Now she has returned to her job and is gradually emerging from the experience.

From the Official Records

And now—a contrasting picture, obtained from cold, impersonal court hearings and records regarding a 17-year-old girl who went to Edna Gray instead. We will call the girl Margaret, though the court record bears another name, and the boy we will call Bill. Having made Margaret pregnant, Bill insisted on an abortion by the colored woman. Frightened, confused, ill, the girl consented.

In court she testified: "He took me to her place and she said that what she intended to do would not hurt me much. Then Bill handed the colored woman some money. It appeared to be $37. She made me lie down on a bed." (The operation was described.) "Bill came in and asked me how I felt. I said, 'Not so good.' He stayed with me that night. I was unable to sleep."

Next noon, the colored woman visited Margaret and repeated the operation, as it had been unsuccessful. The girl's testimony continues: "He took me to a hotel and registered us. I got into bed. He started fussing about all the money he had to spend on me. He said the next girl he went with would have to take care of herself. I got chilled that afternoon and worse, and he called Edna Gray who visited me, giving me quinine and other medicine. She kept giving me medicine. She left.

"The next morning he told me that, because I had moaned all night, it was necessary for us to leave the hotel, and that he had arranged with Edna Gray for me to go to her place again. We went. I suffered terribly all night." (The next morning, the old Negress finally completed the operation with her bare hands.) "I rested several hours. Then I got up, and he got me dark glasses because my eyes were so far back in my head, and we went home. After that, Mother and I reported this matter to the police. Later I identified Edna Gray, who told the police she had never seen me before."

Doctor John Parks, Chief Medical Officer of Obstetrics and Gynecology of Gallinger Hospital, Washington, D. C., said that sometimes girls infected from an abortion are brought into the hospital, screaming. "And some of them die here," he added. "We notice this—that they are being brought here in worse and worse condition. Apparently women are going to worse and worse abortionists. We had only one death here last year. This year we've had a lot more. These women simply couldn't be saved. About one third of our four thousand 1943 abortion cases show infection; and one third of the women have admitted some form of interference. That is, they either tried to produce an abortion themselves, or went to an abortionist. They were brought here with high fever, peritonitis, rupture of the womb."

Sometimes the crippling aftereffects are lasting. Female organs may never return to normal, and the mental shock of a criminal abortion is serious, even if uncomplicated by any physical injuries.

What is the solution, if any, of the current nation-wide abortion racket? Not, as some propose, legalizing wholesale abortion. This is disastrous, as the Russians discovered. In 1920, Russia removed legal restrictions on abortion. In a few years huge abortaria sprang up in the big cities, and Russian women flocked to them. In Moscow alone, there were 130,000 abortions in 1935.

All these operations were legal. They were performed by experts under sanitary conditions; so the death rate was low. But the rate of pelvic disorders, miscarriages and sterility among these aborted women was appalling. More than forty-three per cent had pelvic disorders of some sort after the abortions. Alarmed, Russia terminated the costly experiments in 1936 by a law forbidding all induced abortions except the very few deemed by a board of physicians to be medically necessary.

The whole intricate problem must be approached from innumerable directions—by parents, educators, youth leaders, family physicians and religious advisers; by government—city, state and national; by social welfare agencies; by enlightened employers from coast to coast; above all, by society, by families and friends of the hard-pressed girls and women apt to be tempted to seek an abortion.

A Need for Education

Certainly one answer, for married women who work and who are tempted to have criminal abortions in order to hold desperately needed jobs, is thorough, countrywide contraceptive education—the spacing of babies, so that the mother can have her child when best equipped to bear it and maintain it. And for all—American women who work, of all races and creeds, there should be provided, immediately, some form of federal maternity insurance including prenatal care during pregnancy, full maternity leave with pay, postnatal care, and free day nurseries for small children of working mothers.

If working wives knew they could not be fired for pregnancy, but would, instead, receive extra care and benefits, the abortion mills near our war plants would largely disappear. These two measures combined—contraceptive instruction together with full maternity insurance—were the solution Russia found and perfected in her long dark road out of her frightening legalized-abortion experiment.

In most sections of the United States today, birth-control information may be freely given by physicians and clinics. In a few states, such as Massachusetts and Connecticut, dissemination of contraceptive information is still illegal.

THE END

Convoy Away!

Continued from page 23

would have a bad time of it at that conference. They're talking of a shipment of Elegant to January—something or other to some such place. You'll hear a lot about such commodities and places as Tango and Rumba, Little Joe and Dark and Handsome, Zoot Suit and Groove, Sweet Sue and Mamma. It all means something—but not to you.

Conway, Goodman and Bishop move in. The phone rings, and Bishop takes it. He doesn't say much except "Yep . . . Yep. Can do . . . Okay"—and very little of that. The other end of the line hasn't wasted any words, either. After all, it's only a minor chore. Fighter planes are needed at Kitty and they've got to be at Kitty by Nonesuch. Bishop who, they say, could load a ship with loose projectiles and uncrated eggs and not lose an egg, gets on another phone, double-talks to somebody, says "Okay," hangs up and bends back toward Darcy. Those planes will be at Kitty by Nonesuch.

Easy? Well, yes—to these guys. All it means is that several cargoes will have to be shifted from this ship to that, several railroads will have to unload and reload about fifty cars, several parts plants and depots will have to revise tomorrow's schedules. But everything will be all right.

Computing Tomorrow's Cargoes

It's long after sunset. Those ships we saw in the bay have gone. Inbound merchantmen and tankers, riding high with half-empty holds, have filtered in. They've tied up to docks from Tottenville on Staten Island or Hoboken and Weehawken on the Jersey shore, from Bay Ridge and Gowanus in Brooklyn to Manhattan's toothy river fronts. Within four or five hours, these men of Conway's will have weighed and measured millions of tons of tomorrow's cargo. And it will be errorless computation down to the last cartridge and K-ration.

Conway's telephone rings. The government of Brazil needs 1,822 tons of steel—Lend-Lease. Conway doesn't know what Brazil wants it for, and nobody could possibly care less. He merely says that the steel's coming up, or words to that effect, and passes the information along to somebody down the corridor. In an hour, he receives neatly typewritten intelligence that a steel company is on the job, that the order has been placed in the name of the Brazilian Purchasing Commission, that Cargo Control has issued a forwarding authorization to the Treasury's Transport Division, that the Army Quartermaster has signed all the many necessary papers making it simple for the Treasury to tell the proper railroads to speed 1,822 tons of steel to Snowball after which Castor Oil will be on its way to Crutch on Infidel by Lollipop.

Your onlooker senses may be reeling, but that's just the beginning. Here come complications. Not that they last long. The steel company is so busy with Nosebag for delivery to Jehoshaphat by King Tut that Brazil can't get its steel for delivery by Lollipop. See? But the Chinese have a small stock pile of steel which isn't to be delivered until Lemonade. Therefore, the stuff is snaked out of the Chinese stock pile.

Soon thereafter, Conway learns that WPB, Lend-Lease, the Army, the Treasury and several other agencies are deep in the bookkeeping which will make everything okay. In no time, the Treasury Department has issued a certificate empowering Cargo Control, New York, War Shipping Administration to go ahead.

Our three big Lend-Lease customers—Britain, Russia and China—have their own shipping agencies in their own missions here. These agencies look after most of their own details, leaving Conway and his men nothing to do but stow the stuff into holds. For the others—the Dutch, South Americans, Australians, Spanish, Portuguese and so on—Cargo Control does about everything but foot the bill.

Occasionally (and certainly it is not the fault of Conway's men) things get lost somewhere between the manufacturer and the port of departure. That's where the Transit Inventory Division of the War Shipping Administration takes a hand. TID keeps an hour-by-hour checkup on Lend-Lease from, so to speak, the maker to the taker.

Thus the War Shipping Administration is never at a loss for an answer when asked what's been authorized, what's in the works, what's been shipped and where everything is at the moment. Nevertheless, TID's a tidy place, with no visible signs of agitation.

TID has never lost so much as a bolt. Once it took twenty-two weeks to find a couple of airplane engines which had got themselves lost.

Just before sailing time, the convoy skippers saunter in. They're briefed like bomber crews.

They listen, nod, shake their heads, shrug their shoulders. They say very little. They'd sail a tanker through hell and gone, and put the Devil in irons if he interfered. Some have been torpedoed once, twice, three times; and of course, some haven't come back.

The way we're setting it down, it looks all too easy, too pat. That Convoy Party that left before our awed eyes was weeks in preparation. It was worked out on paper while some of the ships we saw were rounding South Africa, plowing up the Red Sea, creeping through the Mediterranean, dodging their way to Murmansk, zigzagging across the Atlantic or churning the Pacific. Ships due to sail away again, full and down, a fortnight hence, from America to God knows where, may now be hundreds of miles at sea. Their cargoes are now on the docks of Brooklyn, of Boston, of San Francisco.

Lengthening Our Supply Lines

The first World War saw nothing like this. Then our shipping problem was merely to France and back. Now the War Shipping Administration has the 17,000-mile trip to Australia and back to worry about. Before the Mediterranean was open to us, there was that little matter of 28,000 miles to the Persian Gulf and back. Today they've got to supply our troops in the Aleutian Islands. In the Pacific, the lines of supply are getting longer and longer.

After the ship is, by all standards, full and down, you'll hear them talk of "free transportation." This free transportation is small compact stuff, light, soft stuff, that is wedged in between crates and bulkheads, between bales and the ship's sides. Millions of tons of free transportation which otherwise might have required ships of their own have thus been jimmied across the seas.

The schemes that Conway and his men have worked out to increase a ship's carrying capacity have made many ancient mariners agree that, until this war, ships were sailing the seas as empty as last night's bottle.

Cutting holes in bulkheads, for example, made it possible to carry more tanks below decks. Of course, cutting holes in bulkheads decreases emergency safety. But then, who the hell wants to be safe?

THE END

Here's when my throat says SWITCH TO...

SPUD Imperials

CORK TIPS OR PLAIN ENDS

THERE ARE TIMES when it's wise to switch to Spuds for these reasons. *Extra Safety*—none of the irritating acrolein present in most cigarette smoke. *Soothing menthol*, evenly blended by a patented process. No menthol overdoses, no sting or bite. Try Spuds, cork tips or plain ends, and see!

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., Inc.
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

WHENEVER... I HAVE A COLD

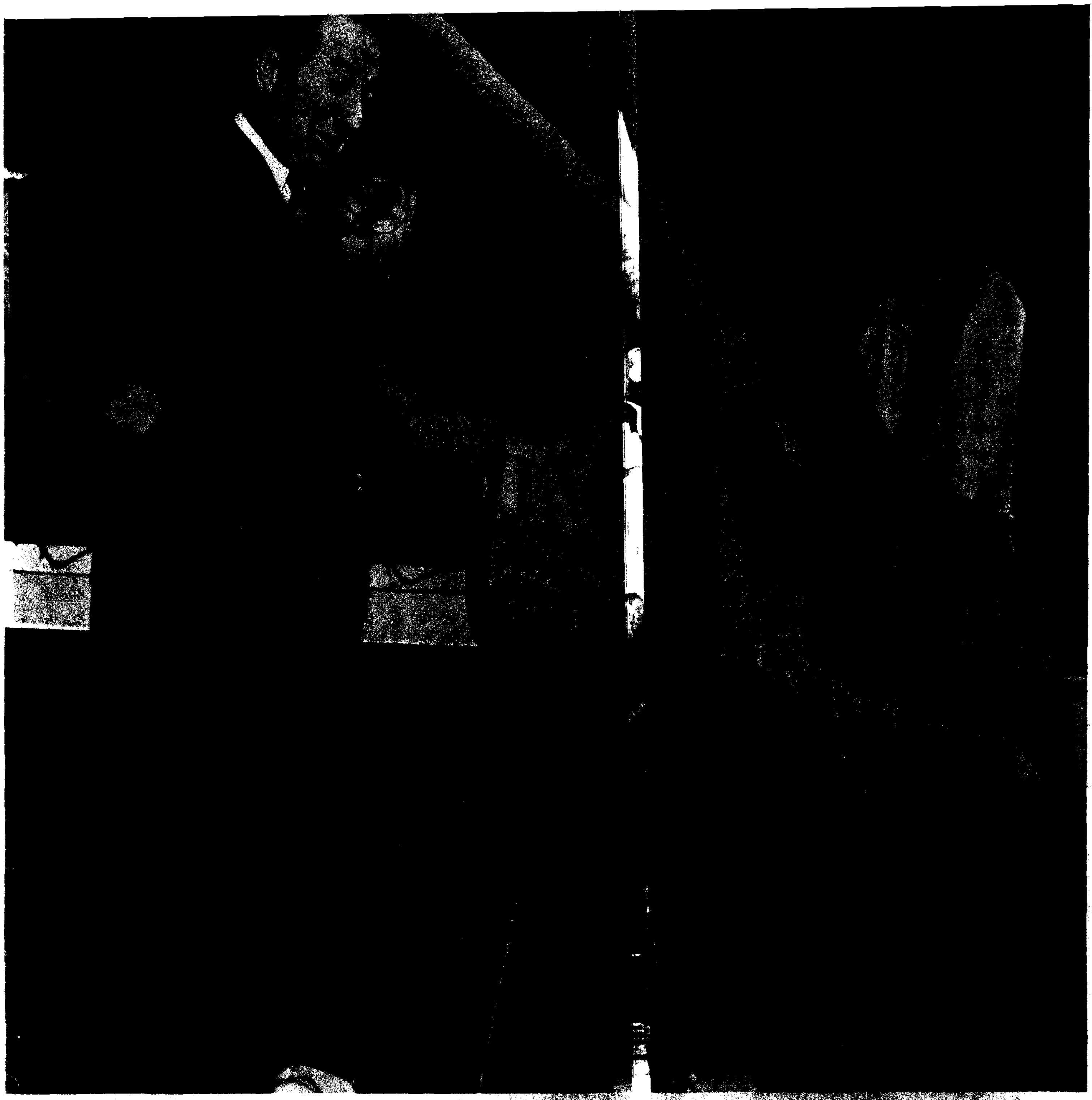
"Spuds cool menthol seems to clear my stuffy head, cuts through my cold-clogged taste and brings back real smoking pleasure!"

WHENEVER... MY THROAT IS DRY

"When my throat is dry or dull, when other cigarettes taste harsh or flat, I turn to Spuds—to refresh my throat, wake up my taste. Their soothing menthol feels kind to my throat—*invites* smoking right from the first puff."

WHENEVER... I WANT A COOLING MENTHOL BRACER

"Spuds are my pick-me-up when I want a more invigorating smoke. Their mild menthol tonic wakes me up in the morning—helps brace me up and keep me going."



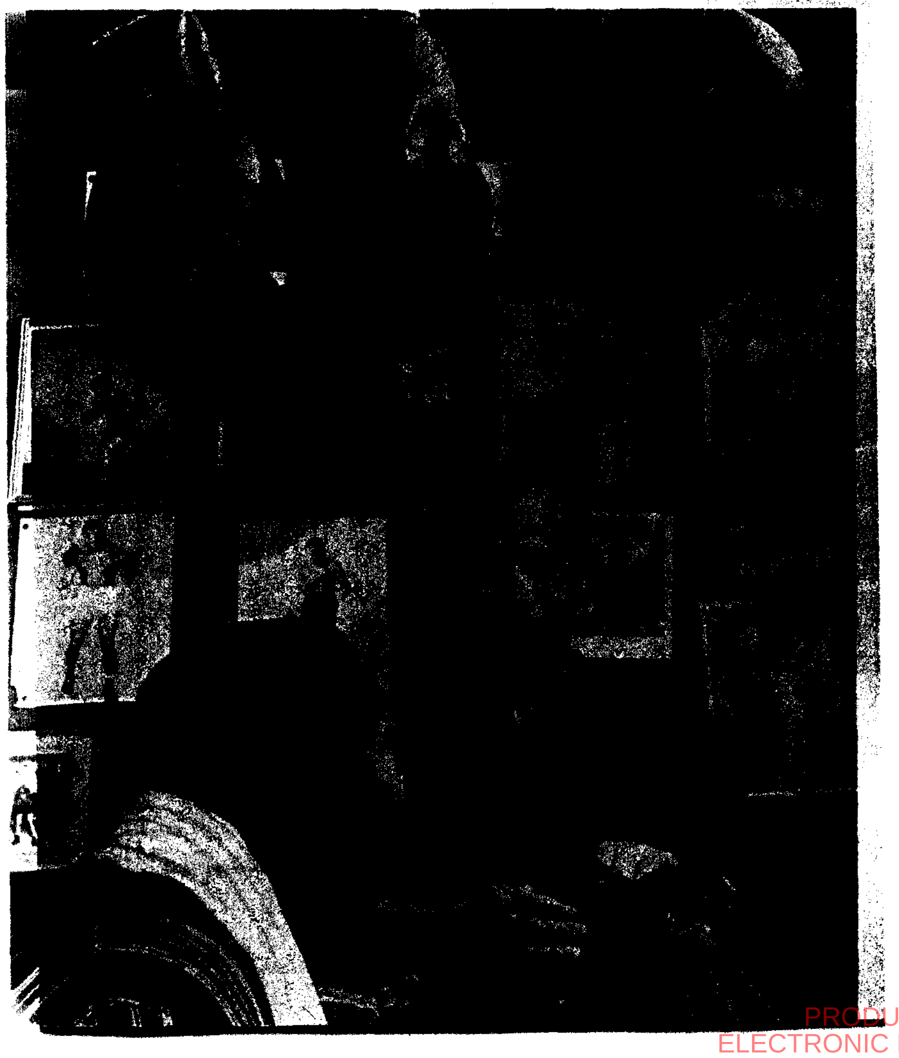
Battling Norfolk, perennial fall guy and rubber at Stillman's Gym, lets loose a fake snake for jokers Lou Stillman and welterweight Johnnie Jones

SLAUGHTER ON EIGHTH AVENUE

BY DAN PARKER

It's called Stillman's Gym. But it's more than a gym. It's a pugilistic tradition—like an uppercut or a right cross

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KARGER-PIX



In the Stillman looney bin, Freddie Glasco (right, with Jones) provides a note of diplomatic sanity

SIDNEY WALKER of Augusta, Gec gia, known in the ring as Beau Jac won the lightweight title last sprii and decided almost immediately th stuffy, smoky Stillman's Gym on Eigh Avenue where he had trained for all l winning fights at the Garden was nc beneath his dignity. So Beau hired trai ing quarters at Greenwood Lake whe Joe Louis used to hammer himself in shape.

By the peaceful lake, secluded fro Stillman's *uninhibited* jury, Beau filled l lungs with fresh air instead of tobac smoke, and really enjoyed the drudgery training for the first time. So what ha pened? So Bob Montgomery, an in-an outer from Philadelphia, boxed him diz and took his title.

Atoning for that grave tactical errc Beau returned to Stillman's to prepare f his return bout with Montgomery. Nat rally, he regained his title. He is now co vinced, as so many other fighters befo him have been, that the gloomy, grin gymnasium is lucky for him and that tl worst mistake he could make would be poison his system again with fresh air a country training camp.

If this line of reasoning sounds wack you should visit Stillman's itself. With menagerie of strange characters, its en less vaudeville show of practical joke weird sounds, exotic odors and dialect didactics, it could easily pass for the recr ation room of a filbert foundry.

Focal figure of all the zany happenin at this slug-nutty establishment is a hug scar-faced colored fighter known as Ba tling Norfolk, who billows out in the mi section like a pickle barrel and is as broa of beam as a coal barge. Battling Norfo is employed as a rubber but his official jo seems to be only a cover-up for his re duties as the perennial fall guy for tl practical jokes of Stillman's patrons.

The Man of a Thousand Fears

Battling Norfolk's every step is tak with the fear that he will plant one of l large Airedales on a rattlesnake. He constantly looking over his shoulder ward off a hotfoot or a shower of wate He picks up the telephone timidly ev *since the day it* was rigged up with an e plosive charge that was detonated when l lifted the receiver off the hook.

Once, when lured into a semidark roo where a skeleton had been laid out on tl floor he fainted dead away. Regainii consciousness, he saw the skeleton agai gave a piercing yell and bolted for a spir stairway up which he dragged himself l his arms when his legs refused to wor

Until the Immigration Bureau deport Beezy Thomas, Battling Norfolk had good running mate. Beezy, a native of tl Belgian Congo, came here in the 192 and had some success in the ring. Ho ever, he was more famous as Tony Ca zoneri's mascot than as a fighter. He perform African jungle mumbo-jumb rites over Tony before every fight. Stillman's, Beezy was the bootblack.

"Beezy is no dope," explains Jack Cu ley, who manages the gym. "In fact, he quite languid. The kid speaks five differe lingos, already."

Maxie Rosenbloom, a good trenche man, always donned a heavy feed ba after a hard workout, and it was his cu tom to have his trainer call up his f vorite restaurant. One day, Doyle order a steak for him, and the headwaiter ask how Maxie wanted it cooked.

"Tell him to have it well to do," shout Maxie from the rubbing table, "with a sid dish of sparrowgrass and holiday sauce

Two punches stand out in Lou Sti man's memory as the hardest delivered his sock salon. One was thrown by green young light heavyweight nam Paul Berlenbach.

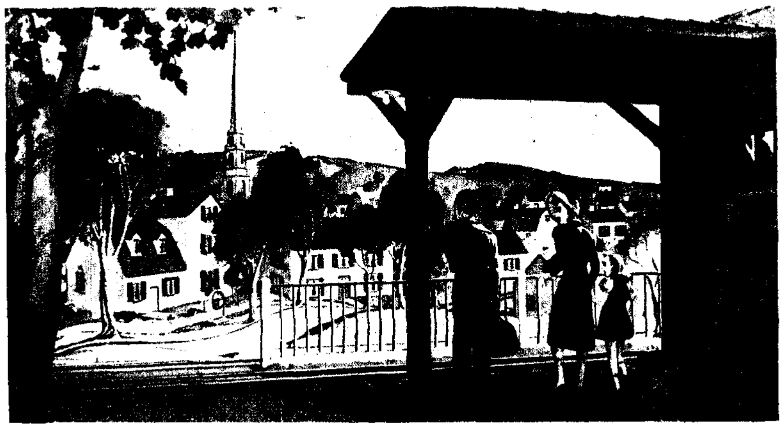
(Continued on page 56)

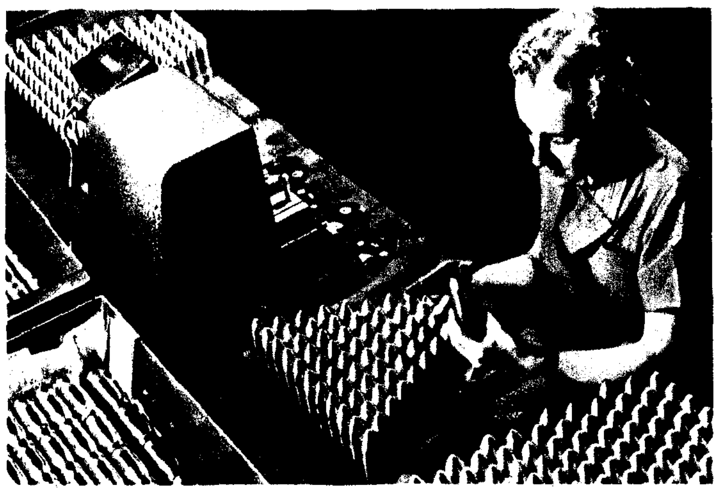
Westinghouse and your private life . . .

One of our peacetime goals is to be as big a part of your life as possible. Before we went 100% into war production, there were Westinghouse products which would heat your water, cook your meals, preserve your food, light and clean your house, help keep you warm in winter and cool in summer, wash your clothes, help take you to work and bring you home. Each time you did any one of a hundred simple things such as snapping on the radio or going to a movie—we helped with that, too.

Westinghouse and your home town...

Another of our peacetime aims is to help make your town a better place to live in. Well-lighted streets, plenty of steady power for homes and stores and factories, better transportation—these are a few of the dozens of ways in which electricity and Westinghouse can help a city.





Westinghouse and your Country . . .

By combining thousands of skills that in the past have let us contribute to your comfort and your town's progress, we have been able to develop many new weapons that are making a major contribution to our country in war. We have increased our production of vital war materials month by month until thousands of Westinghouse products now are fighting in every battle and on every front. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. Plants in 25 cities, offices everywhere.

In any event wire Flowers
Get Well Quick John

If someone you know is ill —wire flowers! Your thoughtfulness may help more than medicine. In fact, no matter what the occasion may be flowers say things for you in a way people never forget. Flowers boost morale too, so—

In Any Event Wire Flowers.

Through pooling delivery facilities, FTD Florists are conserving manpower, gasoline and rubber. Because of this, flowers can still be delivered.

In any event wire Flowers

This SEAL is your Guarantee of Quality and Dependability

This FTD Seal is your assurance that when you send flowers by wire you'll get full value because all FTD members are bonded for your protection. All florists are not FTD Florists, so always look for the FTD Seal on the window. Write Direct to Headquarters.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

484 E. Grand Blvd. • Detroit, Michigan

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Song in Her Heart

Continued from page 26

further study; who so impressed Powel Crosley, Jr., owner of a Cincinnati radio station, at a party, that he put her on twenty-two programs a week, despite her lack of experience; and who not only attained immediate Broadway stardom, but retained her rank for more than ten years as one of the biggest money-earners in the business.

Jane Froman's savings have been an excellent cushion against the fantastic cost of keeping her in one piece. The USO Camp Shows, Inc., allowed her the maximum insurance, $3,600, but to date, partial recovery has cost almost $100,000, and another $50,000 will be spent before the job is finished. "But who else makes five thousand dollars a week in a wheel chair?" she asks with a laugh.

Doctors and her husband, Don Ross, whom she married twelve years ago when he was a radio script writer in Chicago, were quick to recognize the remedial values of her comeback scheme last summer, even though she was flat on her back while confessing it. Ross, now a cosmetics manufacturer, conferred with Lou Walters, owner of the night club, The Latin Quarter, and went to work on the production of Artists and Models. Ross wrote most of the sketches and devised tricks for getting Jane on stage and off without revealing the fact that she could neither walk, stand nor use her right arm properly.

The Show Must Go On

And then came the lyric writers, arrangers and—most blessed of all—the costumers, for nobody can deny the therapeutic value of new clothes to a woman with a headache, a baby or worse. The panic was on, and so was the show. Jane was shipped to Boston on a stretcher for the tryout opening. A couple of butter-fingered goons spilled her as they lifted the stretcher through the train window at Boston. The plaster cast was torn from her right leg, on which she has had thirteen operations to date, but she laughed off the agony as hastily summoned doctors made readjustment.

On the afternoon of the opening day, they had to tell her that her stepfather, who had raised her as his own child, had died suddenly in the Middle West, but she opened the show on schedule.

With a nurse constantly at her side, a maid for dressing and Ross to pick her up and put her in place now and then, she emerged from the ordeal with all the zest and glow of a successful prima donna.

Two days after the Broadway opening, the big clamor for her services began. There was a contract to make a picture for M-G-M. Would she consider a radio series, seven programs a week for a flat $7,000? Could she do spot programs between stage appearances? The night clubs needed talent. The owners of the Riobamba appeared with a legal action, demanding that she fulfill the contract terminated when she left for Portugal. The pound of flesh amounted to ten days of singing, and they wanted it. Her doctors told them where to go and get it.

"Ah, but it was very gratifying," Janie sighed, "to hear them battling over me again. I could make a fortune in taxes for the government, but my husband and the doctors won't let me."

After Artists and Models closed, Jane went back to the hospital for more operations. Then in February, she is scheduled to go to Hollywood. But in the meantime? She's planning some radio work—and perhaps a few personal appearances.

For, as Jane says, "I don't want a dull moment."

The End

The Week's Work

IFOR THO

Freling Foster

SOMETIMES, when we read a more than usually unusual item in Freling Foster's column, Keep Up with the World (see p. 6), we feel like saying, "I can't believe that." But we know it's no use. Mr. Foster would only give us the advice that the Red Queen gave Alice in Wonderland when she couldn't believe something unbelievable. "Can't you?" said the Queen. "Try again. Shut your eyes and draw a long breath."

For Mr. Foster, after publishing 13 years' worth of remarkable facts, still is one of the rightest men in the world. Each item for the column is carefully checked, first by Mr. Foster and his staff of three, then by an appropriate outside authority, and finally by his severest critics, the readers. These severest critics are also best friends, for reader surveys show that 75 per cent of Collier's almost three million readers read Foster regularly.

Since its beginning in the February 7, 1931, issue of Collier's, Keep Up with the World has received more than 2,800,000 contributions, besides some 65,000 inquiries from people who want more information about certain items. Contributions have come from 97 foreign countries. For those accepted, Collier's has paid more than $13,000.

Mr. Foster says that of all the ideas he considers weekly, at least 25 per cent are found to be without any basis whatever in fact, and more than 60 per cent are partly wrong. Each published item represents about 12 man-hours of work, for finding, checking and writing. Roughly ten per cent of the items are planned; that is, they grow out of compilations of information on selected subjects. Probably the longest time ever devoted to one item of this kind was six months. It took that long for Foster's staff to collect photographs of people at meals in more than 100 countries. The resulting 30-word item read: "Of all the people in the world today, only one third eat with a knife and fork; another third use chopsticks; and the remaining third still eat with their fingers."

A single fact—that the Pacific end of the Panama Canal is east of the Atlantic end—appears in Foster's mail about fifteen times each week, and has been sent in, altogether, 10,000 times. We never print it, figuring that if 10,000 people know it's not news.

NORMA BICKNELL MANSFIEL is known as one of the smartest ga deners (vegetable or flower) in her Seat neighborhood. She's a fine horsewoma hates to let many days pass without ridir She's a good hand on a camping trip, tc being a tireless hiker and an expert fish man. Her husband, Robert S., a teach at the University of Washington, says thinks all these are fine accomplishme for a woman, but he marvels at how s finds time to attend to the upbringing their two sons. Which leaves us wond ing at just what moment in her crowd schedule she sits down to produce the f tion we buy from her. Anyway, ther another Mansfield on p. 43, and mc coming up.

EVERY time we plan an article wi Vera Connolly, we can expect o spoken pro and con letters from the rea ers. For Miss Connolly is skilled at inves gating the social problems about whi people feel violently (see Death befc Birth, p. 11). Her article some mont ago on child labor stirred up controver in a dozen states and in Canada, and still is being used in legislative debates block unfavorable child labor laws. I you recall the photograph used with th article, showing a boy who had lost l left arm in a threshing machine? The bc J. Lawrence Dobbs, is getting some brea now. The State of New Jersey is buyi him an artificial arm, and is making possible for him to do what he h dreamed of—study for a career in airpla designing. . . .   A.

Vera Connolly

FREDERICK BRADLEY

Norma Bicknell Mansfield

No Separate Peace

Continued from page 29

would like to offer a soldier?" Mrs. Glidden asked gently.

Mrs. Cory's fingers were still for a moment. Then she reached for the scissors and cut off her gauze and the beginning of an emotion with one snip. "My house is very small," she answered quietly.

And so is my heart, she wryly thought, in her new isolation. It is a small, shriveled thing in my breast, without blood, without tears, a kernel without seed in it any more, so withered it almost rattles between my ribs. I wonder Mrs. Glidden can't see it for herself.

Perhaps Mrs. Glidden did. Mrs. Glidden said, in a tone as cool as Mrs. Cory's own, "My dear, when you have come to the very bottom, there's nowhere to go but the long hard climb up. To kick away the first rungs is only nature, perhaps. But it just makes it harder." And then, to Mrs. Cory's infinite relief, she got up and went away.

Mrs. Cory decided not to go to the Red Cross workrooms any more. This would be her last day here. She was not going to let them get her stirred up. She was not going to be invaded again by personal feeling, however faint, that might start into shuddering echo, once more, the terrible gong of grief. She had made her peace and she would keep it. Though it cost her the good will of neighbors, that, too, she would add in appeasement.

She would finish the task on the table before her; it took her the rest of the short afternoon. When she turned in at her gate, head bent against the autumnal winds, it was blue dusk. She pushed open the gate, tilting her hat down to counter the buffeting gale, her mind on the imminent small solace of a cup of tea by her fireside, so that she almost bumped into the big sailor on her doorstep.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," he said hastily. "I was just ringing. This *is* the house, isn't it? I mean, are you Mrs. Cory?" He consulted for corroboration a slip of paper in the palm of his hamlike hand.

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Cory," she admitted, getting out her key.

He smiled broad relief. "That's swell," he said. "It's good of you to take me in."

She lifted her head too quickly, defensively, and the light went out of his face. "It was the USO sent me," he said stiffly. "They said you had a room."

In the dusk, she met his eyes, blue like Mrs. Glidden's, but not sorry, not asking, just level, ready to give as good as he got. He couldn't know Dion was dead. It was suddenly bracing, like a dash of cold water in the face, to look deep into eyes that didn't know Dion was dead.

"Why, yes, I've a room," she said briskly, and, flinging open the door, went ahead of him into the chill and empty house.

He followed her, waiting just inside the door he closed behind him, and when she turned from snapping on the low lamps that set the pretty room to blooming with light, she saw him looking around him, turning his white cotton cap in his hands, in his face pleasure as glowing as the soft surprise from the lamps.

"It sure is nice here," he said. "This sure is a beautiful home."

Mrs. Cory had to smile. "It's very simple," she remarked. She opened a panel in her secretary, her heart hardening toward Mrs. Glidden for such highhandedness, and got out a key. "I'll show you the room," she said, with no color in her tone.

When she had unlocked the door, she held it open for him, not looking in. "The bed must be made up fresh," she said evenly. "I'll get sheets. There are towels there, I think."

She turned away abruptly from the dusky interior, letting the stranger in blues find the light switch for himself, while she fought down a sudden wave of mingled rage and grief that flowed like blood from an opened wound. How dared Mrs. Glidden!

SHE came back with the sheets into Dion's room, into the smiling, half-presence of Dion himself, for the glowing book-lined walls spoke out his name, the crossed fencing swords cried of him, the pictures, the Indian rugs, the faint odor of good tobacco and leather were, unbearably, almost Dion.

And in the middle of all of it loomed the hulking sailor, turning his cap in huge, clumsy hands. Commanding the angry grief in her heart, like a dog, to lie down, Mrs. Cory went to the bed and drew back the coverlet.

"Here," he said, "I can do that." He took the sheets out of her arms with brisk confidence. "Better'n you can, maybe. Navy style—and that's style." A large hairy hand deftly stripped off the sheets in which Dion had laid. "This your son's room, lady? It's sure swell. He in the Service?"

She did not answer, and over his shoulder, he glanced up into her face. He straightened and saw now, under the open coat she had not removed, the pin with the one gold star on it. A helpless look filled his big, seasoned, ignorant young face; he reached for her hand as though he needed it and, lifting it, put a kiss, unexpected to them both, on the inside of her wrist.

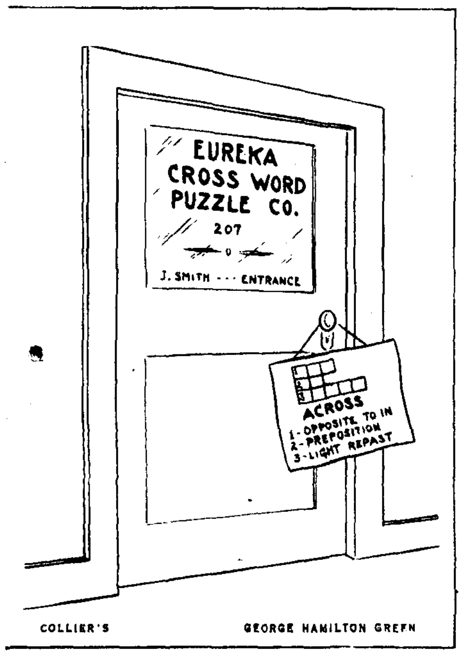
Mrs. Cory fled. She never saw him again. She lay on the bed in her dark room, fighting the ice floe behind her cracked-up reserve, and presently heard the front door open and softly close. When she went to bed that evening, she left the door on the latch for her guest, and when she got up in the morning, he was already gone.

Dion's bed was stripped to the mattress, the sheets neatly folded, and pinned to the bare pillow was a piece of lined paper that said in unpracticed writing, "I thank you very mutch. I will remember you both."

Mrs. Cory steeled her heart. She went to the phone, rang the USO and inquired whether her name had been put on the list of those who offered a room to servicemen.

"Why, yes," said the cordial voice at the other end of the wire. "Mrs. Glidden put it down yesterday. So nice of you! We're very much obliged."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Cory and hung



COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

8 foxy ways to make shirts wear longer

(GOOD STUFF TO KNOW – ESPECIALLY IN WARTIME!)

1. When sleeves are too long, cuffs get rubbed to death on chairs and desks. Take a tuck in extra-long sleeves.

2. If your cuffs *do* fray, ask your Mrs. to snip off the frayed edge, turn under the *new* edge, and sew it back up. Reverse French cuffs.

3. If your collar frazzles, have it turned. This is very practical, but requires lots of know-how with the needle.

4. Biggest favor you can do for collars is to turn 'em *up* before laundering. This keeps the top edge from being scrubbed too hard.

5. Shirts die in the flower of their youth if you overstarch or overbleach 'em. Use *no* starch on non-wilt collars, *no* bleaching on colored shirts.

6. If a shirt's extra-dirty, soak it overnight. Shirts like 3 hot rinses, and an iron that's *not* too hot.

7. A shirt that shrinks is hopeless. Always buy "Sanforized"-labeled shirts—they won't shrink even 1%. (Arrows are "Sanforized.")

8. When your shirts finally breathe their last, clip off the buttons for spares, and use the fabric for aprons, etc.

☆

• THESE DAYS, it's patriotic to make *everything* last as long as you can. This saves materials and manpower, and gives you more money to put into War Bonds.

•

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

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ARROW SHIRTS TIES · UNDERWEAR HANDKERCHIEFS

FROM THE HEART OF CALIFORNIA

I speak for ROMA

WINES true to type, faithful in flavor, sound of character, reasonable in cost ... America's largest-selling wines.

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ROMA
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CALIFORNIA
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Naturally fermented grape wine
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ROMA WINE COMPANY, FRESNO, CAL.

Roma offers
a wide choice of
APPETIZER WINES
DESSERT WINES
TABLE WINES
(Serve Chilled)
●
Before you buy wine
—buy War Bonds

ROMA WINES

TUNE IN to the Roma Wine Show. On your local Columbia Station every Thursday night (Monday night on the Pacific Coast). Stars of stage, screen and radio. See your local paper for station and time. Roma Wine Company...Fresno..Lodi..Healdsburg,Cal.

up. Her small ivory face between the dark wings of hair was set.

You could do what you ought to do, she told herself hardly, without being sentimental about it. She didn't intend, certainly, to give Mrs. Glidden satisfaction by displaying either resentment or submission. But in order to register her complete indifference, it was necessary for Mrs. Cory to appear again at the Red Cross, so she went as usual that afternoon. Mrs. Glidden did not take the empty chair next to her. Mrs. Glidden, talking cheerfully at the other end of the table, did not so much as glance in her direction.

THAT was a Saturday, and while she was getting her solitary dinner the doorbell rang. There were two Marines on the steps when she opened—very young, very tough and very embarrassed. They had had a few beers already, she perceived, and had slipped the leash for a week end. Two was too many of them, they admitted, both talking at once in their awkwardness, but the USO had run out of rooms, and if the bed wasn't too small, they hoped she'd let them share it. They had got inside the hall, as they urged her, and filled it with their eagerness, their young virility, their politely suppressed hilarity, and a kind of impudent pleading. Mrs. Cory shrugged, smiled in spite of herself, and let the Marines take over.

In the night she woke, hearing them come in from their larking; though they were lowering their voices to a whisper, their rough male laughter kept breaking through. Lying there in the dark, Mrs. Cory felt no annoyance. Let them laugh while they can, O Lord! she thought tiredly. Let them love life while they have it. But their smothered, careless mirth conquered her sorrow; she found she was smiling; she was resting her aching heart on the gaiety of those wild, wiry striplings. So resting, she slept. In the morning, she got up softly and, moving softly about her kitchen, made blueberry muffins, a huge batch of them, and coffee enough to fill Dion's big cup many times over.

NEXT came an officer, a lieutenant in the artillery from Alabama. His courtesy was inescapable; you would have been a boor not to reciprocate. Mrs. Cory found herself pouring him tea. The next one, a homesick, disheartened new draftee from North Dakota, she asked to dinner because he'd been hanging around the kitchen for half an hour. Then came a Spar, so competent, deft, and disciplined a young woman that Mrs. Cory felt awe of her, an awe which spilled over enough to give her a new respect for Mrs. Glidden.

Mrs. Glidden had opened the delicate question between them with one neat surgical slice. "So nice of you to give Dion's room to the boys!" she called loudly across the table one day. "I'm sure it would please him." And left it—strangely not bleeding but neatly sutured—at that.

Mrs. Cory had come to accept the boys, to welcome them. The agony remained, of the fact that they were all the wrong boys. The one boy she wanted would never come home. She was filling the time, killing the time, till she could go over the brink of death after him.

Then the Air Force gunner came. He was looking, he told her with a grave young pride, where he stood, cap in hand, on her doorstep, for some place his wife could come to, when she arrived. She would be here, he didn't know when; he guessed she might already be on her way. Trains were crowded; planes required priorities. They hadn't seen each other for seven months now, and he expected soon to be sent overseas. So she was coming, in spite of her condition. A faint cloud lay on the big blond young man's forehead.

Mrs. Cory opened the door wider. "Won't you come in?" she said, and he walked then and there into her heart.

Sergeant Benjamin Grant was Kentucky-bred; he had clear, level eyes and a smile at once gentle and reckless. He was twenty-two, and his bride was eighteen. Framed by his wallet, she lay in his palm and smiled up at Mrs. Cory fearlessly.

"She's terribly pretty," Mrs. Cory said instantly. "And so terribly young! What does her mother think of her coming?"

"She hasn't got one. She's only got me," the gunner said, and the cloud on his brow became two deep furrows. "That's why she wanted to have the baby here. It's some weeks off, I guess. That makes it all right to come, doesn't it?"

"If the doctor says so," Mrs. Cory said, and smiled warmly, to wipe off that deep young frown. "Anyway, count on me."

He stayed that night in Dion's room, having leave from the air base. All evening, he talked about Lucy, discovering to Mrs. Cory unconsciously the rocky idyl of love in a mountain cove where youth blooms as early and recklessly as April laurel.

Lucy's family were cabin folk, barefoot, proud, secretive, lawless, unforgiving. Lucy had gone to Berea College, had pulled herself out of the cove and its ignorance, and married her Ben against the will of a drunken father. Ben himself, a rolling stone from his boyhood, hadn't gathered enough moss to make any kind of nest for her.

"So you see why you're kind of a godsend," he finished simply.

And as simply, when he went, he kissed Mrs. Cory goodby. "It's going to be wonderful," he said, holding her hands in his. His face was shining. "I'll phone you as soon as I get word when Lucy will get here."

But three days later, it was another voice that phoned, calling, it explained, for Sergeant Grant. "I used to be in his squadron."

"Yes?" Mrs. Cory said, with a sudden chill of the fear that she had thought gone forever.

"He asked me to call you. He couldn't. You, see, he got orders. He's gone."

"Gone? Been transferred, you mean? Where to?"

"Well," said the grave voice apologetically, "all I can give you is an A.P.O. number, care of Postmaster, San Francisco."

Mrs. Cory wrote it down and cradled the phone, her heart sinking. That was the way they went, swiftly, mysteriously, flying out into space over seas as wide as the Pacific, into distances vaster. The doorbell rang, and mechanically she went to t
door and opened it.

There, smiling up under brown cu
stood a young girl, big with child—Lu

"Are you Mrs. Cory?" she said, h
voice running over with anticipation
joy. "They said at the USO that I was
come here. I'm Ben Grant's wife."

"Come in," Mrs. Cory said, and the l
stubborn stone damming her love ga
way, flooding her face with tenderne
"Come in, child. Welcome home, darlin

It had to be a cruel welcome. Nothi
Mrs. Cory could do or say could mu
soften the news that the lovers had miss
each other.

Lucy Grant didn't cry. She looked
Mrs. Cory steadily, with the pupils of h
gray eyes dilating till they were black a
cavernous. "I see," she said in a thin voi
and began visibly to tremble. "I think
better lie down," she said. "I'm tired."

When she had tucked Lucy up in Dio
bed, Mrs. Cory went back to her hea
where the fire had burned out and
down, thinking. You couldn't stop, af
all. You couldn't stop caring. You co
only shift your love and hope and fe
from one object to another. For, in t
moment of sympathy for the girl and h
vanished husband, Mrs. Cory could spa
none for herself. She was too ang
fiercely angry at a world that trapped
young like this, to torture them. But
was a fighting anger.

A CALL beyond Dion's door rous
her. There was fear in it, urgency a
pain. Mrs. Cory ran to answer it.

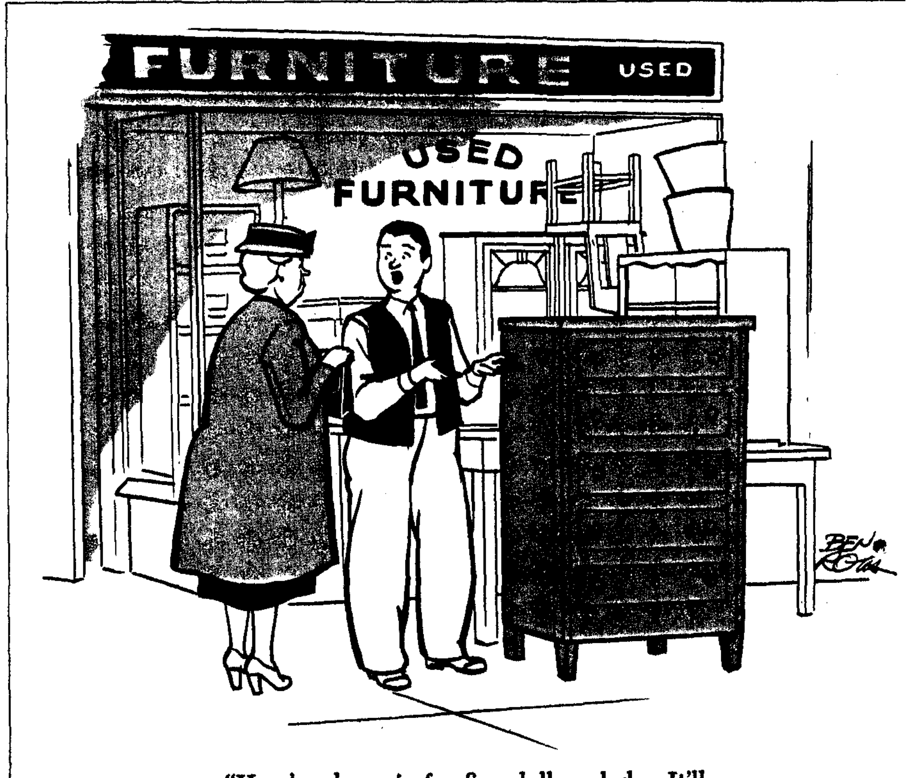
Lucy was sitting up on the bed, holdi
tight to the bedpost. "I think—this is i
she said, smiling brightly between h
clenched teeth.

This is it! The watchword of a gene
tion meeting reality, facing it gallant
seeing it through! The answer to all dou
all coward question of what we fight f
a salute to life itself.

"*This is it!*" Mrs. Cory said the wor
aloud softly to herself, at three o'clock
the morning of that long night, and look
down, smiling, into the tiny sleeping fa
of the newborn in her arms. This is t
future; this is what Dion died for.

And it seemed to her that, as if
answer to that whispered watchword,
shadowy figure rose upon those dista
beaches and charged triumphantly towa
some victory beyond all earthly surmi

THE END



"Here's a bargain for five dollars, lady. It'll keep your furnace going for two days!"

COLLIER'S

BEN ROTH

Balkan Time Bomb

Continued from page 13

merely political. Racial differences arise. In an area roughly equal to that of the state of Oregon are included Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, Magyars, Turks and Macedonians, Bulgars, Albanians and Rumanians, with a few Germans added for bad measure. Roughly, half the 15,700,000 people are of the Greek Orthodox faith, and most of the remainder are Roman Catholics.

The Soviet alliance with the anti-Fascist elements in Belgrade was a farsighted move on the Russians' part. Now they are clipping coupons on their investment. The most effective resistance against the Nazis comes from those who wear crudely scissored red stars sewn on their forage caps, salute with clenched fists and shout, among other things, *"Zivio drug Stalin!"*

Probably the only clear-cut political platform in the Yugoslav scene is that of Draja Mikhailovitch. He is a prolific maker of statements, and these are splattered with assertions of his loyalty to "democracy." The best clues to the general's politics, however, are embedded in his own personality and background.

A Lineage of Autocracy

First of all, he's a Serb, and the Serbs have always thought themselves the chosen people of the Balkans. They modestly admit that what Lord Gladstone once said of them is true. He described the Serbs as "a select, a noble and imperial race," and the story of Serbia is a story of a vital, bellicose minority which tried for decades to impose its will—and its king—on its neighbors.

Next to being a Serb, it's important to catalogue that Draja Mikhailovitch was born of good upper middle-class stock and that he is a professional soldier. As such, he is loyal to his church (he's Greek Orthodox) and to his king. He admittedly fights for the liberation of Yugoslavia and restoration of "constitutional monarchy."

Mikhailovitch was instrumental in overthrowing the pro-Fascist elements. Like French General Charles de Gaulle, he was the first to rise against the Nazis. He was the only element around which Great Britain could organize resistance. Besides, great powers like Britain had been accustomed, in the past, to dealing with Balkan kings and generals, rather than peasants.

The British accepted and backed Mikhailovitch. The Russians chose to deal with the common people. In the weeks preceding the German attack against Russia and for a long time after—before the extent of Soviet support of the Allied cause was appreciated—the backing of Mikhailovitch and a monarchy seemed like the only course open to the Allies.

But, as months passed, a number of significant developments occurred. Russia displayed her military power. The Soviets attained political respectability. Russian prestige rose among the Balkan people, who waited in vain for the British and Americans to come and set them free. Then, recently, Anthony Eden announced that a British military mission has been in Yugoslavia since last spring and that Britain is now giving more arms and ammunition to Tito than Mikhailovitch. Tito responded to this by saying that his Partisans had just killed 1,500 of Rommel's Nazis and that Yugoslavia would be reorganized on a 6-nation-federation basis when the war is done.

Russia had recognized Mikhailovitch's leadership, but cooled when the facts of the extent of his resistance began to leak out. He was supposed to have an army variously estimated at from 200,000 to 300,000 men. Events proved that his army at no time exceeded the strength of two divisions, perhaps 30,000 men. Russian sympathies swung to the Partisans. Tito's legions grew. He has now at least 200,000 well-organized troops in disciplined units—companies, battalions and regiments—and when the Italians collapsed, the Partisans and not the Mikhailovitch forces won the race to obtain Italian weapons. When Mikhailovitch complained that some acts of sabotage ordered by the Allied General Staff were not worth the cost of reprisals by the Nazis, his stock fell in Moscow, London and Washington.

Thus, the winner, so far, is Russia. A leader of the French resistance movement told me in Algiers that anti-Nazi activities within France are 70 per cent Communist-led. In Italy, nearly all effective resistance to the Nazis stems from Communists. In Yugoslavia, although Communists form only a minority of the anti-Nazi forces, they are undoubtedly the motivating force of the Partisan army.

Tito at the year's end attained the rank of marshal. He created an "Anti-Fascist Council of the National Liberation Movement," gave Yugoslavia a president, five vice-presidents and a presidium of forty members. He also gave the country a constitution. All this, to soothe young King Peter, was called a "temporary wartime measure." If he wins American and British recognition for his government, Mikhailovitch must be dumped overboard.

Turkey is safely in the Anglo-American camp. Greece, at the moment, is doubtful; but Yugoslavia is rapidly moving into the Soviet orbit and the pro-Russian tendencies within Bulgaria and parts of Rumania are well established. What the final pattern will be in the Balkans is entirely up to the peacemakers.

The last time, they gummed up the works by seeking only political solutions to Balkan problems and ignoring social and economic ones. Yugoslavia was an example. At the end of the last war, as for centuries before, one of Yugoslavia's chief difficulties arose out of the fact that in Croatia and Slovenia, as in other Balkan nations, the land was owned almost exclusively by the few, while the many worked it as sharecroppers in conditions of serfdom.

Feudalism in Our Times

Yugoslavia was nearly eighty per cent peasant or agrarian, and only its huge copper and bauxite deposits prevented the country from being 100 per cent peasant. Yugoslavia's peasant population, as of 1939, totaled nearly 13 millions. Of these, less than 4 millions owned more than twelve acres of land each, enough to keep a family of five. Two million were completely landless and earned their living by itinerant farming. The average income of a Yugoslav peasant family was twenty-two dollars a year, out of which taxes totaled seven dollars a year per adult, regardless of the number of children.

Poverty wasn't just a word in the Yugoslav dictionary. When foreign relief agencies gave the Dalmatian peasants cocoa, they didn't know what it was. So they used it to mix paint with which to daub their huts. Except where cattle were raised, peasants didn't know the taste of meat. Children spat out candies because they'd never known sweets.

Yugoslavia and the Balkans may be remote, but the peninsula contains nearly one third of Europe's population. If the problems of that big chunk of the world's population aren't more reasonably solved this time than last, you might just as well start getting ready for another war.

THE END

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You do less driving, and you drive more slowly. But that means less exercise for your motor: greater danger of carbon formation . . . more chance of engine wear from grit and grime.

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Purolators are the world's best safeguards against engine damage from crankcase impurities. They keep dirt and other abrasives where they belong—*away* from the motor, *inside* the filter. But unless the elements are systematically changed, they get badly clogged, become eventually useless.

Today's restrictive driving adds life to your car, but also subtracts from its vitality. The final key to conservation is to keep oil clean—constantly, completely, with Purolator protection. Purolator Products, Inc., Newark 5, New Jersey—founder and leader of the oil filter industry.

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS NOW!

Smart Goose Hunters Stay Home

By Vereen Bell

LORENE SQUI

Wariest of birds, the big Canada geese fly high and rarely come to shore to give the hunter a close-up like this

The goose hunters are back home, cured for another year of their delightful madness. The prescription: equal parts of fog, rain, chill, gnats, saw grass and rattlesnakes—and no geese

WE COULD hear the geese across the point as they fed contentedly, muttering and squonking with occasionally a full *ah-honk* from a sentinel gander.

My boatman and I wormed our way with excruciating slowness through the juncus—a tubular marsh grass miscalled saw grass, carrying a needle point that sticks in your eye just as you get ready to shoot.

Slowly I lifted my head enough to peer through it, and there floated some fifty Canadian geese. Most of them had their heads under water as they nibbled at the turtle grass on the bottom, but there are always a few alert ones. They were about seventy-five yards out from shore and gradually feeding in toward us.

The boatman was curious. He raised his head an inch too high; immediately the raft of geese arose with a thunder like wind on taut canvas. Honking agitatedly, they headed out into the bay, forming a long, wavering line, and alighted on the water a half-mile out. Wary birds, geese. I didn't tell the boatman what I thought of him at that point.

For a while, I studied the tide. It had just turned in. The geese could now feed offshore, for the water was shallow, but as the tide rose, they would have to come in with it to be able to reach bottom.

"You go on back to the skiff," I told the boatman. "I'm going to wait here until those geese come in on the tide."

He looked at me as if I had said I was going to swim out underwater and catch a couple by the legs.

"That'll be four hours!"

But I sent him on and began my wait. As the sun got hotter and removed the early morning chill, the sand gnats came. These are almost invisible Zeros that attack in hordes. I applied insect repellent. They backed off and got a new start and attacked me again. I got on the cotton gloves I had brought for the purpose, pulled my hunting-coat hood up, and went down into the evil-smelling muck with my face buried in my arms, while the gnats with some success explored my armor for openings.

Two hours passed. Occasionally I carefully raised my head and endured the pinpoint stabs of the gnats long enough to see what the geese were doing. Sure enough, they were closer. Down I went again into the fragrant muck. I think I even dozed.

The tide was now flooding, as indicated by the submerging oyster bars in the creek mouths. But I didn't need that indication, for the frigid water had crept over the marsh and I was lying in it. It soaked through the layers of clothing to my skin.

The Coming of the Skiff

Distantly I heard the hum of an outboard motor, and a skiff crept into my field of vision. I idly wondered where it could be going.

The geese were only a hundred yards from me. I could even hear the small splashes they made as they fed, or the *pum-pum-pum* as one now and then flapped his wings. In another half-hour, if I could endure the gnats and the cold water and the muck smell that much longer—and I could—they should be in certain gun range.

The drone of the outboard motor grew in my consciousness, also in the consciousness of the geese, and I suddenly saw that the skiff had turned toward my part of the shore. As the boat and its single occupant came inexorably on, the geese ceased feeding and, squonking nervously, huddled together with their heads up.

In one sickening flash, I realized that, in all this lonely coast, the man in the skiff had come the whole distance from the launch to flush these very geese—on the thousand-to-one chance that they might fly over his party of city hunters down the coast!

The geese rose in a wad. My only hope was that they would fly over me. They didn't. Neither did they fly in the direction of his hunters, small satisfaction though it was. They circled wide and left for other parts. I rose, addressed a remark of two in the direction of the departing skiff boat, and allowed the muddy ice water to trickle down the inside of my clothes into my boots. The hunting was over for the day.

And that's Florida goose hunting. For some reason, we even looked forward to it.

The first summer day with a below-ninety temperature, Bill Flowers says, "There's a touch of fall in the air," and we begin to get goose fever. Don't question our sanity—yet. All goose hunting is not like the incident related; some of it's worse.

We hope for blustery weather—wind and rain and fog. When the wind gets around out of the south, we drop everything and go. We always hope the right weather will come at a time when there aren't any other hunters on that lonely coast. Canadian geese are sensitive birds; they like solitude and tranquillity and they abandon the vicinity of the noisy hunter.

Here are some of the hazards: The sand gnats, on a warm and still day, are everywhere. Sometimes we get mosquitoes, too, but more often than mosquitoes, it's dogflies, and they're worse.

Rattlesnakes are present, too, in spite of the general dampness of the country. These are marsh-bred snakes and they even swim creeks. Emmett Mitchell came within eight inches of stepping on one last year, and the next day I met another wh disputed my share of the trail.

One of the very few compensatio about goose hunting is that it is a pret good test of friendship. A couple of yea ago, Emmett Mitchell and I went down our goose country in terrible weather meaning balmy and still. For two days v didn't get a shot. On the third day we toc our favorite stand on a point and all mor ing we watched the dark spots that we geese serenely feeding offshore.

Prescriptions for Boredom

We had long since run out of conve sation, so we just lay there in the salt-wat bushes and fed the sand gnats. We ha tired of matching pennies, of playing tic tacktoe in the sand, and of playing roc and scissors. Even the occasional flights ducks ceased to be entertaining. Once w hopefully watched a big drove of gee moving, but they settled far up the coas Emmett got his binoculars and watche them, for lack of anything better to do.

Presently he said, "Those geese are fee ing in toward the shore."

He sat on my shoulders, and by pu ting our two pairs of binoculars togeth —the geese were that far away—he wa able to observe their movements. "They' going into the mouth of a creek," he sai "What say we go after them?"

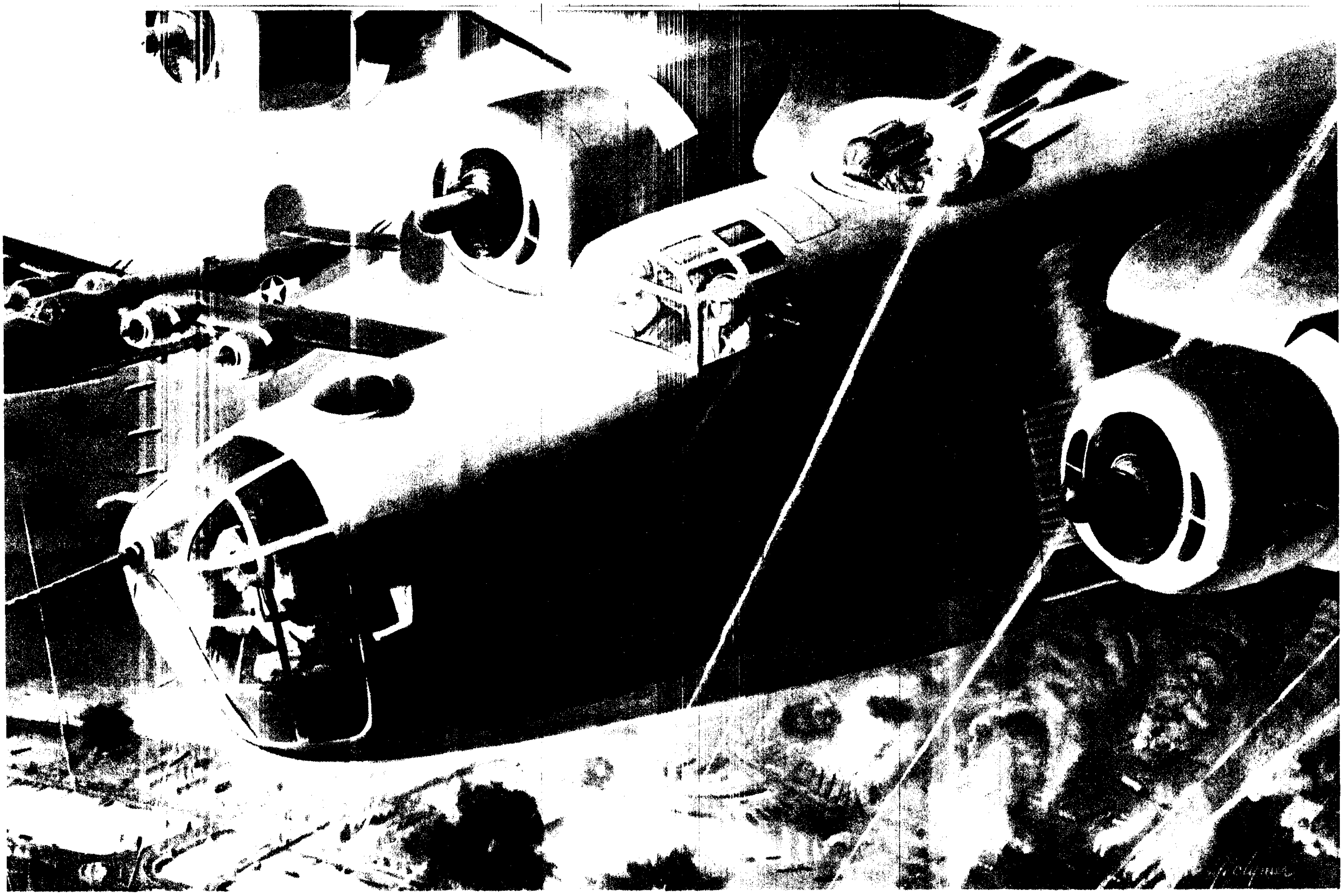
"They're *miles from here.* You reali how long it would take us to reach them— if something doesn't flush them before w get there?"

"Yes," he said. "But we haven't g anything else to do."

This line of reasoning appealed to m Whatever happened couldn't be any wor than nothing happening. So we went.

We couldn't go straight down the coa line to the geese, for the reason that the were dozens of tidal creeks intervenin But the tide was low, and by going inlan a mile or so we could wade the creeks.

(Continued on page 65)



It's You . . . and the Rest of the Team

Your big Liberator is coming in fast now . . . boring head-on through black bursts of flak that rock her like a canoe. From your grandstand seat in the greenhouse, you can see fires down below. That's where the first wave laid its eggs. You're next!

> ***Sometimes, back at "pre-flight", it didn't quite add up. Logarithms . . . formulas . . . classes all day. You couldn't see how you'd ever use the stuff they crammed into your head. But you stuck it out. You wanted Bombardier's wings.***

The top-turret guns begin to spit, as you hunch down over your bombsight. Check for altitude! Check for air-speed! The guns are going faster now, but you won't let yourself look up. Check for wind-drift! Suddenly you realize you're doing things automatically . . . all the things that came so hard in training. And you're doing them right!

> ***In advanced school you got pretty cocky. Pilots? Navigators? O. K. for some guys maybe. But you're the man they build bombers around! You pack the knock-out punch!***

The Lib heels, and straightens out on her target, and Pete comes in over the interphone: "O. K. Slugger. She's yours. Make it good!" You're the boss now. This is what you've been waiting for. You glue your eye to the sight, and talk into your throat microphone: "Level, Pete . . . hold that level. Bomb-bay doors open. Left a little . . . level now . . . level . . . perfect!" And there's your target—caught in the cross-hairs like a fly in a spider web.

You jab the release. "*Bombs Away!*"

Now you've done it! The seconds drag out . . . and then Beezy, back at the tail-gun, yells: "HIT—HIT—HIT—HIT! On target!! Hey, Lieutenant. Come and get your cigar!"

Well . . . ! Your chest starts to swell . . . and then all at once you see that it wasn't just *you* who smeared that Nazi base. It was Pete, up in the pilot's seat . . . Cliff, with his navigation charts . . . the gunners, Jim, Tony, Beezy, Lou. It was you . . . and the *rest* of the crew . . . flying as a team . . .

The same kind of team that paved the way for the landings in the Gilberts . . . that cleaned up the Japs on Kiska . . . that flattened Bremen and Wilhelmshaven . . . that is carrying the war to Japan . . .

The A.A.F. . . . the greatest team in the world!

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MEN OF 17 . . .

You can get ready now for your place—as Bombardier, Navigator or Pilot—on this great A.A.F. team. Go to the nearest Aviation Cadet Examining Board . . . see if you can qualify for the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve. If you qualify, you will receive Enlisted Reserve insignia . . . but will not be called for training until you are 18 or over.

When called, you'll be given 5 months' training (after a brief conditioning period) in one of America's finest colleges . . . you'll get dual-control flying instruction . . . then go on to eight months of full flight training . . . the kind of training that makes America's fliers the world's best! When you graduate as a Bombardier, Navigator or Pilot — you will receive a $250 uniform allowance and your pay will be $246 to $327 per month.

Meanwhile, see your local Civil Air Patrol Officers about C.A.P. Cadet training . . . also your High School principal or adviser about recommended courses in the Air Service Division of the H. S. Victory Corps. Both afford valuable pre-aviation training.

(Essential workers in War Industry or Agriculture—do not apply.)

"KEEP 'EM FLYING!"

For information regarding Naval Aviation Cadet Training, apply at the Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board in any office of Naval Officer Procurement, or at any Naval Recruiting Station; or, if you are in the Navy, Marine Corps or Coast Guard, apply through your commanding officer . . . **This advertisement has the approval of the Joint Army Navy Personnel Board.**

FLY AND FIGHT WITH THE AAF GREATEST TEAM IN THE WORLD

ARMY AIR FORCES

Fashions have changed

What a golfer went around in, back in 1820

BUT he's still Tops in taste!

Still par for the 19th hole, or whenever the occasion calls for a distinctively smooth and mellow scotch whisky. That's Johnnie Walker.

Due to British War Restrictions, gold foil has been eliminated and other slight changes have been made on the *outside* of the familiar Johnnie Walker bottle — but *inside* good old Johnnie Walker whisky remains unchanged.

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Still going strong

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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL *Both 86.8 Proof* BLACK LABEL 12 YEARS OLD

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y.
Sole Importer

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Slaughter on Eighth Avenue

Continued from page 48

The target of the block-buster was Frank Carbone, who had a chin so adamant it could fracture the hoof of a mule, but who on this occasion woke up in the dressing room ten minutes later, asking what year it was.

The other sockdolager was the left hook with which Jack Dempsey caressed Tony Galento's dimpled chin one day. Tony had been pestering Jack to manage him. Dempsey assigned a trainer to take Tony in hand and try to teach him something, but it was no use. Galento seemed impervious to any but his own methods.

One day, Jack came to the gym himself, donned his fighting trunks and ordered Tony to come into the ring with him for a lesson in hitting. Jack jabbed Tony, crossed him, uppercutted him and roundhoused him. Finally, letting fly his famous Iron Mike, Jack left-hooked Tony into a heap of blubber on the canvas. Then, climbing through the ropes and letting Tony lie where he had fallen, Dempsey said, "There, Tony. That's how you hit. Now go get yourself a new manager."

If there's a streak of iconoclasm in Stillman, it's because of some of the things he's seen at his gym. By most boxing fans, Max Baer is respected as one of the ring's hardest hitters. Stillman regards Maxie as a lucky stiff with a gift of showmanship.

Making Maxie Look Good

The day Max made his first Eastern appearance, Stillman's was crowded with boxing writers and fans, all eager to see the man-killer who had broken one opponent's neck with a single punch. Imagine Lou's astonishment when Max's handler asked for a sparring partner who would "go into the water," so the big guy would make a good impression on the boxing experts.

Battling Norfolk, the official fall guy, was picked for the assignment. Norfolk, however, informed Baer he wouldn't take a dive without being hit, because of his pride in his profession.

The program called for a first-round knockout, but after three minutes of boxing Baer hadn't even laid a glove on Norfolk. Three more rounds like this followed and then the crowd razzed Baer so much he called off the workout.

There's a classic story of the prize ring which has been hung on almost every obtuse fighter, but actually occurred at Stillman's. Jack Tilyou was rope-skipping one day when Stillman told him there was a chance to sign him for an out-of-tow match.

"How much?" demanded Tilyou, wit out missing a single beat on the rope.

"A thousand," said Lou.

"Nuttin' doin'!" replied Tilyou. "I won take it for a cent less than ten hundred."

Only two fighters ever have been abl to draw women to Stillman's. One wa Georges Carpentier, the Fragile Frog, wh was pursued everywhere by enough beaut to start a Ziegfeld chorus. Boxing fan would never guess that the other one wa Primo Carnera, the snaggle-toothe prognathous giant with the huge feet. Bu the women who came to see him train wer Italian peasants with babes in arms.

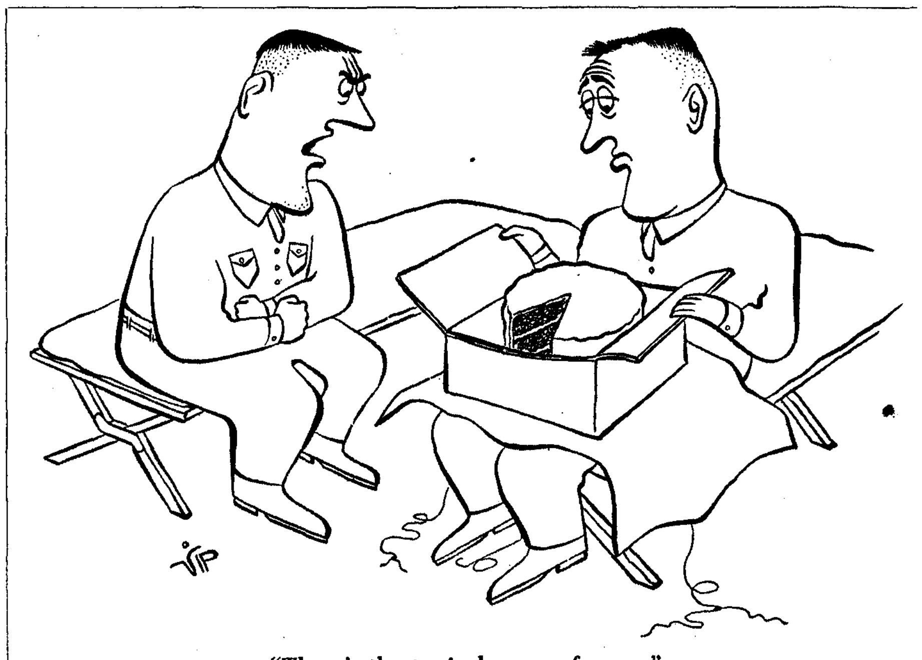
Primo had one of the oddest phobias o record. He was constantly afraid someon would see his feet. No one but his traine was permitted to see him take off hi gondolas. The explanation of this ma have been unwittingly furnished by Izz Kaplan, the newspaper photographe who, poking around Primo's dressing roor one day during his absence, came across pair of his gigantic kennels and, shovin his hand into one of them, found severa inches of the toe stuffed with paper.

Prize fighters in training are notoriousl ill-tempered. As the date of a bout draw near, they aren't fit company for man o beast. Yet Stillman's has a man on it staff who during the past fifteen years ha had dealings with 15,000 or more boxer without ever having had a cross word wit one of them. This remarkable person i Freddie Glasco, a mild-mannered littl colored man who looks after the locke room.

Contemptuous as Lou Stillman has be come of most fighters through familiarit he can still pay homage to Benny Leonar "There was the perfect fighter," he say as a beatific expression erases the cynica look from his face. "Allus you had to d was make one mistake with Benny, an your number was up. He had brain personality, ability and courage."

Lou qualified as an expert on courag one day in Harlem by rushing at a half crazed colored man who had a loaded re volver in each hand and had just shot policeman. Stillman's rush was stopped b a bullet that tore through his chest an came out through his back. That wa twenty-three years ago, and Lou figure he has been living on borrowed time eve since. Probably that's why life isn't take too seriously at Stillman's slug-nutty salon

THE END



COLLIER'S "There's the typical censor for you" VIRGIL PARTCH

Conference Notes

U. S. SIGNAL CORPS. FROM ACME

Chiang Kai-Shek visits the pyramids. "The Great Wall of China," he said, "gets less publicity but is a better job." U. S. General Royce is at right

CAIRO, Egypt.—Madame Chiang, fragile and lovely as a lotus blossom, shopped for silk stockings, ited mosques and Saladin's Citadel and d her hair done. Roosevelt and Church- went to the Pyramids and listened to a lf-hour condensation of their aeonic tory by the No. 1 Dragoman, Haji Ali Robeishi, who declined a large Roose- tian tip and made a fortune selling clusive interviews to seventy war cor- pondents and will have all the Freedom m Want a man could wish for.

The Generalissimo wasn't impressed by Pyramids, which he saw with Madame. e Great Wall of China, he said, gets s publicity but is a better job. The hinx, however, got him. "He emanates jesty," said Chiang. "He is a real god."

Churchill, described by Roosevelt as writer of the group, wrote the com- niqué. It was edited by the President, o changed the phrase "territories Japan s taken from China" to "territories Ja- n has stolen."

Madame Chiang, who witnessed the sig- tures, clapped hands and blurted hap- y, "That's great!" Then everybody sed for pictures. The original of what came known as the China Communiqué s presented to Chiang as a souvenir.

The conferees met behind barbed-wire rricades, minefields, antiaircraft batter- , cordons of troops and secret police. en more formidable was the protective rrier of censorship.

The subsequent meetings with Premier seph Stalin in Teheran and with Turk- President Ismet Inonu, were covered the correspondents by proxy—by two itish civil servants and two American newspapermen employed by the Office War Information. They did as well as uld have been expected.

The plans—as made long before they rted remodeling Mena House from a mfortable hotel into an office building d wiring it with 400 miles of cable con- ctions with 47 villas where the bigger ots were housed with their staffs in the inity—didn't include Stalin's presence Cairo. Arrangements were being made r the Mahomets of Anglo-American mocracy to come to the mountain of vietism in Teheran.

Curtain to Act One

When, after five days of political and litary talking, planning, lunching, win- g and dining in Mena House, the scene ifted to Teheran for Act Two, the China nference had lost its interest for re- rters and perhaps for the world.

Stalin had propagandistically domi- ted the Cairo Conference *in absentia.* Teheran, he dominated it in person. t all we learned directly in Cairo was at the Russian uniforms are of excellent terial, that the Soviet Secret Police are icient and omnipresent, and that all rried gats, including servants. We cov- d Act One with periscopes, and Act o by remote control. Stalin returned Moscow, and Roosevelt and Churchill Cairo to meet the Turkish delegation aded by Inonu for Act Three.

All three conferences were of acute portance, but in some ways, the most nificant was the one involving Turkey. e very fact that Inonu, cleverest knife- ge walker in the diplomacy of neutral- came to see Roosevelt and Churchill s a slap in the teeth for Hitler, who, or fellow, simply hasn't anyone with om to hold conferences these days. even holds cabinet meetings by locking himself in a room. Inonu's presence in Cairo strongly indicated that Turkey's balancing act was about over, and that the country would enter the war at 11:59½ P.M. before the fateful midnight hour of victory, to secure a reservation at the peace conference. It was apparent that Turkey had at last decided that continued neutrality might be unprofitable, and Inonu's arrival gave point to the statement of the Teheran Communiqué warning Germany of great offensives "from east, west and south."

Turkey's persecution of Jewish, Greek and Armenian minorities with a capital tax law designed to obliterate them economically, gave spice to the Anglo-American-Turkish meeting. The law is called "The Varlik." One correspondent wondered whether democrats Roosevelt and Churchill were going to "swallow Turkey hook, line and varlik." They didn't. Almost immediately, Ankara announced relaxations in the application of the law. But, despite indications that Turkey might at last yield air bases to the Allies for operations against the Balkans as a minimum concession in exchange for a place at the peace table, reporters had nothing in the way of proof.

Long before the conferences opened on November 9th, knowledge of the forthcoming meetings was general and found its way into a brief item in a Cairo paper and, within a few hours, was the property of the Axis radio. Cable facilities in Cairo were limited, and radio transmitters couldn't be used because the enemy would intercept correspondents' messages and employ the contents of dispatches for propaganda and military purposes. Yet, twenty-four hours before the appointed time, the news was broken in faraway neutral Lisbon by Reuter's, the British Agency, that the China Conference had been held. It was picked up by London's BBC, and American stations and reporters heard themselves being scooped.

It happened, not once, but three times. Lisbon scooped everyone with news of the Cairo Conference. Moscow beat Cairo to the punch with the first news of the Teheran Conference, and Ankara scooped the Cairo reporters with the first word of the Roosevelt-Churchill meetings with Inonu. And then to add scoff to scoop, certain Turkish officials received members of the Axis press in Ankara and made statements on the conferences!

Then came a bright ray from a setting sun. Jan Christiaan Smuts, premier of the Union of South Africa, came to the Cairo press room and spoke candidly to seventy reporters for a full twenty minutes.

Vistas of a New World

"We are passing," he said, "through one of the great revolutions of history. The significance of this war is that it is the first step to that greater world which is coming. The war of arms will pass, and the greater battle of the human spirit remains before us. A higher level of human destiny lies before us, for the elements are gathering for something much bigger than ever we conceived in our human destiny.

"This war is just the beginning and I am glad our generation has proved true to the challenge, untouched by degeneracy. I look forward now with new faith to posterity. The Old Order is passing. The Old World to which I belong is dead. It lies buried in the sands of the Western Desert. We have been through a series of conferences, probably the most significant in a hundred years, and it is part of the pattern of a revolution which is the greatest since the French Revolution."

And so the Teheran conference between the head of democratic republic and the chiefs of government of a socialist state and a liberal constitutional monarchy was given a new meaning. It was clear now that the date for the execution of Hitlerism had been set and that, probably more important still, the groundwork had been laid in Teheran for the reconstruction of Europe according to a jointly drafted blueprint which will minimize, maybe for all time, the dangers of a rebirth of tyranny.

To some of us, Smuts—an offstage noise—was the hero of Cairo. Two years ago he thought Germany's attack on Russia was a great break for democracy because Communism might thus be destroyed. A year ago he was still worried about the Russian colossus. Today his faith in democracy is so profound, his understanding of the basic struggle of mankind for economic as well as political democracy so broad, he can at least comprehend that nations such as Britain, America and Russia can, in the words of Churchill, "go forward—together."

Smuts came to Cairo from Britain, where he had seen Britons working purposefully. A long visit there did him good. It's from England—and not the old England of class and privilege, but the new England which honors work—that the great contributions to the social and economic revolution through which the world is passing will come. FRANK GERVASI

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Shivaree Before Breakfast

Continued from page 22

his handkerchief and put it in with the stones so they wouldn't rattle and give them away. Old Alf's house sat to the left of the pike on a little rise at the end of a long, sad, cypress-framed lane. Not many people went up the lane now that Alf's old English mother was dead, except to use it as a short cut to the fishing pools in the Sandusky which lay behind the house.

When Josh and Labe turned into the lane they began to talk in whispers again. "We ain't too late," Labe said. "No smoke from the chimney yet. They're still in bed."

"No credit to thee, we ain't," Josh whispered back.

"I'll show thee the window where I heard the talk coming from."

They tiptoed around the old house. "There it is," Labe whispered, pointing to a window at the back of the house. They pressed themselves along the edge of the house until they stood under the window.

Labe's face was sparkling. Cautiously he got Josh's handkerchief out from around the pebbles. "Thee ready?" he asked, pail poised for action.

"Sh—" Josh said, pinching his arm. "Sh— Let's listen to them talk first." They stood there listening, hearing only their own heartbeats.

Then they heard Old Alf say something. Something they couldn't catch, something in a low, soft voice that sounded the way Labe had said—as if he might be talking to a baby. Finally his voice was louder and they could hear what he was saying.

"Molly darling," he said, "I'd ought to get up and light the fire for you. You're a sweet girl to say you'll do it for me—a sweet girl, with your long black hair. But you're plain spoiling me, Molly darling. That's what you are."

THERE was a pause. "They're kissing now," Josh said. Labe looked at Josh with respect.

Old Alf went on. "I always did say, Molly, there's no sight so pretty as a woman combing out her hair. And when her hair's as black and her arms as white as yours, Molly, it's a pure feast for the eyes. A pure feast."

The old fellow sighed contentedly. "Flannel cakes for breakfast did you say? Flannel cakes and treacle and tea strong enough for a mouse to trot over. That's my girl, Molly. That's the breakfast to get."

"I can't hear her talk," Labe complained.

"Maybe she's dumb," Josh whispered. "Maybe that's the reason he's keeping her a secret."

They heard the corn-husk mattress rustle, the old man's bare feet hit the floor boards. "I'll be downstairs, Molly," he called, "before the first cake's on."

"Now," Josh whispered, "now," and he pulled the wooden bow across his horse fiddle, so it sounded like a cat with its tail caught in a door. Labe shook his lard pail so hard and fast every inch of space was packed with sound waves. He hopped up and down while he shook it, like an Indian brave. This was what they'd planned and waited for and here they were doing it. Pretty soon Old Alf would bring his wife to the window, and make a little speech, and maybe give them some candy.

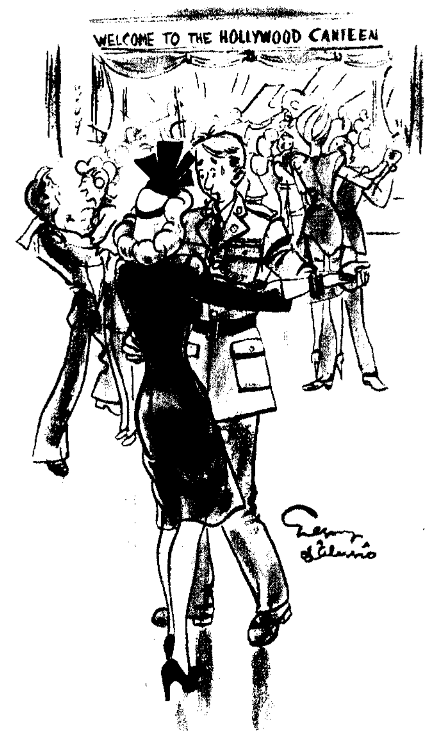
But Old Alf didn't bring his wife. He came to the window alone, his nightcap still tied under his sharp brown chin, his cotton nightshirt hanging from his bony shoulders. He peered out as if he didn't know what his eyes might light on. When he saw the boys under his window he said with more wonderment than anger, "What's the meaning of this racket? This time of day? Under my window? You Millhouse boys taken leave of your senses?"

Labe spoke up. Shivareeing was a polite and thoughtful thing to do. It was a disgrace if you got married and no one shivaree-ed you. So Labe felt proud and honorable about the enterprise: "We was shivareeing thee and thy new wife," he said. "Thee and Molly," he explained as Old Alf continued to stare at them.

"What's that?" the old man said, and he had the same look in his eyes Labe had seen in the eyes of a cottontail he had run into a fence corner. For the first time Labe felt a little uncertain about what he was doing.

Josh said, "It's a shivaree for thee and Molly. We found out thy secret and got ahead of everybody else. We heard thee talking to her, and knowed thee was married."

"You heard me talking to her?" Alf stood there at the window for a long time looking at them. Then he said, "Go round to the back and come in, boys. Door's unlocked. I'll be right down."


WELCOME TO THE HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN

"If you ever get to Turnip Corners, Tennessee, you won't ever mention this to a Miss Liza Hanks, will you, Miss Dietrich?"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

The old man was downstairs by the time Josh and Labe opened the kitchen door. "Come in and sit, boys," he said, but the boys felt better standing. He had taken off his nightcap and pulled a pair of pants on over his nightshirt but his feet were still bare. Old Alf kept pinching his lower lip together, and his sad brown eyes still had the rabbit-in-the-fence-corner look.

"Boys," he said, finally, "I ain't married." He went over to the bucket where he kept his corncobs soaking in coal oil, took a half dozen and put them in the cookstove.

"But we heard thee, talking," Labe said. "Talking to Molly darling," he added.

Old Alf got his fire going before he said any more. Then he settled himself in a rocking chair and put one bare foot on top of the other.

"How old're you boys?"

"Thirteen," said Josh.

"Nine," said Labe.

" 'Bout eight of you Millhouses, ain't there?"

"Seven," Josh said. "Sarah died."

"Seven," the old man repeated. "Y don't ever get lonesome over there, you?" He rocked back and forth a rubbed his bare feet together.

"Neither did I while Ma was ali Didn't matter what it was, she'd alwa have something to say. I used to get little tired of it. Yes, I did," he told t staring boys. "Then, after she'd been de a while didn't seem as if I could stand Getting up and not a sound in the hou Not a sound," he said, and rubbed his fe slowly and sadly together.

Josh and Labe backed toward the do "Then's when I started talking to Moll he told them.

Josh asked in a dry voice he could seem to dampen by swallowing, "Who Molly? Is she," he asked, knowing Bible, "thy concubine?"

"No," Old Alf said, and sighed. "N she ain't. She ain't nobody. She do exist. I just made her up. I talk to her just to hear my own voice. I just prete she's my wife."

Josh looked at Old Alf as if he we part of a nightmare he was dreami But Labe was smiling. Everything w clear to him now. "Thee got anyo else?" he asked.

It was the old man's turn to stare. "Eh he asked.

"Thee got anyone else thee talks t Besides Molly," he explained.

"No," Alf said shortly, "Just Molly. ain't no Mormon."

Labe knew about them. "Thee co have children," he said.

"No," Old Alf insisted. "There's ju Molly. At my age children would r me."

Josh felt his heart getting smaller a smaller, and heavier and heavier. "The crazy," he said. "Thee's gone soft in t head." He had to believe that. Growi up meant not being worried or scared a more; if it didn't, what was the use bei alive—taking the trouble to grow up? you just got scareder and lonesomer—li Old Alf? No, he was loony, crazy as bedbug.

OLD ALF was nodding his head a giving his lip a pull at each no "That's what folks'll be saying all right they get wind of this. Not though," he sa "if you boys could manage to keep mu hold your tongues. I ain't asking you understand. But you boys know I ai any more cracked than you are."

Labe was only an inch or two fro Alf's bare toes now. Cracked? He never seen a grownup act so smart. won't tell a living soul, Mr. Applegat he said.

Old Alf looked at Josh. Josh was f against the kitchen door, his black ey seemed to have flowed to points. "We Joshua?" he asked.

"Thee's crazy," Josh said, "but th needn't worry. I won't tell anyone." turned and flashed out the door.

Labe watched him race 'round the co ner of the house. "I guess I'd better go he said. "Breakfast'll be over." But kind of hated to go. The sun was shini through the dusty windows, the teaket was humming, a cat had crawled out the wood box. Old Alf was rocking awa his eyes on something Labe couldn't s

"Goodby," Labe said, reluctantly.

Old Alf roused himself, and for a lo minute the old man and the boy look at each other.

"Come again," Old Alf said, smiling. like to have somebody to talk to."

"So do I, Mr. Applegate. I'll be bac Labe answered, and loped off after Jo his lard pail rattling.

THE END

The Empress Was a Lady

Continued from page 15

r. Saints alive! Poor, poor scared lit- devil. We'll treat her kindly and see 'er rough."

He went on deck then and wandered lemnly about in the rain, feeling the rouds and stays, testing the steps of the mpanions, trying all doors, inspecting e hatches, and tapping anxiously on lkheads to make certain the planks were und. The head rigger located him later ith his head buried somewhere inside one the patent winches.

"When you've finished chewing the ars," said the head rigger mildly, and aited while the captain scrambled to his et and, somewhat ruffled in dignity, ushed himself off. "One of my men cked this up," said the head rigger, handg over a dented bowler. "Now, about e ship. I'm scheduling everything so you n take her into the stream tomorrow ternoon. I was figuring on tying her ongside the wharf again when she came t of dry dock, but the way the river's ting you'll be safer where you can tow r clear if you have to in a hurry. If a eshet comes down there's no telling."

"Aye," agreed the captain. "I'll be ady, mister." He punched the dents om his bowler and adjusted it squarely, eling better. In fact, he felt almost eerful as he went aft again, until he w a man under a small shed on the harf carefully painting the name Fe-cia Prue Wonkey on a new lifeboat, and shuddered and cursed in his beard.

THEY handled the barkentine gingerly next afternoon and started with her the anchorage from where, after a few st touches, she would head down the ver for the sea and her trials. It was still raining, and the wind was a series of erratic gusts that swung the light hull alarmingly against the restraining tugs. There was a lop to the estuary water and when a larger tug or powerboat roared past, the resultant wave made the ship quiver as much as the nervous Captain Wylie on the poop.

"I'll expect most anything," he announced to Mr. Barton who had thought it would please the old man if he came aboard for this occasion. "She's skittish as a dory on a ground swell. But I've Solway standing by the anchors for'ard and I've two fair men at the wheel in case anything busts loose. These blasted power boats. . . ."

The words gurgled in his throat and he gripped the rail hard. A seagoing tug was heading past with a heavy lighter in tow and simultaneously a small freighter was coming up astern on the other side; and while they were both keeping well clear Captain Wylie saw the two washes would meet and strike him almost midships.

"Stand by!" he roared to Solway. "She'll be getting a lift!" His voice cracked then and he swore fearfully as the lift came, with a furious gust of wind to aid it. The Felicia Prue Wonkey buckled like a startled colt, sawed from port to starboard, snapped the line of the bow tug and swung out of control toward the nearest wharf. Sirens started. The tug bells jangled frenziedly. Men shouted. The wind rose to a triumphant scream in the rigging and taking the barkentine broadside on surged her gaily across the estuary, the stern tug helplessly carried along.

"Let go!" thundered Captain Wylie, his bull voice shearing across all other sounds, but Solway was hopping about on the fo'c'slehead and waving his arms and shouting something unintelligible. The vital, agonizing seconds passed, and then with a giant rattle one cable went out from the hawsehole and the anchor bit bottom. The barkentine, in full career now, was brought up short as the cable tightened, and her stern swung smashing into the wharf with a glancing blow that carried away a dozen pilings. Someone thought to cast a line ashore then and a hawser was snubbed to the bollards. As if satisfied the Felicia Prue Wonkey shook herself in a last flurry and sedately settled down.

Captain Wylie ran an arm across his wet forehead and let out his breath with a rush. "The Empress all over again," he said shakily. "By damn! All over again."

Mr. Barton was leaning weakly on the rail. "Good Lord!" he said. "I thought she was going clear up Main Street."

"Her mammy would have," the captain stated. "No monkeyshines with her. A lady she was and she had her temper."

"I think I'll go ashore," said Mr. Barton nervously. "This ship's too much for me."

Solway brushed past him and confronted the captain, his seamed face purple. "Jonah is right, Bottlenose! She ain't safe nowheres. Cranky as an ore boat butting the tide. I tell you . . ."

"Shut up!" roared Captain Wylie, coming to life. "If you'd got them anchors away when I yelled she'd have weathered it."

"Anchors be damned!" shouted Solway, shaking his fists. "That fancy patent winch jammed on me. There ain't anything aboard what works right!"

Captain Wylie rocked on his heels a bit and simmered down. "Well, maybe she needs humoring more'n I thought," he conceded. "But we'll get the kinks out of her. Like I said, a good slapping around in a nor'easter'll fix things."

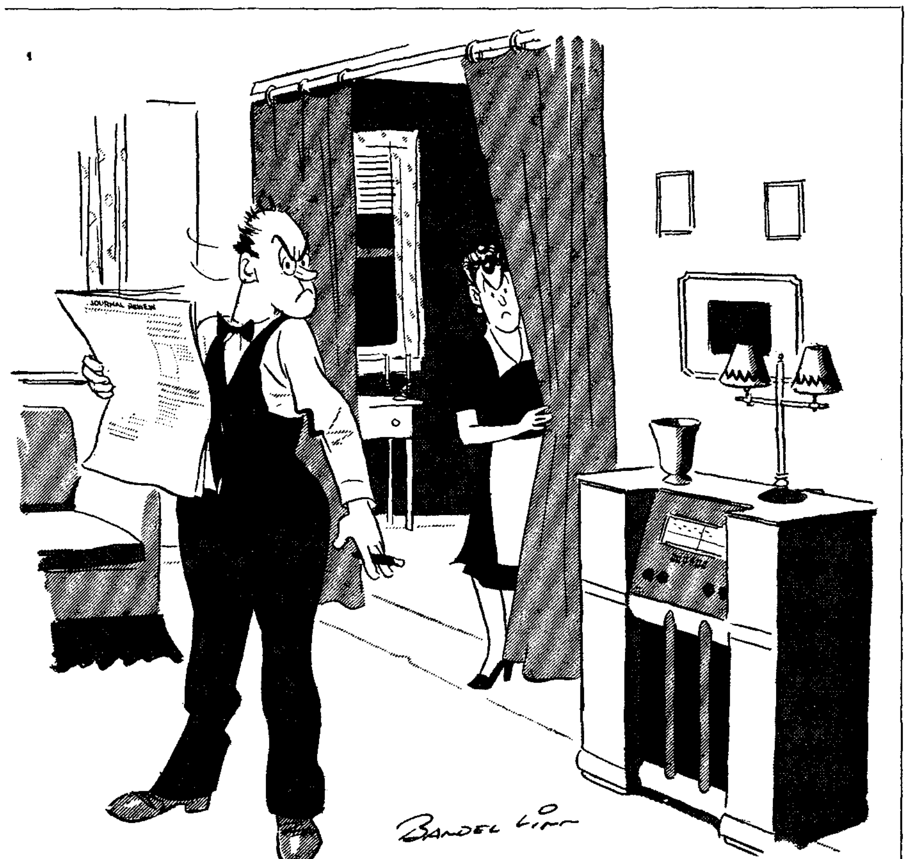
"Only thing to fix her is a wrecking crew," snarled Solway. "I'm quitting, Bottlenose . . . I mean, Cap'n. It just ain't in the cards." He was still protesting as the captain steered him below and uncorked the Double-O Black Rum.

DURING the succeeding days, while sundry planking was being replaced and other things remedied, Captain Wylie prowled the ship in deep thought. He felt he understood much of the reason for all this unruly behavior, and he also felt there was something that could be done to remedy it. Just what, eluded him for the moment, though he had an uneasy feeling the solution was lurking just around in the corner of his mind. One day the head rigger found him crouched far down in the ship's bowels, probing here and there with a flashlight, like a hunter stalking his prey.

"What in the devil's got into you now?" demanded the astonished man.

Captain Wylie straightened and eyed him unabashed, rubbing his beard. "Rats," he said. "All this time since she left the ways an' she ain't got a rat aboard. It's unhealthy. She's a fine pile of plank and rope and oakum, but she ain't a ship yet, mister. That's what's the matter with her. No rats. It's a bad sign."

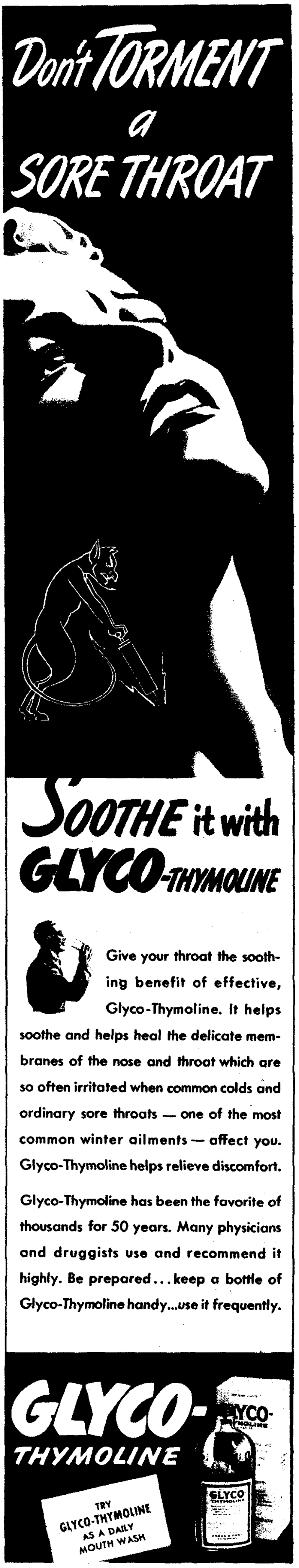
Ashore, Captain Wylie began to avoid his old haunts, and took to turning corners when he saw an old acquaintance approaching. He was a marked man. He was a joke. Only communion with Solway and the Double-O Black Rum could give him solace, and he was relieved when he learned the barkentine was ready for



NEWS

"... this action seemed to back up the statement of one Eastern labor leader who said: 'Our policy is not to win the war at any cost,' but 'to win the war without sacrificing too many of the rights we have at the present time.' One spokesman for the miners charged the government with failing to hold the line against inflation—while calling on them to do it. Another representative for the workers said the strike wasn't caused because of any dissatisfaction, but was called 'in sympathy' with a walkout of neighboring workers in a plant manufacturing synthetic yo-yos. The War Labor Board has asked the men to 'please go back to work.' John L. Lewis only smiled when questioned, but later added the strike was a wildcat with which he wasn't connected in any way . . ."

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN



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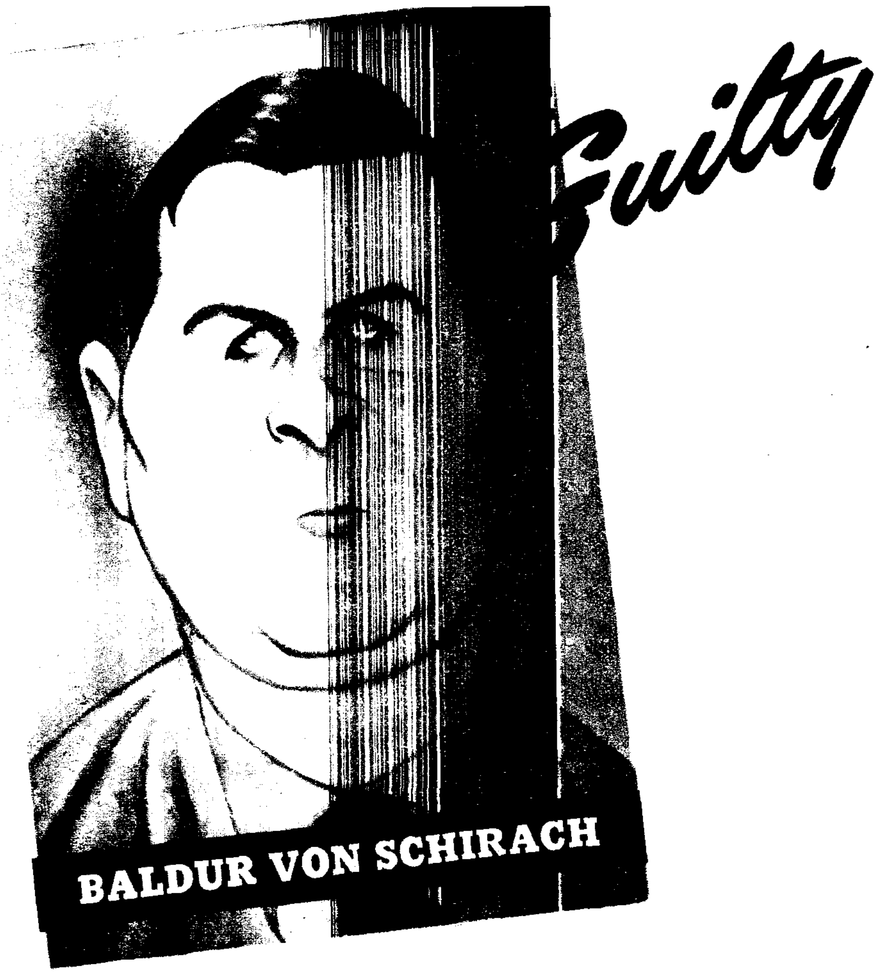


XXV

WHEN Baldur von Schirach entered Vienna in 1940 as *Gauleiter* and *Reichsstadthalter*, succeeding savage Joseph Buerckel, Austrians may have had some expectation that he would end the beatings, murders and pillage that made life in the enslaved country a thing of fear and horror. The new ruler was a poet of sorts and, as head of the German Youth Movement, had sung lyrically of love, happiness and beauty. More than that, he was the son of an American mother whose forebears had fought for freedom at Bunker Hill and Valley Forge. Even his name carried a certain assurance, for Baldur, son of Odin and Frigg, was the god of summer sunlight.

The disillusionment of the Austrians came quickly, for Schirach proceeded to match Buerckel in cruelty and blood lust. In his initial proclamation, he announced that his soul would not give him rest until he had driven every Jew from the land and put a swastika in the place of every Cross of Christ. This pledge has been kept to the letter, for 185,000 Jews have been liquidated, and such priests and pastors as still remain at large walk in dread. An ardent disciple of Alfred Rosenberg, Schirach means to force the worship of the old Norse gods on his unhappy subjects.

Many of the 185,000 Jews were beaten to death, but the larger part went to Poland in locked cars without food or water. In winter they froze, in summer they suffocated and, as a result, few were left alive at the end of the nightmare journey. After the ghettos had been cleaned out, Schirach devised an ingenious method for picking up all those who had escaped the first dragnet.

In the cities, streets were blocked off without warning, and Storm Troopers personally examined each man and woman. Aryans were released, but Jews were thrown into trucks and hustled off to the station without being given opportunity to collect personal belongings or to notify their families. As relatives came out of hiding to hunt for missing loved ones, these, too, were arrested and deported.

Every Catholic school and convent in Austria was closed, and, at last count, eighteen priests had been assassinated, and 479 were known to be in jails or concentration camps. The liquidation of the College of the Holy Virgin, in particular, stirred all Vienna to a madness of rage that had to be put down by gunfire. After the nuns had been whipped out into the street, thirty girl students were taken to Gestapo headquarters on the charge of underground activities. Four have never been heard of from that day to this, and the other twenty-six, finally released—sobbing, hysterical, ravished—had no dearer hope than death.

Atrocity piled upon atrocity. Not only was Josef Fitzhum, Buerckel's infamous chief of police, continued in office, but under Schirach's approving eye the beast devised new bestialities. As an example, Josef Beyer, an Austrian official in Oberwarth, Burgenland, was slowly cut to pieces while still alive. Fitzhum's barbarities shocked even hardened Nazis, but Baldur the Beautiful found them good.

A peculiarly nasty piece of work, this *Reichsstadthalter* of Austria. Born in 1907 in Weimar, he was an early convert to the Nazi faith and at seventeen he headed a Hitler movement in the city schools. Lehman was his father's name, but doubtless disliking the sound of it, Baldur calmly changed to von Schirach. The rightful owners of the latter name, properly outraged, brought suit and won a judgment, but little good it did them. By that time the Nazis were strong enough to have it set aside, and later the judge himself was sent to a concentration camp.

In 1928, Baldur rose to be director of Hitler Youth in all the public schools, and in 1933, when Hitler became Chancellor, he was made Youth Leader for the whole of Germany. Rosenberg, Goebbels and Ley cannot escape responsibility for the systematic debauchment of German boys and girls, but Schirach was the spearhead of the drive against chastity, continence and every Christian teaching. Day in and day out he bawled the divinity of the sex impulse, demanding the release of every inhibition.

Like other prominent Nazis, Schirach's sex urges are more than a little errant, and in 1940 his adventures in pederasty became an open scandal.

As he was too valuable to the Party to be jailed or shot, Hitler wiggled out of the dilemma by transferring Buerckel to Lorraine and giving the vacated place to Baldur the Beautiful. An intensely Catholic people the Austrians but, in the hour of liberation, nothing is more certain than that they can be counted on to "go pagan," until von Schirach's case has been attended to. . . . G. C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

the stream again. This time too, if all went well, she would not anchor but tow clear out of the estuary, down the river and to the sea for her belated trials.

Now once again the tugs were jockeying into position. Once again things looked auspicious and Captain Wylie felt almost cheerful, or did until he saw young Mr. Barton coming aboard with what seemed to be a large brown bear sheltering under his umbrella, but which turned out to be Mrs. Wonkey in an ample fur coat.

Mrs. Wonkey panted up the poop companion and planted herself securely against the rail before unsnapping her pince-nez and surveying the ship. She seemed delighted though breathless.

"How clean and neat," she exclaimed. "So much different from the last time I saw her. You must have dinner with me, Captain, when you come back. I am most anxious to hear the results of the trials."

Captain Wylie swallowed and pushed back his bowler, "Aye, ma'am," he said heavily. "And now if you'll stand aside maybe I can see about us casting off."

He groaned as he faced for'ard and lifted a hand to Solway. As anyone knew a woman was bad luck on shipboard, and this woman of all others would send a shudder through the barkentine from keelson to truck. He filled his lungs and roared an order in such heartfelt sailor language Mrs. Wonkey's eyes started from her head and a blush came from the confines of her fur collar and flooded upward. He gave vent to another blast and Mrs. Wonkey groped weakly for Mr. Barton's arm and was hurriedly led below.

"River's starting to bring things down," observed the head rigger, on board for a final checkup. He joined Captain Wylie and jerked his pipestem at the turgid waters of the estuary. "I figured this wet spell'd do it. You'll be lucky to get out before the freshet catches you."

"I ain't worrying about the freshet," the captain growled. "Just let me get clear in the river an' I'll take what comes." He eyed the miscellaneous flood litter about him and scowled.

"She's working a bit uneasy," said the head rigger. "I don't like it." He tested the wind gusts with his cheek and gnawed his lip. "There's a sort of mud bar to port," he advised, "and the flood may have changed it some. Better have the lead tug take up the slack again."

"I know the old bar," said the captain sourly, "and I guess I know my business." But he cupped his hands and yelled and the lead tug tooted back, indignant at the interference in her business. But when she put her weight on the towline to bring the barkentine to the channel center the ship hung back and seemed to fight her. Captain Wylie turned and glared at the helmsmen.

"Can't you keep her steady?" he demanded. "Give her hard astarboard!" He paused as he saw the helmsmen's faces. "What's the matter?" They were turning the wheel back and forth in panic and one man spluttered, "She won't answer, sir. Must be jammed below."

CAPTAIN WYLIE broke into a cold sweat and lunged forward and the lead tug began tooting alarmingly, answered by the stern tug, while the Felicia Prue Wonkey seemed to grit her teeth and brace herself for a tantrum again. Captain Wylie could feel it coming.

Then for a moment it seemed the tugs had her controlled as she started to swing wide to a crosscurrent, but at the very borderline instant a sprawling tangle of old flood-borne line came drifting across the lead tug's stern and was sucked diabolically under into the propeller. The tug captain reversed frantically to clear himself before damage was done, but backing up too far on his own towline involved the bight of that too in the smother.

The Felicia Prue Wonkey then rea
went to town. She lurched gaily
bumping aside sundry drifting l
and debris, almost swamped a pol
launch that got in her way, and blith
ignoring the anchors Solway hurriedly
go, hauled them with her and buried
cutwater firmly and deeply into the m
bar to one side of the channel. T
much accomplished she gave a sigh a
settled down with a slight list to port,
star-stabbing jibboom pointing ironica
at the open river scarce two cables' len
away.

Captain Wylie leaned on the poop t
rail and began to swell, but somehow
purple words failed to come. He let
his breath and his shoulders sagged. T
was the end. He felt all the fight ooze
of him and for the first time was aware
the weight of his years.

"All right," he muttered wearily. "
right. You just don't want to go.
who's to blame you. Poor little girl."

THE head rigger patted his arm w
sympathy and wisely said nothing, a
Captain Wylie went slowly down to
main cabin, groping dazedly for each s
with his sea boots. Mrs. Wonkey was fl
tering a handkerchief and looki
alarmed, uttering short cries, and
Barton was pacing up and down and g
ing vent to profanity under his brea

"What's wrong with this damned shi
he exploded when he saw the captain.
this all some sort of a joke? Or is it sa
tage?"

"Sabotage? Joke?" said Captain Wy
He fumbled in the locker for the D
ble-O Black Rum. "Oh, aye. I suppos
He peered at Mrs. Wonkey and scowl
"You seem a mite distressed, ma'a
Could I get you a glass of port?"

"Heavens, no!" Mrs. Wonkey sh
dered. "I never touch liquor, sir,"
stated, horrified. "Never! As a matter
principle I even insisted upon christen
this unfortunate ship with soda water
stead of champagne. I would not c
taminate myself. . . ." Captain W
dropped his glass and stared.

"Wait a bit!" he croaked. His e
bulged with unbelief and he shook
head to clear his ears. "Did you say s
pop? Did you say you christened this s
with *soda pop?* . . . Soda . . . Well, da
my eyes!

"Listen!" he thundered. He towe
over Barton and Mrs. Wonkey, and, s
ting his bottle down, forcefully enum
ated on his spread fingers. "Listen! Y
crawling sand lice! You launch a s
sideways, like she was some crab scuttl
for cover. You make it on a Friday a
the 13th of the month. You christen he
he choked, "with a name like Fel
Prue Wonkey. And now," his voice sa
to a whisper, "I learns you insulted
with soda pop. *Soda pop!* Saints ali
No wonder she's ashamed to face the
The Empress was a lady!"

His voice rose and shattered throu
the cabin. *"Solway!"*

Solway Joe's seamed face appea
anxiously at the scuttle and Captain W
lie flourished his arms. "Get a stage rig
for'ard," he ordered. "Get the pain
with a full bucket! I got a job to do!"

He groped in his locker for a he
package which he tucked under his a
He answered no questions but thrust
the astonished Mr. Barton and Mrs. W
key aside he stamped ominously and p
posefully up to the poop.

Brushing past the boss rigger, he star
for'ard; the rigger stared for a mome
then went after him. At the fo'c'sleh
Captain Wylie was leaning over the s
and inspecting the stage the carpenter h
rigged according to Solway's orders.

"Now, where's that painter?" the c
tain demanded and Solway pushed f
ward a nervous little man carrying a br
and a large bucket. "Well, don't sta

here!" the captain roared. "Get overside nd paint!"

"Paint what, sir?" inquired the bewildered man.

"Paint out that blasted name she's carrying first," the captain ordered. "Then we'll give her a name what is a name."

He unwrapped the package he was carrying and disclosed a gallon jug of Double-O Black Rum. Fastening a line to it e dangled it overside.

"Soda pop!" he snarled. "What sort of hip would that make?"

He heaved the jug outboard, took a ouple of tentative swings with it and then et it crash to smithereens so the ripe rown liquor splashed all over the alarmed ainter and ran lovingly down the graceful bow. "Now, slap it on!" Captain Wylie roared. "Paint in a name what is a ame. I've christened her the Empress Matilda II!"

It was the head rigger who pulled him ack from the rail and shook him to relity again. "Hey, just a minute," the head igger was shouting. "You'd better stand y. The freshet's coming down!"

Captain Wylie straightened and looked. Down the river a crest was coming, tumbling new debris before it, and the first preurge of its force was already roiling the stuary. The captain was electrified. He ave Solway a slap that almost knocked the little man off his feet.

"Get those anchors in," he thundered. Give the little lady a chance. She won't want any fancy tugs to handle her now. Get to moving, Solway! And if that amned windlass jams on you again I'll pull you apart personal."

CAPTAIN WYLIE reached the poop with a sprint he hadn't known was in im and galvanic roaring orders spilled out of him as he went. The new-crowned Empress stirred, thrilling all along her hull, nd then as the freshet swept by the estuary mouth and the side-lash of it foamed in he came upright, working. She shook erself. She lifted her queenly bows, and with a mighty effort slid free from the mud ar while the torrent surged to her very cuppers forcing her up and up. She leared. She swung for the channel, and ome quirk of the freshet's side-lash wrapped around her and hurled her forward. It was all a mad confusion then.

She caromed against some old rotting piles to one side of the channel. She careened across it then and all but knocked down the channel navigation light in its heavy wooden cradle. Another lurch and she was in the river and the freshet's second crest took her fair beneath the counter and swung her down to face the sea.

Captain Wylie was at the wheel himself now and there was no sign of it jamming. It answered beautifully and he managed to straighten the ship a little as it hurried on. It was as if the river's blows had brought all things into smooth working order with one giant snap! One of the tugs raced pounding alongside, swaying perilously in the tumbling waters, and Solway caught her line and snaked a hawser aboard. It was in the tug captain's mind to steady the runaway until she could anchor securely and draw her breath, but Captain Wylie's voice rose magnificent from the poop.

"Let 'er run, mister! Let 'er ride! Keep 'er straight, for she's wanting the sea proper now!"

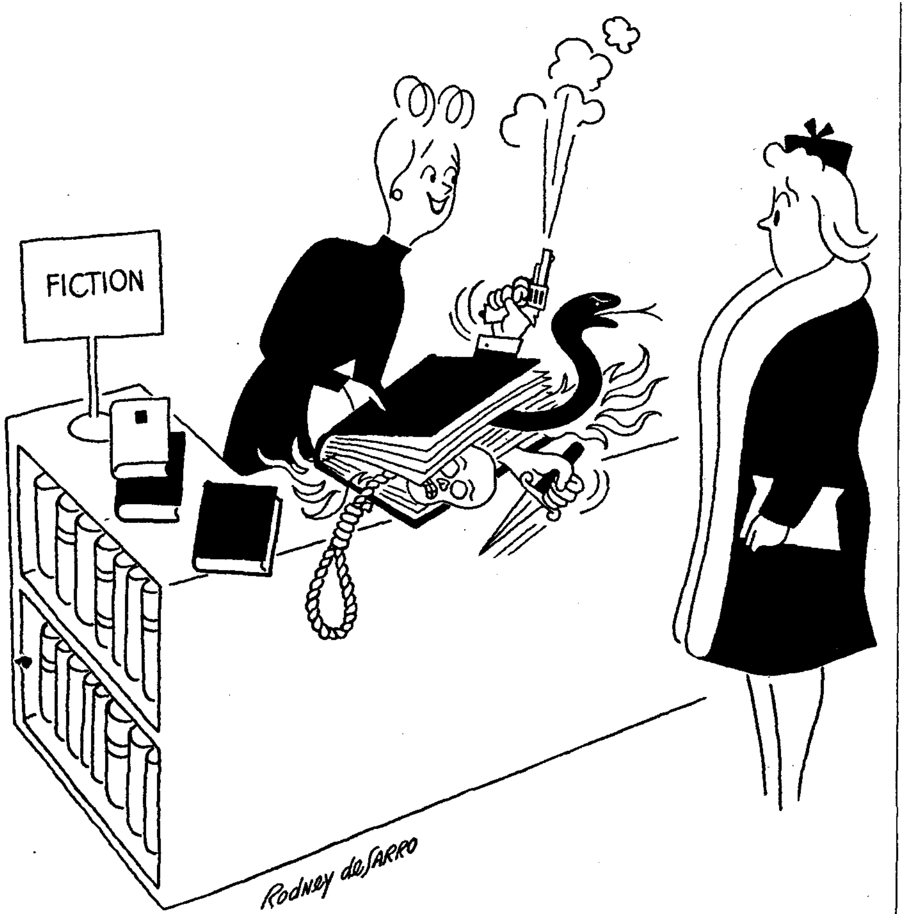
"You're crazy," said the head rigger watching him. "But I'm damned if I don't think you'll make it."

"Make it?" yelled the glowing captain. "Of course she'll make it. Look there!" He pointed at the high roof of a barn bobbing almost alongside, the peak of it level with and all but scraping the barkentine's bulwarks. On the very edge crouched a half-drowned rat, shivering in the rain. It inched closer. It crouched. It sprang. And as the barn roof slipped away its forepaws caught the bulwark top and it scrambled over. A moment it rested on the deck, brushing its whiskers, and then with a knowing look around it scuttled unerringly into the warmth of the galley.

"Now!" exploded Captain Wylie with a vast relief. "Now she's a ship, by damn! All rigged and manned proper with 'er mammy's self-respect. Eh? That's something they forgot to put in the blueprints. The Empress was a lady!"

And braced at his own wheel, the rain lashing his weathered face, his clipped gray beard jutting masterfully forward, Captain Tobias Wylie took the Empress Matilda II to sea.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Here's one that's just crammed with adventure!" RODNEY DE SARRO

"But I don't want to go home since you got rid of that '5 o'clock Shadow'!"

"By golly, I didn't know what life could be 'til I found out about Gem Blades!"

LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK
BUY WAR BONDS!

AVOID "5 O'CLOCK SHADOW" WITH
GEM
RAZORS and BLADES
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Alex in Wonderland

Continued from page 12

Monsieur Aladdin stood in the center of the stage, an elegant figure in tails, which made him taller than he was, and a scarlet sash to convey either the mystery of the Orient or the dash of a maracca player with Xavier Cugat.

"He looks like Cesar Romero," Janet whispered to Alex.

Aladdin, meanwhile, had swallowed a large spoolful of thread and a dozen packages of needles.

"Look at him, look at him," Ted said, for Aladdin was drawing the thread out of his mouth with the needles strung on it at intervals until the thread lay stretched across the stage.

This completed, a young lady appeared on the scene in black tights and a white satin shirt. She had wavy copper hair that tumbled to her shoulders, a tiny waist and legs surely as long and slender as any month's Varga girl. The audience was immediately and tumultuously appreciative.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Aladdin presented her, "Sarita."

In no time, Sarita was tied in a net and pushed into a pot-bellied basket on which a lid was placed. Aladdin brandished a sword and, discarding his flawless English, began a series of incantations in an unknown tongue. Then he removed the lid, leaped into the basket, stamped about, and finally jumping out jabbed it rapidly with his sword.

Alex sat on the end of his seat, his palms wet, his throat constricted. He knew this was all phony, but still there were slip-ups. This Sarita was kind of tall for *that basket. Alex thought she was the* prettiest girl he had ever seen. But "pretty" was not the word for her: he wished he could think of something that would fit the—the sparkle of her.

SUDDENLY Sarita stood up in the basket, and she was laughing as Alex knew she would laugh and raising her clasped hands above her head like a triumphant prize fighter.

Aladdin had a varied repertoire: he could produce chickens and coins and fruit and ice-cream sodas and a glass of champagne from thin air; he could get out of any handcuff with the greatest of ease, even the one Chief of Police Rogers produced; in the darkened theater, he and his assistants could perform voodoo that caused spine-chilling shudders. Now, the theater lighted again, he was looking down into the audience.

"I'd like a young man," he said, "a courageous, daring young man to come up while Sarita tests him in her truth machine."

Ted, with unaccustomed bravado, yelled from his seat, "Get my brother. He's brave. He's just back from North Africa."

Aladdin peered into the row where the voice was coming from and saw Alex. "Hello, soldier," he said. "I guess your press agent wants you to try out Sarita's machine."

Alex was scarlet and, in embarrassment, his hand went through his stubby G.I. haircut. "That lets you out of that Mussolini medal I brought you," he said in a stage whisper to Ted.

"Come on now, soldier," Aladdin repeated, and Sarita was smiling at him as Circe would smile, or the Lorelei or Betty Grable.

Alex stumbled out of his seat, climbed over his mother and father and a fat gentleman named Mr. Leon Grove, who was a local barber and who patted Alex encouragingly on the back, exhorting him to date up Sarita whom Mr. Grove jokingly referred to as "that redheaded babe."

Aladdin asked Alex his name, and Alex mumbled it.

"Where are you stationed, Corporal?"

"I'm on sick leave right now," Alex said. "I was in Tunisia."

At this point, Sarita took over. "Well, Corporal," she said, "how about popping into my little machine? I'm warning you beforehand, though, it's practically human. It'll read your thoughts and tell us whether you're telling the truth or just slipping us the old one-two."

Alex climbed onto the little seat of the machine, and Sarita fastened one electrode to his ear and one to his scalp.

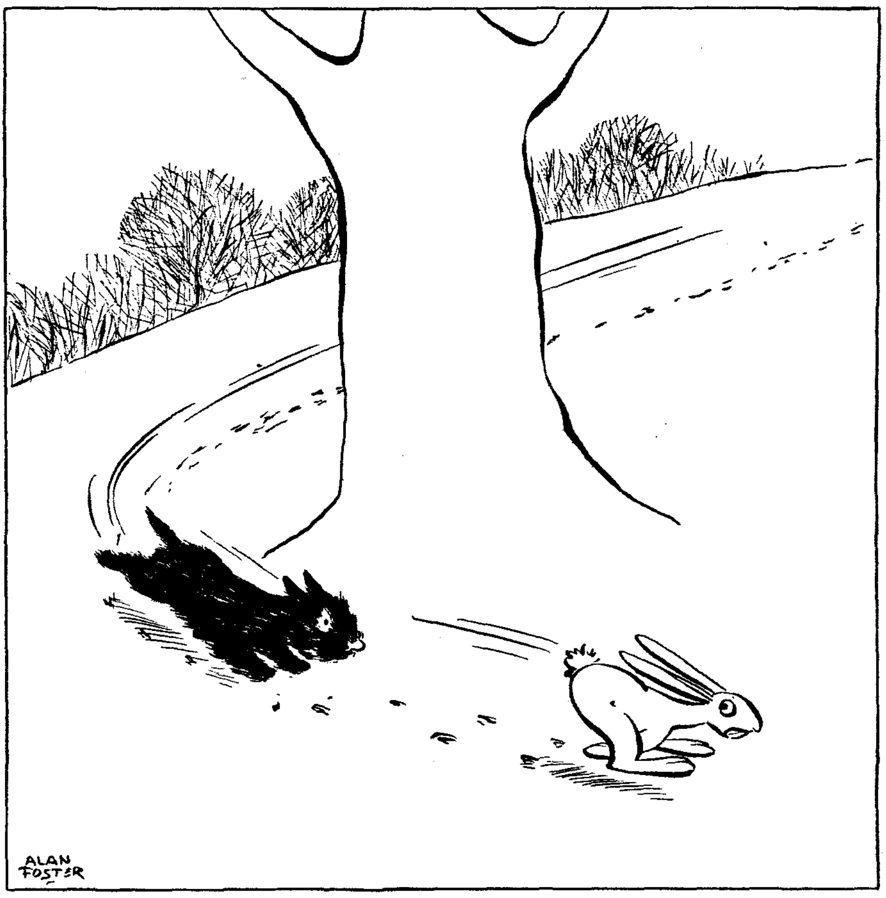
"You see now what we women have to go through for a permanent wave," she said.

Aladdin was talking to the audience all in big words about nervous impulses being electrical impulses, and that the brain released electric energy and transmitted it to the members of the body.

"In other words," Sarita interrupted him, "when the corporal is telling the truth, the light on the top dial will be green. When he's fibbing, it'll turn pink, and when he's really dreaming them up, it'll get redder than a hunter's jacket."

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S

"We'll probably need a rabbit's foot this year"

SHE pressed a button at the side of the instrument. There was a whirring sound, and Alex felt a prickling on his scalp and a ticklish feeling—like a barber running clippers up the back of his neck.

"Corporal Saunders," she said, "have you ever been in love?"

Alex pondered a moment. Then he said, "No." But the truth machine thought differently and registered a faint cerise.

"Come, come, Corporal," Sarita said, "that's no way to start off."

"It's the truth," said Alex, and bang—the dial turned red.

The audience were all laughing, and some of the rowdier plant workers whistled at Alex. "Getting away from love," Sarita said, "were you ever afraid over there in North Africa?"

"Sure," Alex said. "Plenty of times."

The machine was a contrary contrivance and reddened again. "My truth machine doesn't lie," Sarita said. "That proves you were utterly fearless."

"Well, I wasn't," Alex said, and then he realized that the machine was all just a gag, even with its switches and levers and electrodes.

Sarita asked a few more questions, things like: What would he do on a date with Hedy Lamarr, and who did he think was going to get the Republican nomination for President? Then she leaned over and said, "Would you like to kiss me?"

ALEX'S Adam's apple did a quick bump and grind. "You bet," he said, and the green light kept getting greener and greener until a bell rang, and Sarita said, "You've hit the top of our laugh meter with that one, Senator Ford."

Slowly she bent over him; he could smell a fragrance about her—a clean, sweet fragrance that reminded him of some perfume Janet had got one Christmas. Her lips were soft against his, and warm, and she kept her eyes open, and he noticed they were brown with yellow candles that flickered way back.

During the kiss, the machine veered crazily from red to green, and the bell rang about six times, and everyone in the audience screamed with laughter because Alex's electrical impulses seemed to be running hog-wild.

Aladdin came over. "Well, thanks for the nice work, Corporal," he said and, drawing a large gold medal from his pocket, he pinned it on Alex's chest.

"Let me see that beautiful medal," Sarita said, and when she had touched one finger to it, it suddenly disappeared. "You don't need to to be so cagey with your decorations," she said, and reached behind his ear and produced the gold medal again.

Alex's eyes were wide with astonishment. "Gosh!" he exclaimed.

"Anyway, here's a rose to remem me by," Sarita said and brought fo from his coat pocket a slender pink r bud.

"Thanks." Alex smiled his half-s half-uncertain smile.

Aladdin was already doing a new r trick as Sarita walked with Alex to stage steps. "Listen, Corporal," she s and he could understand her, altho when he looked at her, her lips were moving at all, "how's for dropping aro backstage after the show? I'd like to you a minute."

"Me?" Alex said surprised.

"Yes, you," she said.

"Sure, gosh, yes," Alex said and alm did not see the bottom step in his exc ment.

Ted wanted the gold medal when A got back to his seat, and without any jections, Alex handed it over to him.

"Can I have the rose?" Janet ask

Alex shook his head and glowering her, said, "Keep still, Janet. People hind us want to pay attention to show." He could not have explained but for some reason he wanted to k the rose. Sarita had said, "Here's a r to remember me by." He wanted to member her, yes, always, but even m than that, he wanted to see her again then again.

Aladdin and the troupe, the three bl girls, the four young men in scarlet green uniforms, Herman the Hand Dog, Dr. Katerfelto, Sarita and a sha shooting older woman, Dawson Do completed the closing number.

"Gee, it was beautiful!" Janet said.

"Yeah, that Aladdin's pretty shar Ted agreed.

"Listen," Alex said to them all. "I to go in back of the stage for a min That Miss Sarita wants to see me."

"What does she want to see you fo Mrs. Saunders asked.

"I bet she kind of likes you," Janet s

"Aw, you're nuts," Alex said and t turning to Pop he added, "I'll see folks at the car in a few minutes."

"Okay," Pop agreed and then, with s prising understanding, "Don't break y neck hurrying back, either."

THE Community, having been buil the days when vaudeville played Ac son, was equipped, after a fashion, w dressing rooms. A blond girl directed A to Sarita. The door was half open in dressing room where Sarita was. She standing before a mirror daubing c cream on her face.

"Hello there," she said. "I'll be out i little while. Have a smoke and wait me."

Alex lighted a cigarette and hunc against the wall because his leg still h a little if he stood on it any length time. When Sarita came out, Alex wa surprised he hardly recognized her. had on a green skirt, a green swea ankle socks and moccasins like those sister Janet wore to school. The make was off her face, all except lipstick, and looked very young, almost as young Janet.

"You—you look different," Alex s

Sarita laughed. "I can't go out on street in tights," she said, "unless I p number on my back and pretend a fugitive from a hockey game."

Alex said, "That's right," and then asked her if she liked hockey, and Sa said yes, she was sold on hockey

"I suppose you're wondering wh asked you to come back here," she ask

"I was glad you did." Alex twisted cap about in his hand.

"What I really wanted to ask

about," Sarita said, "was where there's a nice place to eat in this town. We got in late this afternoon and then we had a rehearsal, so I haven't eaten in about nine hours. Why it got so during the show I was looking at the pigeons with a hungry eye."

Alex was thinking about the restaurants in town; none of them were much. All at once a brilliant idea struck him.

"Listen, Miss Sarita," he said. "Ma's the most wonderful cook in the world. Would you—I mean, we were going to have a party just for ourselves after the show. Would you come home with me?"

Sarita was looking at him hard. "Are you kidding?" she said.

Alex shook his head. "No, that's right about Ma being a swell cook. They're all out in the car now."

Sarita started to smile, and Alex felt a funny quivering in his stomach and a thumping in his chest.

"I'm going to take you up on that offer," she said. "I don't know how long it's been since I tasted anything home-cooked."

THE family were all waiting in the car, and Uncle Harry and Aunt Millie had joined them. Uncle Harry was a foreman at the plant, and Aunt Millie had gone to work there, too. Uncle Harry was always kidding her about this. "Millie and her milling machine," he would say.

"Folks," Alex said, "this is Miss Sarita. The poor girl hasn't eaten all day, and I told her we'd be able to fix her up with something good."

"Yes, indeed," Mrs. Saunders said, and everybody chorused, "Pleased to meet you!" except Janet, who said, "How do you do."

They all started crowding in then. Uncle Harry and Aunt Millie and Mrs. Saunders in the back seat with Janet and Ted on their laps.

"You young people, sit in front," Mrs. Saunders said, and Sarita slipped in beside Pop, and Alex got in after her.

Alex could feel her shoulder against his, and when Mr. Saunders turned the corner at Spring Street and Broadway, Sarita jolted against Alex, and her hair lightly touched his cheek.

"How come you didn't get that sword in you when Aladdin was poking around?" Ted asked her.

"Ted, you shouldn't ask those questions," Janet said. "They're—they're trade secrets, aren't they, Miss Sarita?"

"I suppose so," Sarita said, "but I'm going to tell Ted anyway. I'm double-jointed as anything. As soon as I got in the basket, I coiled up against the sides. Then I could direct Aladdin where to put his sword."

"It's dangerous, isn't it?" Alex said.

Sarita shrugged. "Probably. But we've rehearsed it over and over again. I've been teamed up with Aladdin for a long while."

"Listen, Alex," Aunt Millie said to Mr. Saunders, "will you stop at our house a minute? I baked a big angel cake this afternoon. It ought to go fine for the party."

At home, Mrs. Saunders and Janet and Aunt Millie hustled about. There was parboiled chicken in the icebox, and Mrs. Saunders fried this up, breaded in deep fat. Janet sliced up some of her mother's homemade bread and went down to the cellar to the swing shelf for watermelon pickles and spiced crab apple jelly.

In a very little time, they were at the dining-room table; Janet had set it with the Swedish lace tablecloth and the best dishes with the lavender flowers on them.

"M'm, is this heavenly!" Sarita said. "I used to cook some when my father was alive. But now I just dash out and get myself a hamburger."

Ted had wanted to sit by Sarita, and he could hardly eat for looking at her. She did not seem to mind at all, and when he would say, "Please do a trick, Miss Sarita," she would only say, "Trick! Why, I can't do any tricks, Ted," and then she'd produce his knife from the back of his collar or show him how to play a tune with a fork on Mrs. Saunders' best crystal goblets. "And don't call me Miss Sarita," she said to Ted, but she was looking at Alex. "That's just my show name. Carl picked it out for me because he thought it sounded Oriental. My real name is Sally—Sally Williams."

"Who's Carl?" Janet asked.

"Carl Ober," Sarita said. "He's Aladdin. He used to be my father's chief assistant. My father was a magician, too. Cagliostro the Great. When he died, Carl started his own troupe, and I went with him."

The family were relieved at this change of name. Sally Williams sounded just like any girl from Addison. Uncle Harry even unnotched his belt and helped himself to more bread and fried chicken.

WHEN they had finished the last piece of angel cake, Mrs. Saunders said, "Ted and Janet, you get upstairs to bed or you'll never be able to get up for school in the morning."

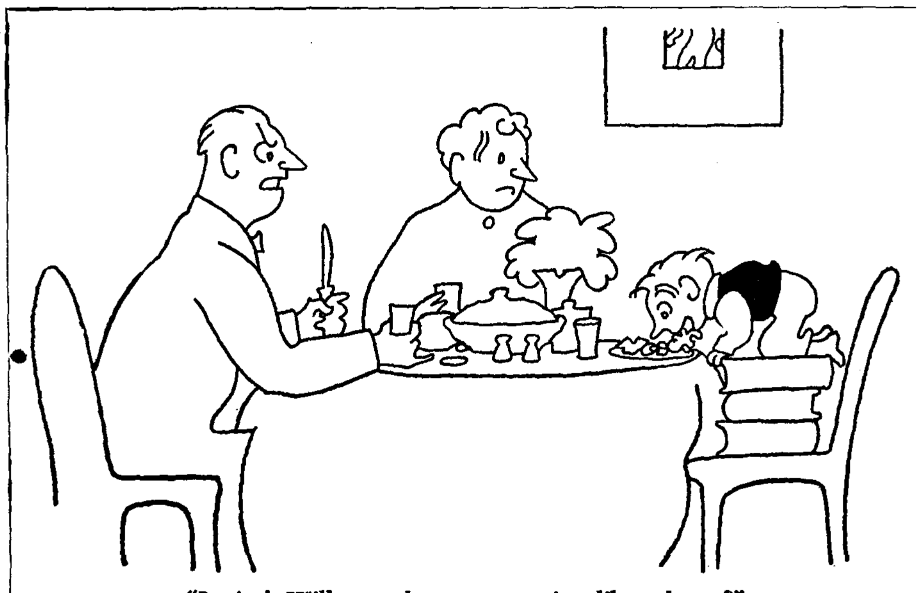
"We ought to go, too," Aunt Millie said. "I'll tell you seven o'clock comes mighty early."

"Sally and I'll drive you home," Alex put in eagerly.

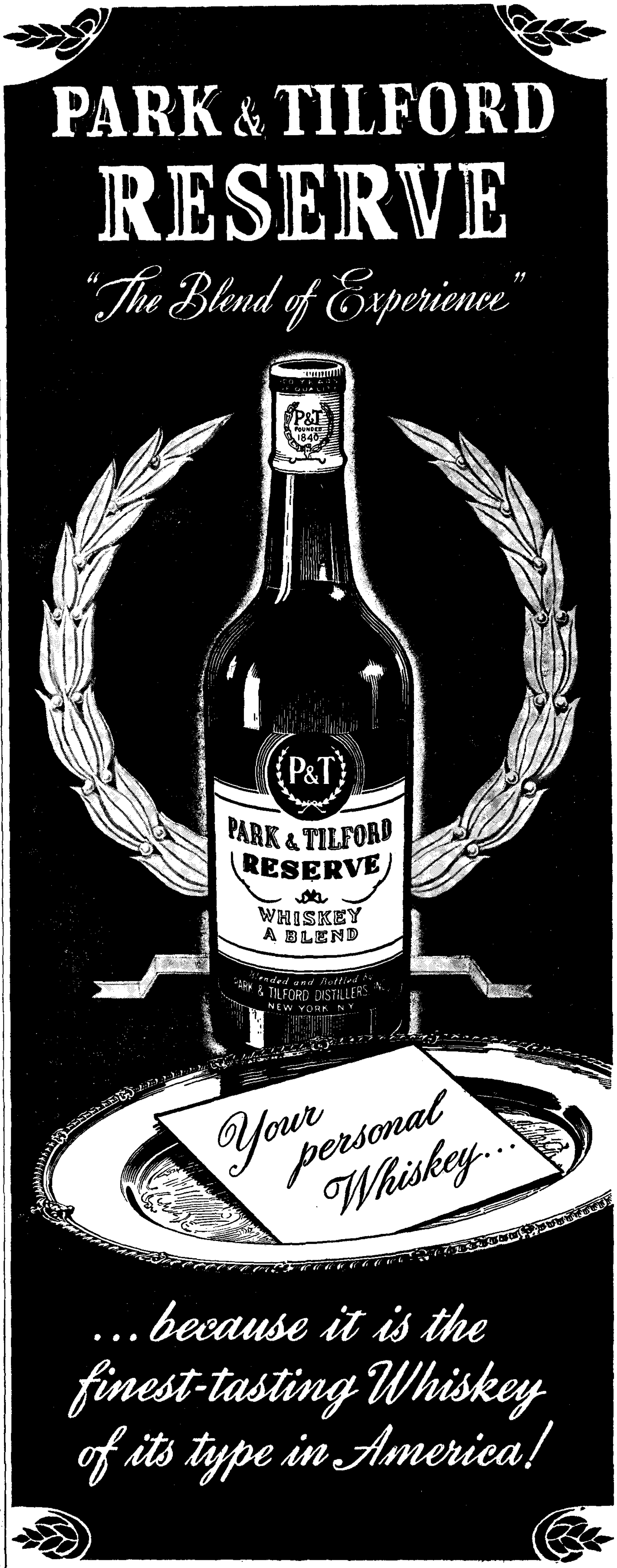
After they had brought Uncle Harry and Aunt Millie home, Alex said, "Do you want to stop at Prosser's and get a drink or something and play the juke box?"

Sally shook her head. "I'm sick of taverns and juke boxes," she said. "Couldn't we, maybe, take a little ride?"

Alex drove out to Echo Lake. The pa-



COLLIER'S "Junior! Will you please stop eating like a horse?" GARDNER REA



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vilion had been closed all that summer, and the place was deserted. He parked on the bluff above the lake; from it, you could see car lights now and then from the other side of the lake, and the sweeping beams of the airplane beacon at Luther's. Besides that there was a thin sickle of moon left over from the fat hunter's moon.

"This is nice," Sally said. "And I'm not saying that as any cue for you to start necking."

"I don't want to neck with you," Alex said, hurt. "I want you to stay"—he couldn't think of the right word—"shiny," he finished up haltingly.

Sally was staring at him puzzled. "You are a nice boy," she said. "I want to apologize for that crack of mine."

"Let's get out and look at the stars," Alex said, and then he pointed out Vega and Arcturus and Deneb. He had learned a lot about astronomy when he was a Boy Scout.

"Tomorrow night I'll be at a place called Geneva," Sally said. "We're pulling out after that early matinee tomorrow afternoon."

ALEX knew there was going to be a final matinee for the swing-shift workers who had missed tonight's performance, but he had not realized that Sally would be gone so soon. Everything seemed to be rushing by; life had suddenly become a fast express train.

The beam from the airplane beacon caught Sally squarely in its light.

"Sally," he said, "maybe I'm goofy; maybe I oughtn't to say it, but I love you."

Sally said nothing, only put her hands before her eyes. Then he heard her crying. "What's the matter, Sally?"

"Nothing, Alex," she said, and her voice was muffled. "It's just that you're so good and sweet and—and—have you got a handkerchief?"

Alex handed her his. "I've got two," he said. "That one's clean."

A bird began to twitter from a near-by tree. "That's a vesper sparrow," Alex said. "Usually he only sings when night's coming on. This guy must have been out on a late party."

"Alex," Sally said, "I want to make up my mind about something. Would you kiss me?"

"Would I kiss you!" Alex said, and their lips met, and hers were tender and responsive and trembling ever so slightly.

"Alex," she said, "I think I can second that goofy notion of yours."

It was ten in the morning, and Alex was raking the front yard. He was whistling Pistol-Packin' Mama mixed in with the Song of India they had played last night. He had never before seen more leaves from the maple tree; never before been out on such a beautiful morning; never had been in love before; never had had a girl like Sally. And what was more, he was going to meet her for lunch and then go to the matinee.

"Hello there, Corporal," said a voice from over the barberry hedge.

Alex suspended the rake in mid-air, stared over the hedge and the Colorado blue spruce he and the kids had given Pop one year for his birthday. For a moment, he didn't recognize the man. Then he said, "Oh, hello, Mr. Aladdin." He couldn't think of his real name, the name Sally had told them last night.

"Mind if I come in for a minute?" Aladdin asked.

"Gosh, no," Alex said. "We can go in the house."

"Oh, no, it's pleasanter out here in the sun," Aladdin said. In the bright sunlight, he looked older than he had last night; his hair above his forehead was thin, and there were deep lines about his eyes. "Well," he said, "you made quite a hit with Sally, didn't you?"

"I'm crazy about Sally, if that's what you mean," Alex said.

"We've got something in common there," Aladdin said. "But I feel that I know Sally a lot better than you do. She's an impulsive girl; this isn't the first time she thought she fell in love. I've seen it happen over and over again, but if you notice, she's still in Aladdin's Wonder Show."

"This time might be different," Alex suggested.

"I don't think so," Aladdin said. "In fact, that was why I came here—to tell you she didn't want to see you this afternoon, to tell you that moonlight and sunlight didn't mix."

There just wasn't anything to say to that one.

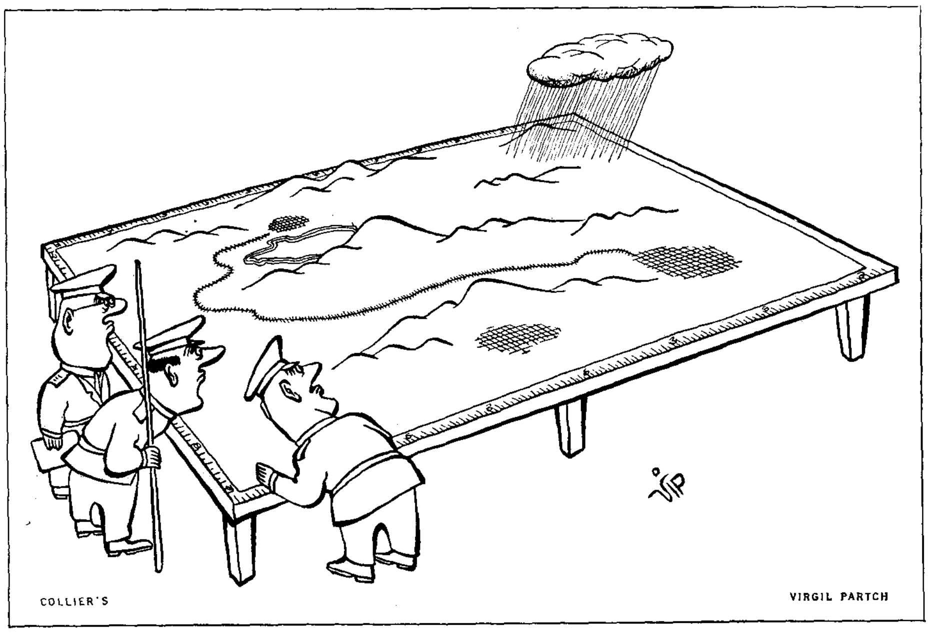
"Don't let it get you down," Aladdin added and walked out to Bill Jordan's taxi that was waiting in front of the Saunderses'. "Remember, there's about five girls now for every man."

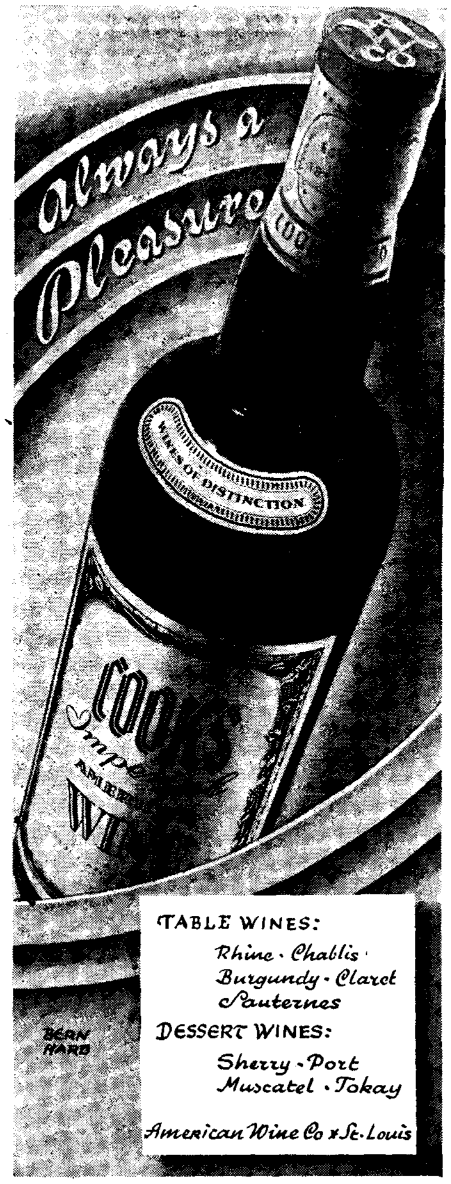
THAT wasn't much consolation when you only wanted one girl—Sally. Alex went on raking furiously; his leg hurt now, but he wouldn't stop, and the leaves whirled about in little eddies from the savageness of his movements.

When the twelve-o'clock whistle blew, his mother called out, "Come in, Alex, and take a little rest before lunch."

But even then, he would not stop, only pointing to a section of the yard that still had leaves all over it. It was at twelve that he was supposed to have met Sally. Well, she didn't want to meet him; that was all there was to it.

At twelve-thirty, he stalked into the house. "I just want a glass of milk," he said, and went up to his bedroom and closed the door tightly. Then he pulled down the shades and lay down on the bed, his leg throbbing, his eyes watery, from—





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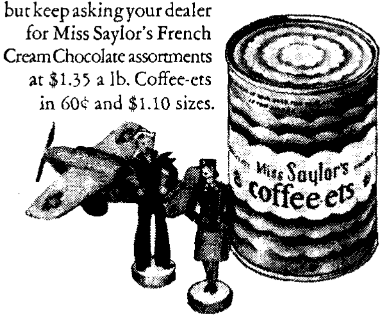

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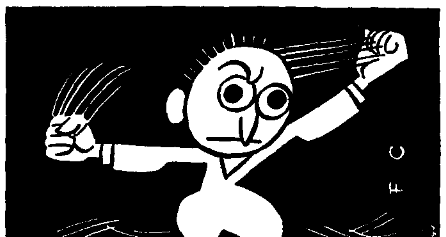
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from all the bonfire smoke. He tried not to think, to make his mind a blank, but that was impossible, for, when his mind stopped thinking, his senses remembered—his lips and his eyes and his ears. And then some time after, his head buried deep in the pillow, he went to sleep, and it was Janet calling him that awakened him.

"Alex," she called, "telephone. Al . . . e . . . e . . . x!"

He got up hurriedly, ran down the stairs.

It was Sally on the phone. "Alex," she said, "what's the matter? What happened to you?"

It was the Sally of last night talking, not a Sally who said moonlight and sunlight didn't mix. "Where are you, Sally?" he asked.

"At the station," she said, "and, Alex, hurry up."

The car took a long time warming up, but at length, Alex backed it out of the garage and down the driveway. There was a lot of traffic on Lake Avenue, people coming home from work, but Alex didn't slow down.

AT THE top of Lake Avenue hill, in front of the police station and City Hall, the car began to sputter and finally stopped. There was no time to find out what was the trouble. Alex got out and ran into the police station.

Mike Marra, the desk sergeant, was his good friend. "Mike," Alex said, "is the Black Maria in?"

"Yeah," Mike said, "why?"

"I got to get up to the railroad station fast," Alex said, "and I can't run on this bum leg."

Mike jumped up from the desk and the teletype machine. "Come on," he said, "I'll drive you up."

Mike started blowing the siren the minute the Black Maria hit Lake Avenue. Alex looked at his watch. They had two minutes. It was like a Western or one of those old Keystone comedies. Alex grabbed hold of the door and hung on.

They had reached Division Street. "I can hear the train," Mike said. And then in front of the station they saw it; it had pulled out; now it was down by the big chain-grocery warehouse.

Alex got out of the police car. "Thanks, Mike," he said. "It was pretty darn' near a photo finish."

There was Sally—yes, it was Sally all right. Without a hat, without a suitcase. She was standing in front of the gum machine and she was wiping her eyes before the little round mirror.

"Sally!" Alex called.

She turned toward him. "You lug," she said, "you big, stupid lug. I bet that Aladdin got to you."

Alex looked at her, puzzled. "Got to me?"

"Oh, he always does, sooner or later," she said. "He's been doing it since I was sixteen. If he thinks I'm interested in anybody, he dreams up some wild story to tell him. It's jealousy, I guess, and a kind of funny possessiveness."

"Then you have been in love before?" Alex said accusingly.

"Sure, I've looked around," Sally admitted. "I'd be foolish if I hadn't. But you're the boy I'm spending my ration points on."

Alex forgot about everything then, about Aladdin and the wretched day he had spent. For Sally was in his arms, and they were kissing each other, and even without the truth machine, bells were ringing.

The police siren began to wail.

"Hey, Alex," Mike Marra yelled from the Black Maria, "how about you two riding back to City Hall with me?"

"City Hall?" said Alex, who had forgotten his stalled car.

Sally took his arm. "Come on, Alex," she said. "There's no place I'd rather go than City Hall."

THE END

Smart Goose Hunters Stay Home

Continued from page 54

We left about ten o'clock. The only easy walking was across a few salt flats and islands. The rest of the time we were wading the morasses or pushing our way through the thick, four-foot-high saw grass, than which there's hardly anything more fatiguing, especially when your boots are squishy and heavy with water from the last creek.

Finally we came to the edge of a creek too deep to be waded. It had to be crossed, for the geese were in a cove beyond. We conferred in whispers but the answer was obvious enough. It was either swim or give up. And after close to three hours of marsh-negotiating, we weren't inclined to give up.

We put a few shells in our hats to keep them dry. Holding my gun in one hand above the ruinous salt water, I waded out and shoved off, with Emmett beside me. And right there we learned something—namely, that one of the quickest ways to die with your boots on is to try to swim (especially with one hand) in them.

The first few strokes were all right; then I realized that I was going lower and lower in the water. In spite of all I could do, I was sinking and so was Emmett. I turned on my back to keep my nose out. Then my nose went under, and I remember the sun shining down through the water. At that moment, my foot touched bottom. I gave a shove and came to the top and inhaled a very welcome chestful of air and managed to struggle the remaining feet to the bank. Emmett's crossing had been almost identical, and for a few moments we lay there and panted.

"Boy," Emmett whispered, "that was close!"

"Yes," I said, "if we'd done much more splashing we'd have scared the geese sure."

We crawled on our stomachs, inch by inch, and peered through the grass. And there they were, three hundred-odd busily feeding geese. For our purpose we'd've preferred that there had been only six, for that was all we could kill, three each. The bigger the drove, the more apt you are to frighten them.

But we were not yet sure of killing any geese, for they were out of range. The tide was coming in fast, and in another half-hour the geese should be close enough for us to flush them and shoot.

So we sat there, in water a foot deep and rising. Presently they were in range, but we waited to be sure.

Then hell broke loose. From the opposite side of the cove, two hunters rose and began shooting at the thick pyramid of geese that had erupted from the water. Momentarily stunned, we recovered and started shooting. Goose after goose tumbled out of the honking flock.

When it was over, the other two hunters looked across at us, and we looked across at them, and it was a fine opportunity for somebody to purple up and ask what the others meant almost ruining their chances, and making dogmatic assertions about who killed the geese. But nobody did. It's a lucky day, whether you get geese or not, when you meet a couple of smart goose hunters. Or are the smart goose hunters the ones who stay at home?

THE END

Richard Decker

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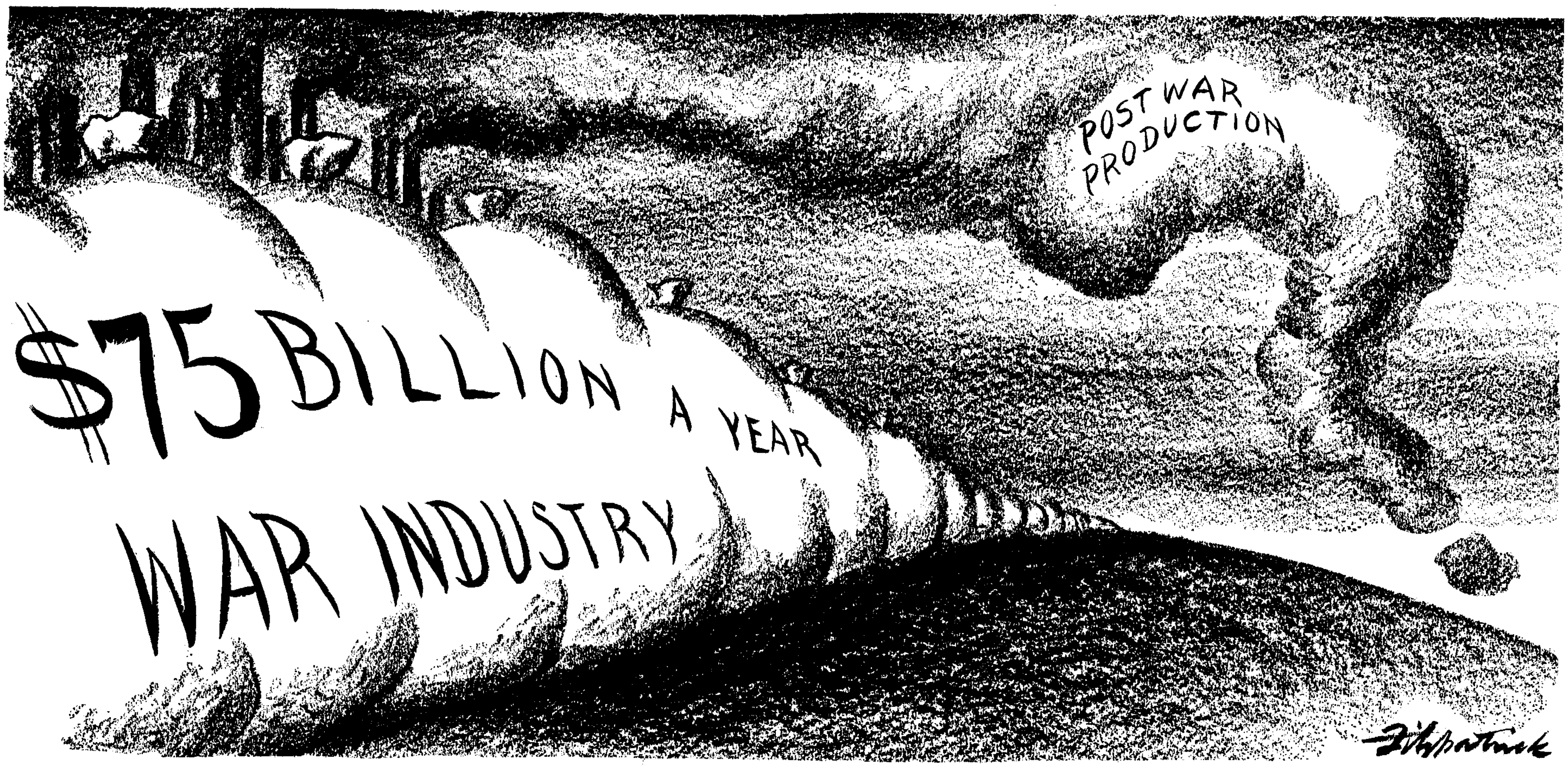


TIME-LAGS AND TAXES

AMERICAN industry got its greatest single compliment in a generation, we'd say, when Joseph Stalin, Soviet Premier, stated at the Churchill-Roosevelt-Stalin conference in Teheran: "Without American production, the United Nations could never have won the war."

Few things could have been more sensational than this tribute to the American private-enterprise system from the head of the Russian government, which has struggled for more than twenty-five years to make government-controlled enterprise work as well as private enterprise.

Marshal Stalin generally knows what time it is. That he was not being merely polite when he said American production had put the victory in the bag for the Allies is demonstrated by all the figures on that same American production. The over-all figure, which lights up and gives meaning to the others, is this: American war production alone is running along at this writing on a $75,000,000,000-a-year level, and this amount almost equals the value of everything we produced in this country in a normal year before the war. Between November, 1941, and October, 1943, we stepped up our war production six and one half times—650 per cent.

Well, speaking of what time it is industrially and politically, we wish some of our lawmakers were as abreast of the clock as is Stalin.

We refer to the numerous congressmen and senators who, in the tax battles of the last year or more, have insisted on soaking business with inordinate taxation—with taxes so near-confiscatory that when the war boom collapses, many a concern will not have enough money to convert swiftly to peacetime production and keep a reasonable number of people on its pay rolls in the meantime.

Many of the soak-business boys are well aware of this danger, but they have felt that their constituents wanted business overtaxed; and, after all, there are some elections coming.

There was, of course, a time when most of the voters did want business kicked around. Big and little business got more than its fair share of the blame for the depression that began in 1929 and hung on spasmodically till a few months after the European war began in 1939. Any lawmaker in those days could gather votes and build a reputation as a 'liberal" simply by thinking up some new way to make business sweat blood.

The clock has run past that time now, however, unless we read it incorrectly. From our observation, most Americans now realize that a good business means jobs for some people, while a taxed-to-dea business means jobs for nobody.

Most Americans earnestly hope that there c be enough jobs to go around after this war. Very fe want to work for the government in leaf-raking jo paying semistarvation wages. They want real jo which self-respecting people can hold, with hope advancement. They know that such jobs can provided only by business concerns which pay the just share of taxes but which are not being robb of their seed corn—their money for expansion, r search, plant improvement.

The magnificent showing made by American i dustry in this war is leading more and more peopl so far as we can make out, to the view that the sure way to carve ourselves some postwar prosperity to lighten excessive wartime taxation on business a blast a lot of crackpot controls off business.

Therefore, it is later than the soak-business bo think. From all the signs we can detect, soak-bu ness lawmakers are asking for a historic kick in t teeth from the voters. Conversely, lawmakers w are striving to keep business in shape to lick its po war problems will most likely carry off the majori of the popularity contests at the polls in the next f years.

THE MAIMED VETERAN

WE'RE anxious to give further circulation to Army Surgeon General Norman T. Kirk's recent advice to families of men who come home from this war with injuries or disfigurements which make it grievous for their relatives and friends to look at them.

> Don't be callous (says Doctor Kirk); and don't be oversympathetic and overhelpful. Treat him as a normal human being.

It's the best advice we've seen on the subject, and we hope it will be pondered carefully and applied resolutely by families and friends of the victims of these war tragedies.

The task of applying Doctor Kirk's prescription should be made easier, we think, by bearing in mind this fact: The normally generous and unself-centered person can stand his own troubles a great deal better if he feels that they are his troubles alone or almost alone. It is the knowledge that his troubles are hurting somebody else that strains his morale and can break his heart.

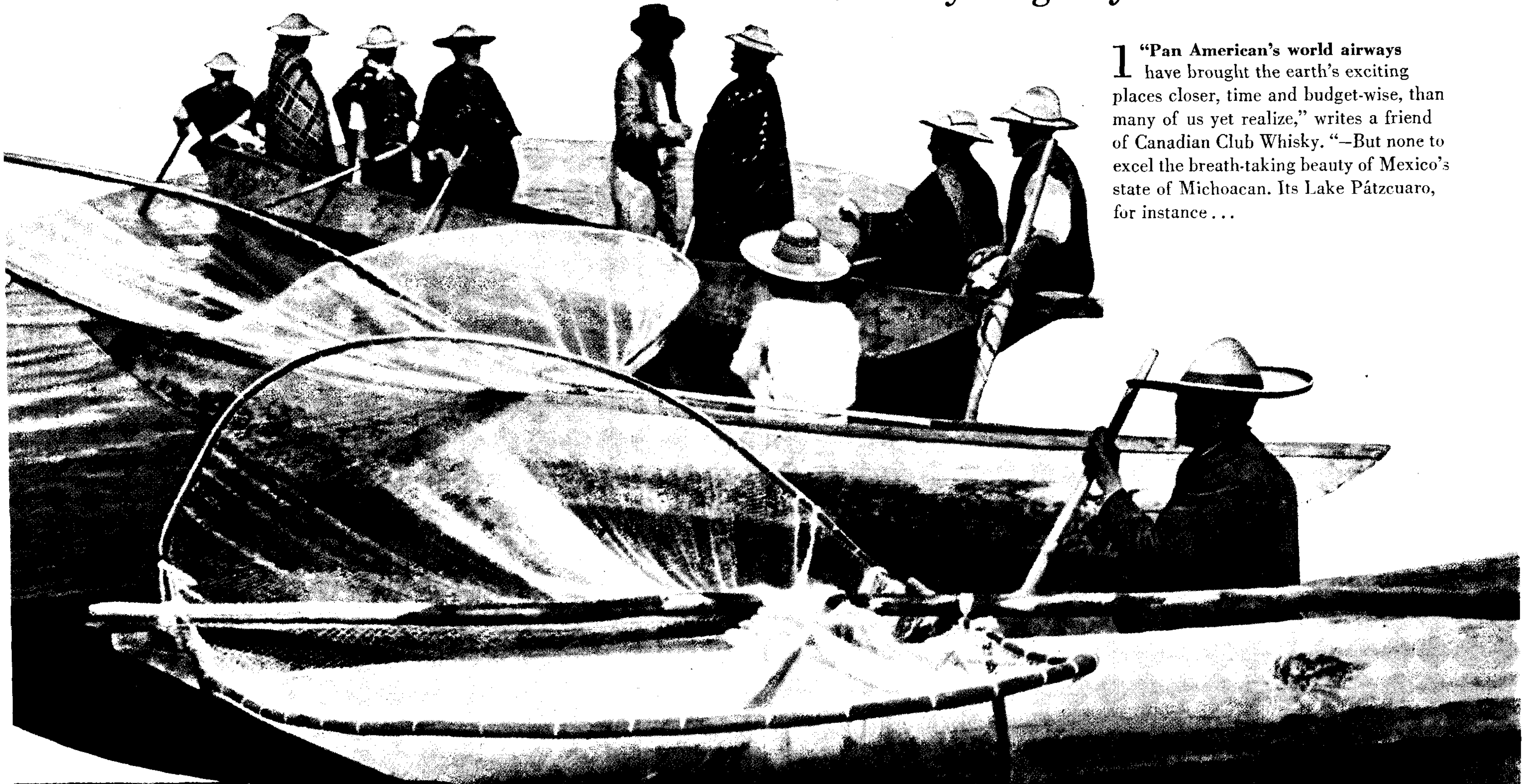
The more thoroughly a maimed veteran can be convinced that his family and close friends are not letting their natural grief over him get the best of them, the better he is likely to bear his own burden.

Most men, too, hate to be pitied out loud, moaned over, sobbed about, no matter how badly off they may be. To act thus toward a maimed veteran only to rub in what he already knows too well that, at least for the time being, he isn't the man used to be. Few things could be more unintentiona cruel.

And while we're talking in this vein, how ab a little more public kindliness toward the numer 4Fs among us? There is a tendency to lump all th men together as slackers of an especially unsav sort. Doubtless some of them are delighted o their 4F status; but we think it is a safe bet that ma more of them are grieved and disappointed about Better make sure why they are not in uniform fore you sneer.

“You pronounce it Mitch-wa-can

—when you get your breath back!”



1 **“Pan American's world airways** have brought the earth's exciting places closer, time and budget-wise, than many of us yet realize,” writes a friend of Canadian Club Whisky. “—But none to excel the breath-taking beauty of Mexico's state of Michoacan. Its Lake Pátzcuaro, for instance . . .

“Here's a strange gold and purple land, animated by
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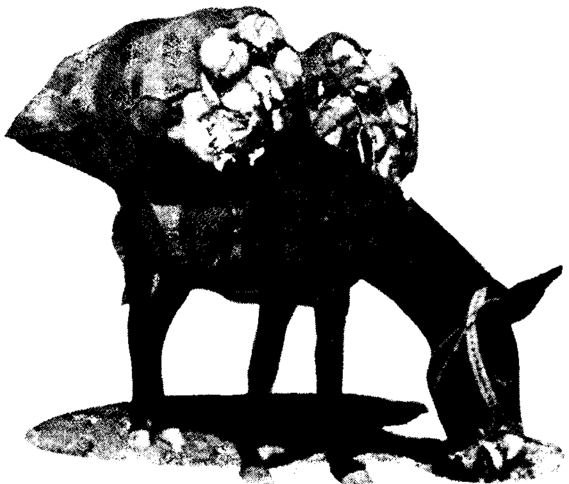

3 **“Locally, transportation** is primitive, but highways are superb. One, in no time, drops you down thousands of feet through the mountains to subtropical Uruapan . . . a still different world.

4 **“This sun-drenched** Eden fills your eyes with bananas and coffee . . . with fruits and flowers you've never heard of, exquisite lacquer work, the beauty of aptly named Singing River.

5 **“It's a virtually undiscovered land—** and yet even here I found Canadian Club . . . though cherished now against the wartime scarcity.”

• • •

Once the war is over, it will be easier than ever before to visit Latin America. And when that time comes, you will find Canadian Club Whisky again available there for toasting the grand “good neighbors” you'll be meeting.

Right now, the distillery is making war alcohol instead of whisky; so the available supply of Canadian Club is on quota for the duration.

- Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way, and you may sometimes find your dealer out of stock.
- Many Canadian Club fans are voluntarily “rationing themselves” these days—by making two bottles go the length of three.

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